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EVERGREEN LAND

*A PORTRAIT OF THE
State of Washington*

By NARD JONES



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FOR
BLAIR ANTHONY AND
ANNA MARIE,
TWO NATIVES OF THE
EVERGREEN LAND

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Chapter One

STATEMENT OF FAITH

I LIKE the State of Washington.

I was born there, and I believe that it is the greatest State in the Union—or certainly that it will be. This is by way of friendly warning that in the pages which follow I shall not regard my State with lofty amusement or bitter scorn. But neither shall I picture it as rife with quaint and assorted folkways, or merely an awe-inspiring setting of scenery against which pioneer characters play out familiar frontier incidents. That has been done often, and well, and now the time has come to regard Washington as a commonwealth concerned with today and tomorrow. Of course, I have put in some pioneers and some Indians, and some history. Washington is not understandable unless we examine a little of its past—and sometimes it is not understandable even then.

I have been to other States and lived in some of them. I have even liked them. But I remain unregenerate, a Salmon Eater, an Apple Knocker, a Rain Worshipper, a Sagebrusher, and a Whistle Punk from the Big Woods. In brief, a Pacific Northwesterner. But let no brother native of the Evergreen State assume that this is to be entirely a descriptive paean which may be reprinted with full pride by the chambers of commerce. I do not believe that nature has made our State everything it might be; and there are moments when I suspect that we of Washington have our peculiarities and

a few faults. I intend to mention them when (and if) they occur to me.

The thing to keep remembering about Washington is its newness. For example, less than eighty years ago there was but one dwelling on the shore of Lake Washington, and the owner of that house reached the village of Seattle over an Indian trail which is now Madison Street. There are men and women still alive who remember that trail to Judge McGilvra's house.

Not even the natives are steadily aware of the freshness of our State and its cities. As I write this I am forty-two years old, yet I have gone shopping with my grandmother and watched her buy woven cedar baskets from Indians sitting on the sidewalk in front of Seattle's finest department store. With my own eyes I have seen the cousin of Princess Angeline, daughter of Chief Sealth for whom Seattle was named.

It is difficult to believe these things even when you have been a part of them. This is because there has been so much change in such a little time. Despite its youth, Seattle today has not one building standing which was there during the first few years of its life. Its shoreline is not the same, and even some of its old hills, with a sizable town already built on them, have been sluiced into the sea.

There is only one true approach to such a land. In writing about Washington one must be wide-eyed and haphazard, ready for anything. That was the approach of the explorer and the wanderer and adventurer. That is the spirit in which the farthest reach has been approached for more than two hundred years. There is nothing wrong with it that I can see.

Chapter Two

WESTWARD THEY TRAVEL

FIRST of all, Washington ought to be *two* States. Its boundary, like that of Oregon to the south, is all wrong.

Its people would be much happier, and much more closely knit as Washingtonians, if the eastern boundary meandered from north to south along the peaks of the Cascade Mountains. What is more, the southern boundary should not be the Columbia River at all, but the California line. Thus you would have one long Pacific Coast State that stretched grandly from Canada to a little below Tincup Creek, a modest stream just south of the famous Rogue. The people of such a State would all enjoy, or suffer, as the case may be, the same type of climate. By and large, they would have identical interests: commercial fishing, logging and lumbering, pulp and paper making, and various manufacturing. They would be affected by, and they would affect, the metropolitan areas of Portland and Seattle.

That would be a wonderful State indeed, and even a native Washingtonian will admit that such a commonwealth should come under the name of "Oregon." For Oregon, like California or Idaho, is a fine name for a western State. The name of Washington simply does not fit, somehow. Whether it was named for Captain Robert Gray's sloop from Boston, or for the father of our country, it is not an appropriate name for a far western State. The State seal carries the head of our first president, but certainly he was too busy in his

own area to be more than dimly aware of the Pacific Northwest. I cannot believe that the distinguished southern planter could have been attuned to the far west country, and I am dead certain he would have no sympathy with the State of Washington today. He would find its traditions inadequate and its political leaders painful.

“Columbia” would have been a much better name, and it was considered. But it would have presented the same confusion with “District of Columbia” that “Washington” offers with the name of the national capital. There was a great galaxy to choose from. Names like Quillayute, Pysht, Chewelah, Klickitat, Washougal, Snoqualmie, Okanogan. Names wasted on streams and waterfalls, mountains and towns. But then, Washington was chosen, so there it is. It is a proud name, and not too highfalutin for the Evergreen State. I mean only to say that I think we would be handsomer in Indian feathers or a coonskin cap than in a cocked hat.

The idea of dividing eastern Washington from western Washington, and of separating inland Oregon from its own coastal area, is not merely the notion of one misguided writer. Great numbers of Pacific Northwesterners toy with the prospect now and again. This dream project is not at all distasteful to the inlanders. The realization that they would welcome such a schism strikes you with considerable force when you observe a football encounter between the University of Washington and Washington State College. Mayhem and murder, rather than goals, seem to be the objects. The same phenomenon is apparent, also, during the campaigns for State offices.

Needless to say, the boundary will remain where it is—at least until World War III when, the military strategists say, the Pacific Northwest and British Columbia will become a battleground. Until that dread time there does appear to be growing up a commonality of interest within the State. The professional boosters assure us that this is so. But there is more than the barrier of the Cascades between a halibut fisherman or a lumberman from Bellingham, and a wheat rancher or a pea canner from Walla Walla.

The marked differences between eastern and western Washington bring up a basic truth that may as well be admitted at the start. *All* of Washington is *not* evergreen. East of the Cascade Mountains there are hot and dry summers which brown the grass and crack open the plain. Furthermore, there are species of trees whose leaves actually fall, whose boughs become bleak and barren in winter, just as happens to trees in other parts of the Union. There are actually vast areas in the State of Washington where the rhododendron, the State flower, simply cannot grow at all—and there is probably no other wild flower which so cleverly and stubbornly resists transplanting to the domestic garden. If you have never been in Washington you have no real right to know this. After all, California has never admitted it of the poppy.

But west of the Cascades the land is, truly, ever green. It is green with Douglas fir and western cedar trees which grow even brighter in winter because they are varnished with the rain and the mist fog. It is green with mosses and succulent grasses in the flat coastal valley floors. Sometimes its very beaches are green with kelp and the stones are salt emerald in the dusk. Even the sea and the waters of the inlets are green sometimes. But not the sky. That would be too much. The sky is blue sometimes, but mostly it is gray. The people could not stand that sky for very long if it were not for the greenery around them and under their feet. It is the same in British Columbia and in southeastern Alaska. But further north and west, in the Aleutians, there is only the gray sky and no trees or grass, and men do not stand it very well—unless they are Russians. The Russians have always liked Alaska.

The early story of the State of Washington is the story of “the Oregon country”—and that is a story of bravery and faith on the part of a few men, and some women, and of neglect on the part of the government and of blissful ignorance on the part of the rest of the country. There were plenty of valid reasons for the neglect and the ignorance.

The greatest reason for neglect and ignorance was distance. Until very, very recently it was a long way from the east and south to the

Pacific Northwest. It is long even by rail. By foot and canoe it is a distance to stagger the imagination. Wagons did not speed the journey; they only encumbered it. Air travel has changed everything. Now it is a matter of hours between New York or Chicago and Seattle or Tacoma. But more important than the development of the transport plane is the fact that man has learned to bridge the gap with his mind. There were always some men who could do it. The English and Spanish rulers who sent out their ship captains to find the Northwest Passage. The Mr. Charles Bulfinch of Boston who outfitted Captain Gray so that he might discover the Great River of the West. Thomas Jefferson, who despatched Lewis and Clark. There is nothing modern about bridging three thousand miles or more with your mind—but it is only recently that the average man has managed it. When you have struggled through the public prints with the problems of uniting whole nations all over the vast globe, nations whose peoples have really very little in common except their selfishness—when you have tried to understand, and have only half understood, the immensity of World War II—when you have had more than five years of this and you turn to our own continent, it becomes only a very little way across it in any direction.

So it is not the airplane at all which has broken down the Rockies between the East and the West. It is everyman's ability, at last, to see with John Donne that he is a part of every island and every sea. But, to repeat, the ability was always possessed by some. John Ledyard had it, and John Jacob Astor, and Verendrye, and even, I suppose, Kit Carson. That they used the ability for different purposes is not to the point. Marcus Whitman was another who had it, and he put it into words: "All my plans require time and distance."

The State of Washington could not progress until that ability became a part of the intellectual baggage of a decent fraction of the U.S. population. That time did come, and the end of governmental neglect arrived a little earlier. It was in 1933, when the work began on the Grand Coulee Dam. Much of the development of the State had been written in rebellion, usually unsuccessful, against

neglect. Indeed, the very formation of Washington Territory was the outgrowth of rebellion against neglect by the territorial government of Oregon centering south of the Columbia River. The West was not getting the attention it required, and many a congressman or senator made himself a bore about it in the national capital. Indeed, unkind colleagues from more urbane areas referred to western solons as braying jackasses from the wide open spaces.

Then came the Grand Coulee project. A far western State with no more than a million and a half population received a \$63,000,000 project, and the promise of more money to come. This could scarcely be called neglect, especially in time of depression! The great Columbia definitely was rediscovered and the Pacific Northwest entered a new era.

There was other yeast at work, not apparent at the time. The Pacific Northwest, and especially the State of Washington and British Columbia and Alaska, were about to be influenced by what the phrase makers call the Arctic influence on national security. In the maps of air-age geography, the Arctic is revealed as a center rather than a frontier. It becomes, as Gill Robb Wilson says, a sentry box, not an ice box. The thesis has long been familiar to the modern air pioneers—men like Richard Byrd, Bernt Balchen, Floyd Bennet, and, originally, Billy Mitchell. The strategists of the Canadian Army and Navy have long been aware of it, somewhat uncomfortably. The Japanese had the idea, as was made plain when they entrenched themselves in the Aleutian Islands. Today any scholar who gazes at a world globe with his eyes level with the equator is behind the times, indeed. You look down *on top* of the globe if you are wise to the ways of geo-politics. And what do you see? On one side the vast sprawling territory of the Soviet, and on the other the Dominion of Canada and the upper reaches of the United States. The North Pacific, not the Atlantic, becomes the significant ocean in this view.

Westward and northward the course of Empire takes its way. In the past decade it has taken that way with a vengeance. The Pacific Northwest is no longer isolated. The city of Seattle is no

more free from world events impinging on its calm than is the city of Prague.

It was not World War II which caused this transformation alone. The last war did make definite changes in the relationship of the State of Washington and the Pacific Northwest to the rest of the country, and we will have a look at those changes in due course. But World War II did not do it alone. The business has been going on for a long time. It has been going on for such a long time that nobody can say for certain when it began. But if we do not go too far back into antiquity we can recognize microcosmic parts of the whole.

It does not matter much whom we choose for examples. There is John Oxenham, one of the first of the English seamen to feel himself impelled toward the Pacific, and the feeling was so strong that he crossed the Panama isthmus on foot, a strange thing for a sailor to do. There is the Greek traveling under the alias of Juan de Fuca to give a famous Northwest strait a name that was not his own. And of course there are all the better known ones: Francis Drake and Captain Cook and Meares, Alexander Mackenzie and John Winthrop. And finally, there came to be thousands whose names we do not even know, except that the names are borne by their descendants, sometimes with brilliance but more often obscurely. They kept surging westward, like the Vikings, like the men of Columbus.

It dawned one day upon Thoreau, you remember, that whenever he walked out of doors with his mind on other things he found himself walking westward.

Chapter Three

BY SEA

FOR three hundred years the exploration directed toward the northwestern part of the New World that Columbus had discovered was in search of something that does not exist. The great naval powers of the world were seeking the Strait of Anian—the Northwest Passage, the fabled watery trail that would lead to the South Seas and new riches.

The Northwest Passage appeared first in men's wishful minds, and then on their maps. Finally there came to be those who believed they had seen it, or who claimed that they had. Until recently some contemporary historians have found it amusing that there was so much fuss over something that could never be found because it did not exist. Later developments within their own lifetime have extracted some of the amusement from the paragraphs of these historians. For the world does persist in a search for a Northwest Passage, although it may not be always a strait or a river. It still appears on maps and there are still those who claim to have seen it clear if we would follow them.

Imperial Spain was for a time the sturdiest contender of all Europe. As early as 1542 she had Ferrelo cruising along the western coast with his eye peeled. But he got no further than what is now the southern part of Oregon and his disappointment must have been keen. For between the Golden Gate of California and the mouth of the Columbia the deep wide harbors are few, and none

of them would be mistaken for the western opening of the Northwest Passage.

Apostolos Valerianos, the Greek who used the name of de Fuca, did better. He found a broad inlet between the 47th and 48th degrees of north latitude, and it is this strait which forms the lower northern boundary of Washington. He described it in a book published in England, described it carefully enough so that it could be found and recognized by later voyagers; but there are sceptics who still refuse to believe that he was there. It cannot matter much to him now, and the strait does carry his Spanish name.

The favored Drake eased along the western coast some thirty-six years after Ferrelo and he thought that the country should be called "New Albion." He was too long dead to object when later Englishmen applied the name to our Northeast coast instead. It is about the Spanish and the English that we hear most, but the Dutch and the French were not out of the running in the search for the Passage. And later on, Catherine of Russia became interested in all the activity pointed at the North Pacific. She had caught the interest from Peter, and when he died she ordered Vitus Bering "to take all the territory of North America not occupied by other powers." Bering was a Dane, and stubborn, and there is no reason to believe that he might not have made the attempt. Fortunately he died on one of the Aleutian islands, and still more fortunately he believed Alaska to be an island separated from North America by the mythical Passage. Nevertheless, the Russian expedition was one of the most positive of them all, for Bering discovered the strait which bears his name today, and he charted the Aleutian chain. More important still, he made way for Russia's permanent settlement of Alaska with active colonies of trade.

Through the 1600s there was little added to man's knowledge of the Pacific Northwest, but in the light of later history it is interesting to observe Charles II creating "The Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay." They were to work at finding the Passage from the eastern end. They would fail in that,

of course, but a hundred and fifty years later the "adventurers" of Hudson's Bay would be controlling the Oregon country so effectively that no American dared try to do business there.

France gave up in 1763 when she signed with England the Treaty of Paris. That left Spain and England as the chief contenders for all the Northwest country except Alaska, which Russia held. Neither country had been alarmed by the pretensions of France, but the Treaty of Paris eliminated her officially. Both Spain and England hastened to strengthen their claims. Juan Perez sighted the mountain he called Santa Rosalia, which has become Olympus on today's map of Washington. Heceta probably saw the Columbia, but he seemed not to recognize it as the River of the West. However, he and another Spaniard, Juan de la Bodega, landed at Point Grenville and claimed the land for Spain.

England was equally busy in the latter 1700s. This was the period of James Cook who sighted land off Umpqua and then went north to Nootka Sound. He missed the strait the Greek, Valerianos, had found—but he carefully charted the coast north of it. And England began to perceive that the great prize of the Northwest country was not the Passage, but the fur trade. Captain Charles William Barkley and a better known figure, John Meares, once of the British Navy, made voyages that were to give England a tougher grip on the new land. Meares and an English trader named William Douglas followed the wake of Cook into Nootka Sound and, according to their story, purchased land from the native chief.

But this was in 1788 and they were reckoning without a new power in the great world. Let us listen to one Charles Bulfinch, Esquire, of the city of Boston, standing and taking oath before Judge John Davis of the U.S. District Court of Massachusetts:

"I, Charles Bulfinch, of Boston, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, of lawful age, testify and declare that, in the year 1787, Joseph Barrell, Esq. a distinguished merchant of Boston, projected a voyage of commerce and discovery to the northwest coast of America, and associated with him for that purpose, the following named persons, and in the following proportions, to wit: Samuel

Brown, one-seventh prt; John Derby, one-seventh; Crowell Hatch, one-seventh; John M. Pintard, one-seventh; and the deponent, one-seventh; reserving to himself two-sevenths of the concern. That, for the purpose of this voyage, the ship *Columbia*, under the command of John Kendrick, and the sloop *Washington*, commanded by Robert Gray, were equipped, provided with suitable cargoes for traffic with the natives of the northwest coast . . .”

This was the first attempt from the United States to circumnavigate the globe, as Mr. Bulfinch proudly pointed out in his sworn declaration. The Boston gentleman was a true Yankee trader. “Very particular sailing orders were agreed to,” he says, “and signed by Mr. Barrell, as agent for the owners, and by the captains, officers and seamen of both vessels.” These orders gave the course of the voyage, the methods of transaction to be employed in dealing with the natives, and specifically stated that all business “should be on the sole account of the owners.”

Silver and copper medals were struck to commemorate the voyage. On one side of the medals were the names of the owners of the company, and on the other the profiles of the *Columbia* and the sloop *Washington*. These mementoes were struck because the voyage was the first United States attempt at circumnavigation, for neither the owners nor the captains and crews knew then that the medals might better have been in celebration of the discovery of the Columbia River.

The vessels left Boston in the fall of 1787 and made a long voyage to Nootka where there was trade with the natives for furs. The pelts were loaded on the *Columbia*, Kendrick put Gray in command of her, and the ship weighed anchor for Canton. Kendrick remained on the coast with the *Washington* to make further collections of bounty.

Yankee calculations misfired somewhere, for Mr. Bulfinch confesses sadly that “The result of the voyage disappointed the expectations of its projectors, the proceeds of the teas (which had been taken in exchange for the furs) not being equal to the cost of the outfit, and the unforeseen expenses in Canton and elsewhere.”

Two of the stockholders withdrew, but Bulfinch, Barrell, Brown and Hatch decided to stick it out. They sent Captain Gray back to join Kendrick—but this time they took into account the fact that the two skippers were seafarers rather than business men. There went with Gray, Mr. Bulfinch carefully notes, “a young man who had been in Mr. Barrell’s counting room, and who was in his confidence.” This model young man was sent “with the design of attending to sales and purchases.”

This young man’s name was, rather fittingly, John Hoskins, and it is understood that he attended quite successfully to the owners’ business. But nothing that he did, with all his conscience and alertness, could have been as valuable to Mr. Bulfinch and his associates and their descendants, as the trick performed by Captain Gray on May 11, 1792. As Mr. Bulfinch so simply puts it, “he entered the mouth of a large river, and on the fourteenth, sailed up the same about fifteen miles. This river he named the Columbia, after his ship.”

Those who have seen the mouth of the Columbia, especially those who have stood out in a ship and looked from seaward at the huge stream which is the southern boundary of Washington, can well understand how earlier navigators passed it by for two hundred years or more. On most days, in most hours, there seems only a line of breakers, an unbroken line of coast. It must have been an exceptionally clear moment when the ship *Columbia* came abreast of the river’s mouth—and, as often happens, weather took a hand in arranging history.

Captain Gray saw the opening and sent up the maintop gallant-yard and set all sail. At eight in the morning he was a little to the windward of the entrance of the harbor, and he bore away and ran in northeast between the breakers, in five fathoms. No navigator had done it before, to man’s knowledge, and certainly no captain has done it more neatly since. “When we were over the bar,” the Captain wrote in his log with a sailor’s directness, “we found this to be a large river of fresh water, up which we steered.”

The United States was to become very much interested in that

simple log. It was to ask Mr. Bulfinch about it, years later, and he and his son had the devil's own time hunting it up. Captain Gray was dead by then, and so was his widow. At last they found a niece, a Mrs. Nash, who had one of the log books. But another had been used as waste paper and entirely destroyed! And this was the volume which carried the precious entries of that May in 1792.

But sly old Mr. Bulfinch had not been careless. More than twenty years before he made his declaration before Judge Davis on behalf of his country's claims he had sought out a brother of the widow Gray and made extracts from the two logs. These he incorporated into his sworn statement in the hope that it might "in the future be important in determining the right of the United States to the honor of discovering the river, and, consequently, to the right of jurisdiction over the country adjacent."

It was, indeed, important. In those days England did not do so well when confronted with a Yankee trader.

Chapter Four

AND BY LAND

SPAIN made a last attempt to win the northwest country when she sent a naval force under Estevan Jose Martinez to Nootka Sound in 1789. Commandante Martinez claimed the country for Spain and seized some English ships. But for some reason—possibly because he did not think them important—he did not molest Kendrick or Gray.

John Meares escaped to London, but while he was airing his grievances there a second Spanish force, under Francisco Eliza, fortified Nootka and planted the Spanish banner on the mainland at Neah Bay. It was a last show of Spanish fire which was quenched in a convention out of which Spain and England agreed to appoint commissioners who would go to Nootka and settle the dispute. The result sounds strange to modern ears. The two commissioners decided to leave matters to the judgment of their home governments, and both of these agreed to abandon Nootka. But the names of the respective commissioners give us a clew to the winner. For Spain it was Bodega y Quadra. For England it was Captain George Vancouver. The latter's name means a great deal today in the Pacific Northwest—it means at least a good-sized island and two thriving cities, one in British Columbia and one in the State of Washington. The name of the Spaniard means little or nothing.

Captain Vancouver had been rather busy before he ever reached the meeting with the Spaniard. He had been sprinkling English

names like Vashon and Bainbridge and Bellingham and Whidbey all over the green landscape. He had discovered and thoroughly explored the large sound east and south of Juan de Fuca Strait, and named it Puget after one of his officers. To the eternal disgust of many citizens of the city of Tacoma, he gave the name of another British officer to the highest snow-crowned peak that he saw. He called it Rainier, ignoring the probability that the natives had already christened it, some historians insist, "Takhoma."

Because their names grace many an island and mainland and cove in the Northwest, there are paintings of some of these old Englishmen in the more traditional clubs of Seattle and Tacoma. The story is told of the Seattle club members who were showing a new British consul through the library. The spokesman pointed to an oil portrait and said, "That is Bainbridge. You know, the island out there was named for him."

"Oh, yes," the consul said in clipped tones. "He was English."

The club member designated another portrait. "And this is Vashon. There's an island named for him, too."

"Quite so. He, too, was an Englishman."

"And there is Captain George Vancouver."

"Oh, yes. English," cried the consul jovially. "We chaps were here a long time ago, you know."

It went on like that along three walls of the library and the little party did not notice they were being followed by one of the more alcoholic members of the club, inevitable highball in hand.

At last the spokesman came to a newer portrait and, doubtless in an effort to change the subject, as well as to get on a companionable footing with the consul, whispered, "That's old _____, one of the former presidents of the club. And, I don't mind telling you, he was probably the biggest son of a bitch ever in this part of the country!"

Just then the eyes of the trailing member caught those of the consul. He arched his eyebrows quizzically and in the politest of tones inquired: "English, old chap?"

A story like that is perpetuated with especial relish in the State

of Washington because, except for a relatively small coterie which was naturally enlarged during the war, Washingtonians have regarded the English with the pleasantly amused suspicion of the frontiersman. Their Canadian neighbors they like unreservedly, but the English they sometimes find painful. This is not to say that the English are singled out, for no foreigner is accepted as casually in the far Northwest as he is in the older centers of the East. This is inevitable, and the fault of youth. There are, even now, after the great war migration of the 1940s, very few foreigners in the State. Seattle, of course, has a sizable percentage of northern Europeans largely engaged in commercial fishing, and there is a noticeable Italian colony. Chinatown is modest in size. Since the war's fortunes dispersed the Nisei, there are far fewer Japanese seen on the streets. In cities other than Seattle and Tacoma, a foreigner is rare enough to be regarded as a "character." In Spokane, for example, more than eighty percent of the inhabitants are native born, despite the early emigration of land-hungry folk from Russia, Germany, Poland, and the Scandinavian countries, when the Indian reservations were thrown open for settlement.

Those emigrants had trails to follow, for not all the early exploration of the Northwest, not all the searching for the fabled Passage, was by sea. What of those who came by land?

Spain, as we have seen, was eliminated—and the Americans had come. So the United States and Great Britain settled down to a long controversy as to which should own what had come to be known as the Oregon country. "Oregon," then, was bounded on the south by Spanish California, on the east by the Rocky Mountains, and on the west by the broad Pacific. North? Well, on the north it extended indefinitely; or as far as the Russians might allow. As late as 1803 almost nothing was known of the interior of the Oregon country, but the coast line had been fairly well explored.

The claims of both England and the United States looked good. England rested on the work of Vancouver and Cook, and the rights which Spain had ceded to her. She had, too, a troublesome ace to lay on the table: an overland trip by an amazing son of England,

the Canadian Alexander Mackenzie. In 1793 he had reached, by canoe and moccasin, the coast of British Columbia! That tremendous journey, involving the crossing of the Rockies and the Coast Range, and stacked against the maritime accomplishments of Cook and Vancouver, gave the mother country considerable weight in her claim to Oregon. Against it we had only Gray's discovery of the Columbia River, and to make our story sound better we called attention to his finding of two large bays to the south: Gray's Harbor and Tillamook, the latter in the present State of Oregon.

Fortunately, we decided to purchase a small piece of land at the mouth of the Mississippi, and we were prepared to pay two million dollars for it. Emissaries were sent to France, and as so frequently happens to Americans abroad, and especially to diplomats, we were taken for a trifle more than the two million. Fifteen million, to be exact. The home folks were flabbergasted, but nobody was more astonished than President Thomas Jefferson who knew that he was going to be asked where we were going to raise all that money.

Nevertheless, it turned out to be a bargain. For France had thrown in not merely the piece at the mouth of the Father of Waters, but all the land between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. Jefferson, a man born for his time, may have been unpleasantly surprised. But once we had our frontier thus extended, willy-nilly, he knew exactly what to do. At times in the past he had dreamed and talked of an overland expedition to the Pacific Ocean, and now he knew was the time to start it.

Those who consider a modern transcontinental trip a bore and a time waster should read the *Journals* of that famous expedition of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark. St. Louis was far west in those days; they left that place on May 14 in 1804. By and large, the citizens did not approve of the trip any more than they approved of the Louisiana Purchase. Dire things were predicted. One gloomy versifier pictured it as a

“. . . . confused march forlorn of the adventurous bands.
. . . . O'er many a frozen, many a fiery alp.
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens and shades of death,
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives and nature breeds
Perverse all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, unutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have famed or fear conceived,
Gorgons and Hydras and Chimeras dire.”

Such verses, moving though they may be, have never been quoted by the chambers of commerce in describing the evergreen playground or any of the approaches to it.

As a matter of fact, when compared with some of the later journeys of the emigrant trains, the Lewis and Clark expedition was an extended outing. And much of the suffering of these later wagon trains was due to inexperience, stubbornness, and plain stupidity. The two captains and their party suffered from weather and mosquitoes, and they were sick at various times—as they might have been at home. They were occasionally hungry, but never for very long at a time. Not only did they learn to purchase enough native dogs to tide them over, but they learned to like them. They lost only one man, and from a natural cause. They had but one bloody encounter with Indians, and the blood was Indian. Not *all* of us today could make such a journey, but there are several million Americans recently out of uniform who could do it and call it macaroni.

Lewis and Clark spent the winter of 1804-5 near what is now Stanton, North Dakota. They were crossing the Rockies in the heat of the following summer, and the second winter found them at the mouth of the Columbia boiling sea water for salt. Behind them, on the broad Pacific slope, was the discovery of the Salmon, the Bitter Root, the Clearwater, and the Snake. They had followed the

great Columbia clear to the sea. They had reached the end of their journey; and, as Bernard De Voto so aptly says, "another, older, more dream-bound journey ended there, too. The passage to India was achieved, and three ships made harbor that had sailed from the port of Palos on Friday, the third of August, 1429, at about eight in the morning."

With Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, the stories never fail to tell, were Mrs. Toussaint Charbonneau—the young woman to whom romantic school teachers refer as Sacajawea—and her husband, a French-Canadian voyageur, who acted as interpreter. Not so generally known is another character in the party, a six-footer called York. The fact that he was the slave of Captain Clark, and black, does not seem to have depressed him. He liked to jig for the awed savages by the camp fire and he delighted in performing feats of strength for them. Our western romanticists to the contrary, he was probably of more value to the safety of the party, therefore, than Sacajawea. Until World War II, Oregon and Washington were unfamiliar with the Negro problem. Now that they know what a Negro is, it is of historic interest to note that York, a bona fide member of the party of Lewis and Clark, was undoubtedly the first colored emigrant to the Pacific Northwest.

Meanwhile England was not resting entirely on the earlier claims. In the winter of 1808 there was a famous English geographer at the other end of the Columbia, on its headwaters, and already he had surveyed the 49th parallel westward from Lake Superior for the North West Company. He got around a disturbing good deal. Between 1807 and 1811 he established some trading posts in Oregon country, one of them being Spokane House. But when he had worked himself down to the mouth of the Columbia he got a surprise. Who should be there but John Jacob Astor of New York City! Not in person, of course, but in the tangible shape of a trading post and an organization called the Pacific Fur Company. Disappointed, Thompson turned back and took his survey inland.

He could have stayed, for Mr. Astor was to lose out in Astoria in

a very curious way. The United States and Great Britain went to war, and when the news reached the mouth of the Columbia—backed up by a British sloop of war—the representative for the Astor organization sold out, lock, stock and barrel (and at a price which made the old German-American groan) to the British North West Company.

The Treaty of Ghent, which ended the war, settled nothing at all in the Oregon country. Four years after the war a joint occupation was arranged, so that all the land westward of the Stony Mountains (the term suggests that the convention was drafted by a Britisher) should be free and open for a period of ten years to vessels, subjects and citizens of both countries. The agreement dragged on, with an extension from time to time, and in 1821 a treaty was managed with Russia to fix her southern boundary in America at latitude 54 degrees 40 minutes North.

The Hudson's Bay Company, the descendant of those adventurers of Charles II, had firmly entrenched itself by finally absorbing the North West Company and establishing Fort Vancouver on the north bank of the Columbia. Dr. John McLoughlin, chief factor for Hudson's Bay west of the Rockies, was literally "King of the Columbia." He was in every way an unusual figure, and although Americans did make explorations into the country during his reign, these lost much of their effect. McLoughlin was cool, patient, just and kind. But he was a relentless Hudson's Bay man. When Nat Wyeth attempted an American fur trading venture in the Columbia valley he found himself undersold, outbid, and smothered with competition. Wyeth was forced to give up and leave, but he departed as a friend of McLoughlin's.

Missionaries were another thing. Since they did not come to trade, they could not so easily be discouraged. The first of them began to drift into the lower Columbia Valley in 1834 and McLoughlin pointedly suggested that they carry on their soul saving in the lush Willamette country to the south. Indeed, he seems to have been successful in convincing Jason Lee that the Willamette Valley was the place for a mission, and McLoughlin's actions

suggest that he felt, or had been told, that England and America might divide the Northwest with the Columbia as the boundary.

It was an idea that somehow did not appeal to the Americans. Two years after Lee came Doctor Marcus Whitman and Henry Spalding and their wives. McLoughlin strongly advised them against setting up a mission at Waiilatpu, near Fort Walla Walla. Whitman was nothing if not stubborn, and he insisted upon Waiilatpu—an insistence that was fatal to him but fortunate for his country. For now settlers—families—were on the march, and this was something against which the Hudson's Bay Company was powerless. Men—men alone and bent upon trade—could be broken by Hudson's Bay. But fathers with women and children, bent only upon the establishment of homes, were a tide that Hudson's Bay and McLoughlin could not withstand.

By every question of claim and ownership, the land was rightfully England's. But the decision was not made in convention of the two nations. If it had been so made, there would be no State of Washington today, no Oregon, no California. The western boundary of the United States would be along the peaks of the Rocky Mountains.

The question was settled, as such questions are so often settled, by the movement and temper of a people. The pioneers, the families, were there. They had not been asked there, but they were there—and the government of Hudson's Bay was not to their liking. So they met at Champoeg—in May of 1843—and established something called the Provisional Government of Oregon. To keep peace with their local British cousins they intimated that it was an international government. In reality it was no such thing. Those pioneers wanted the Oregon country and they intended to have it; and although the Provisional Government was never formally recognized, it lasted five years—using the laws of Iowa, since they were the only ones available in book form in the Oregon Country.

It was that small band of stubborn, determined, communistic pioneers which made itself felt, which infiltrated into the national body politic the flaming slogan of "Fifty-four-forty or fight!" and

made James Polk President. England was having troubles of her own, and the Hudson's Bay Company was the least of them—the main troubles were, as usual, in Europe. So the mother country gave up, and the boundary was fixed at the 49th parallel that Thompson had so carefully surveyed—and we let her keep Captain George Vancouver's island for old times' sake.

The little bastard government out in Oregon was legitimatized, called the Oregon Territory fair and square. This was in the year that gold was discovered in California, which would be sad news for the Spaniards—because it meant the pioneers would be there, too.

General Joseph Lane was the first territorial governor and he took office at Oregon City on March 2, 1849. He wouldn't have had the job if an Illinois lawyer, to whom it had first been offered, had not turned it down. It is too bad, in a way, that he did—because he could have made a great name for himself. Lazy fellow by the name of Lincoln who apparently thought it was a powerful long way to go just to be a governor.

Chapter Five

LADIES JOIN HANDS!

THE first American white woman to establish a home west of the Rocky Mountains was a Washingtonian by adoption, and although she made that home in what was still called the Oregon country, it was well within the boundaries of the present State. She was Narcissa Whitman, wife of Marcus Whitman, the missionary doctor.

There is some cause for historians of our national scene to overlook much of the significance of Whitman's journeys back and forth across the continent, and of the importance of the fact that Narcissa made a home in the Walla Walla Valley. Probably Whitman suffers a little from his staunchest supporters, they who claim that he—almost alone—was responsible for saving the Oregon country for the United States. But there is certainly no reason for recorders of progress in Washington State to salute the Whitmans half-heartedly, and they have very often done so.

In calling Narcissa the first white woman to establish a home on the Pacific slope I am not forgetting Jane Barnes. How could anybody forget Jane? But what Jane established at the mouth of the Columbia River, way back in 1814, was not so much a home as a temporary small-size hell on earth. Jane, a barmaid from Portsmouth, England, came to the West Coast by way of the Horn.

This "first lady" of the promised land has been mentioned only two or three times, and always timidly, in the Pacific Northwest

historical quarterlies. Contemporary friends of the lass record her name in their yellow journals, but a tentative and hesitant quality creeps into their prose whenever they speak of Jane Barnes. There are some excellent reasons for this. A more audacious and selfish woman never marched across the pages of New World history.

Jane sailed from England across the Atlantic, around the Horn to the Sandwich Islands (as the Hawaiian group was called then), and then northwest to the Columbia River. She made the trip on a four hundred and fifty ton vessel which was manned by a crew as miserable as the ship's sailing qualities. She arrived at Fort George in the April of 1814—and this Fort George was the factory which had been established first by John Jacob Astor and sold out by one of his representatives to the North West Company.

The devilment she managed is apparent between some of the lines of Alexander Henry's Journals, in the writings of Ross Cox and a few others who knew her on those wild banks of the Columbia. The story that she ended her days as the favorite of a rich Chinese merchant may be apocryphal, but we do know that she had an eye to the main chance. And commerce with China was then a foundation of the Northwest fur trade.

When Jane arrived on the scene, the post had not been doing too well. Duncan McDougall was in charge, and with his clerks, a few Sandwich Islanders, and the French-Canadian voyageurs, he did the best he could for the North West Company. Astor's trade goods were cheap even to the eyes of the natives; and, too, the Chinooks and the Clatsops were not energetic tribes.

Perhaps to improve public relations with the Indians, or perhaps because he was plain lonely, and probably a little of both, McDougall married Little Necklace, the daughter of the one-eyed chief, Comcomly. Having thus married into the trading, so to speak, McDougall's strategy was to hang on until the arrival of the *Isaac Todd*, which he knew had sailed from Portsmouth with Donald McTavish, a North West Company executive. The *Todd* was in reality a twenty-gun letter of marque, but McDougall hoped

that she carried new trade goods as well as McTavish and cannon balls.

He had no inkling that she carried a cargo as explosive as Jane Barnes.

While the *Todd* was on its way there came overland to Fort George a young man by the name of Alexander Henry. He had been a trader from youth, and although he was a Northwesterner and had lived long in Canada, he was born in New England and would have joined the United States Navy if there had been a future in it for him. The Journals he left behind him are explicit on all but one subject: Jane Barnes. He does say that Mistress Barnes had to be prevented from walking on the beach because old Comcomly wanted to make her his queen. In later pages he mentions casually that he took Jane into his own quarters, so as to avoid argument among the men. Now certainly this must have caused at least a touch of emotion in the breast of Donald McTavish who had brought Jane halfway around the world and invested in a complete and amazingly fancy trousseau for her.

The fact that soon after Jane took up quarters with Alexander Henry, the McTavish went through a ceremony with a Mrs. Clapp, the Chinook grass-widow of a clerk, indicates that he may have been in some sort of pique. For the squaw, as McTavish's wife, naturally became the first lady of the post, and the records show that he decked her out in "pieces from bolts of bright cloth." This certainly must have upset Jane considerably, and it was probably liked even less by Mrs. Duncan McDougall who was, after all, a princess of her nation and, until the newcomers, top female at the post.

It would be nice to report that Jane Barnes found love at last in the Great Northwest, and that peace descended on Fort George under the tender touch of a woman's fingers. But nothing of the sort seems to have happened. There was very little but trouble from the moment she set foot on shore, and less than a month and a half later she sailed away on the *Todd* in the company of a young lieutenant! To her credit it can be said that prior to her departure

with the lieutenant, both McTavish and Alexander Henry had departed this life under curious circumstances. They were crossing the big Columbia in a long-boat when the end came, and we do not know exactly what happened. Certainly they did not reach the other side. It is true that the weather was stormy, but it is equally true that the two men had struggled for possession of Jane.

Such was the evergreen playground's first experience with a white woman. Inasmuch as she sailed up the middle of the Columbia, and exerted her charms on both sides of the river, both Oregon and Washington may claim her equally if they wish. But they rarely do, and she has not been heard from since the day she made off with the lieutenant in the *Isaac Todd*. Somewhere in the archives of the Hudson's Bay Company, however, is an expense account which requests remuneration "for the transportation of a young woman to China."

Narcissa Whitman made a much more lasting, and respectable, impression—and if it occurs to you that the two ladies hardly belong in the same chapter, I can only plead that Washington is a State of contrasts, very great contrasts indeed.

Narcissa was born in Rushville, New York, and she watched Doctor Marcus Whitman grow from boy to man in the village. When Mark gave up his practice and went west to take the gospel to the Indians, some townsfolk believed him a little touched. Narcissa did not think so. Secretly she carried a promise from him: one day he would come back to Rushville and marry her; and they would live out west together.

Whitman did return, and with that showmanship which rather often crops out in missionaries, brought with him a youth from the Nez Percé tribe. Whitman had been having some difficulty with the missionary board, and his idea was that the eager native youth might change their minds. The idea worked. The board told Whitman to organize a party and take the Word across the Rockies with a will.

The first thing that Whitman did was to marry Narcissa. Her parents were not at all enthusiastic about her going into such a

wild and far-away country as the Pacific Northwest. But then, as now, parental objection counted for little. The blue-eyed blonde, handsome and tall, insisted that she knew what she was doing. She and Mark persuaded an older missionary couple to join them in the journey, and the Whitmans and the Henry Spaldings started out for St. Louis, the jumping-off place.

Because there were two women in the party, Whitman hoped to tag along with a train belonging to the American Fur Company and thus receive some protection enroute. He reckoned without Captain Fitzpatrick, noted in his day for forthright speech and an uncanny ability to reduce the Indian population. "I ain't aiming to have no women in any train of mine," Fitzpatrick told the Whitmans. "Women are bad luck and they hold things up."

Narcissa fixed this western bad man with placid blue eyes. "Suppose you don't wait for us, Captain, and we come along later and happen to catch up with you?"

"Well," admitted Fitzpatrick, "I reckon that if that happened there wouldn't be much I could do about it. I don't aim to be responsible for abandoning anybody in varmint country."

Fitzpatrick was not the last to melt a little under the blue gaze and soften at sight of the blond hair. The girl from Rushville made the acquaintance of Kit Carson and Jim Bridger. She would come to know Indian chiefs, too, great men in their nations—but not always under such intimate circumstances as those in which she encountered a minor ruler in the Walla Walla Valley. On this occasion Narcissa was sponging herself in a tin tub in what small privacy the frontier kitchen afforded. Suddenly the door swung open on leather hinges and there stood the Indian, fascinated not by her nudity but merely by the whiteness of her body. Narcissa was astute enough to hide her alarm. With a *dégradé* poise rather surprising in a young woman of her time and upbringing, Narcissa greeted her visitor quietly and went on with her bathing. When he had looked enough, the red man sauntered off. A lesser female than Narcissa would have screamed, dashed from the tub, and been tomahawked for her modesty.

Across the wide land Narcissa knew buffalo stampedes, sand storms, blizzards, and the awful suspense of traveling through Blackfoot country. Yet the journey seems to have worn her no more than it did Sacajawea years before. It was only after she had reached her new home that her letters to her mother in Rushville revealed a little loneliness. Even then it was only a little; and she did not really break at all until her first-born daughter was drowned in the creek near the Whitman mission, there in the valley of the rye grass.

On the long journey Whitman seems to have been the victim of an obsession. There was a certain purpose in the obsession. He wanted to get a wagon clear through from St. Louis to old Fort Walla Walla, to prove that vehicles, and therefore the civilized trappings of family life, could get to the West. You must remember that this was before the days of the Oregon Trail, when caravans strung across the plains day after day. Before Whitman's journey it had been always canoe and saddle and moccasin, nothing more.

Many times Whitman was forced to take his wagon apart, lower it down a mountain side with strips of buffalo hide, then laboriously set it up again in the valley below. And inevitably there came the bleak day when the wagon was smashed almost beyond repair. Whitman made a two-wheeled cart with what was left.

All the way across the continent Mrs. Spalding ailed and complained, and Narcissa nursed her. But at last they reached the tortuous Snake—and there Whitman lost the two-wheeled cart, saw it swept inexorably downstream and away from him. It was a black moment for the stocky, stubborn man. But they say that Narcissa cajoled him by saying that the cart had come far enough to prove his point. The wheels had rolled across the Rocky Mountains. "And your cart will get through to the coast, Mark. It will reach the end of the Columbia long before we do!"

Twenty-five miles from Fort Walla Walla, a Hudson's Bay stronghold, Whitman chose a spot which the Indians called Waiilatpu, the place of the rye grass. While the first crude mission buildings were being erected of adobe brick, the factor, Pambrun,

took the two women down the Columbia to the Hudson's Bay post at Vancouver where they stayed with McLoughlin and his wife. In her letters to Rushville, arriving months after their writing, the young wife wrote with undisguised enthusiasm of a mode of life more to her taste. Certainly it was in great contrast to what she was about to face.

The walls of that first home in the State of Washington were adobe brick—mud from the creek that was to strangle her little girl—and the floors were the hard packed earth. Not for years would there be wooden buildings with board flooring. Narcissa began her new life within the mud walls, doing housework even to the making of candles and soap, and teaching the native children to read and write.

It was lonely and rugged enough even with Mark by her side. But he was to leave her to make his famous journey in the dead of winter "to try to save Oregon for the United States." That is what he seems to have wanted to do, for certainly he talked with the President and with Daniel Webster, and surely he was painfully aware of the hold which the benevolent despot, McLoughlin, had on the Oregon country for his Company and for England. Some will always maintain that it was a struggle between Catholic and Protestant for the souls of natives who rather wanted to remain heathens. McLoughlin was a staunch Roman Catholic, and there were active Jesuit missions in the area, but there has been little or no evidence to support the notion that sectarian friction prompted Whitman's journey.

The cynical still insist that Whitman was having trouble with his mission board, and while this is not to be doubted it can scarcely account for his leaving Narcissa to undertake the trip, going far south by the old Santa Fe Trail, at the most hazardous season of the year. After all, Whitman was at his post, doing his work according to his lights, and he could not have been removed or deflected summarily at a distance of three thousand miles. And he did go to Washington, D.C., to talk to the President and to Webster. When he saw Tyler and Webster he could say, in all truth: "It is a

country for settlers, for men with families. My home is there. My wife is there now, keeping that home." There in the nation's capital, inside the great minds of the time, Narcissa Whitman—a continent away in the place of the rye grass—stood as the symbol of all the millions of American women who would one day keep house "out west" in the State of Washington.

She was waiting, too, when Whitman returned. But Mark found the natives in an uglier mood. There had been epidemics and many deaths about which the Indians were more than suspicious. Perhaps Whitman, or even the well-meaning Narcissa, had led them to expect too much too soon from the white man's God.

What is called "the Whitman massacre" would be a trifling thing in our day of expert carnage. Less than sixty men, women, and children were killed at the hands of the savages. It happened very quickly, at a time when the doctor, always stubborn, believed that it could not occur. From her kitchen door Narcissa saw the tomahawk split Mark's head in half to the shoulders. Narcissa saved some of the children by getting them beneath a trap door in the kitchen floor. But she did not save herself, and there is no reason to believe that she wanted to after what she had seen from her kitchen doorway.

A few miles west of Walla Walla, at the top of a sandy knoll, is a spire of granite, and almost nobody knows what it means, and nobody on wheels stops to find out. Through the rye grass there is a path like an Indian trail, which leads from the granite spire to a marble slab at the foot of the knoll. Beneath this marble is buried all that could ever be found of the Whitmans and their friends. On the marble with the other names, is this woman's: Narcissa Prentiss Whitman.

It does not say, as it might, that she helped to bring the first wheels across the Big Stony Mountains, and so marked out the Oregon Trail. It does not say that she made and kept the first American home on the Pacific slope, that her lips made the first white cry of birth pain on the still air, or that she saw death touch the first white child there and that it was her own. It does not say

that she was the first to see all the things that millions of western mothers have seen since, and felt, too.

And high on a public building in Philadelphia, in one of a row of niches, is a statue of Marcus Whitman. The sculptor saw him as a sturdy, blocky man, wrapped against winter, supporting a great wagon wheel against his stubby legs.

The granite spire, the marble slab, the statue too high to see, these are enough. They would be plenty even if there were no Whitman College in the State of Washington. "All my plans require time and distance," Marcus Whitman wrote to his friends in the East. There are a lot of monuments to Narcissa and Marcus Whitman in the Evergreen State, and they are always growing and building.

Chapter Six

TERRITORY AND TROUBLES

IF you think that when Oregon Territory was formed everybody was satisfied you have not caught the spirit of politics in the upper left hand corner of the United States of America. Less than three years after the inauguration of Governor Lane, a group of discontented pioneers was meeting on the Cowlitz Prairie, up north of the Columbia, loudly framing a memorial to Congress.

And what was the burden of that memorial? Why, that there ought to be a *separate* Territory with a government of its own for the upper side of the river! They had got out from under the Hudson's Bay, and now they wanted to get out from under Oregon government.

They had their reasons. Oregon Territory was controlled by the folks on the south side of the Columbia, who cared little about the folks on the north side. They didn't care about the thriving town of Olympia, on the northern end of Puget Sound. They didn't care about Steilacoom, or the seaport called Port Townsend, on the Strait of de Fuca. They didn't even care about New York *Alki*—*alki* being the Chinook word for "by and by" and attesting to the optimism of the settlers around the Sound.

Between these villages and the Oregon Territorial capital were miles of wilderness and the unbridged Columbia, which is a good twelve miles wide at its mouth. The northerners were irritated at the idea of the southerners trying to "run" them at such distance.

Be damned and to Hell with it! There ought to be a separate Territory. It ought to have its own governor and he ought to come from Puget Sound.

So naturally it was not long until such things came to pass.

Governor Lane of Oregon Territory even helped to start the ball rolling. He asked Congress to investigate the notion of dividing up Oregon into two Territories. The Democrats in general favored the idea. There was some opposition from Whigs and Republicans, and in later years the State of Washington has been taking it out on the Republicans rather consistently.

“Columbia” was suggested as a name, and Stephen A. Douglas, always fancy with words, suggested “Washingtonia.” But it was *Washington Territory* that came out under the signature of President Fillmore on March 2, 1853. Its boundaries included not only the present State, but also parts of northern Idaho and western Montana as well. Congress created Idaho Territory ten years later, embracing a part of what is now Montana, and this action reduced Washington to its present boundaries—almost 70,000 square miles of amazing contrasts.

Isaac Ingalls Stevens was appointed governor, and while even today he has his bitter enemies he must be set down as a man of vision. For ninety years ago he wrote to Congress:

“The short course of travel is determined by the shortest time. Puget Sound and the Strait of Juan de Fuca lies midway between Europe and The Orient. Singapore, Calcutta, Manila, and Hong Kong, are closer to New York through Puget Sound and the Strait of Juan de Fuca than they are to London, though England dominates the trade of hundreds of millions of Chinese and the Asiatics who inhabit the archipelagos. . . . A Railroad must be built, which will connect our Atlantic seaboard with the Coast of Asia via Puget Sound.”

It is difficult to imagine today, but in those times Puget Sound was much nearer to Foochow and Hong Kong than to Chicago. And in emphasizing the feats of pioneers from New England,

we have often overlooked the original cosmopolitan aspect of the State. We were trading in lumber with South America, with China, with Australia; we were furnishing Douglas fir spars for the British Navy. Chinese came from Canton through Victoria in British Columbia. Scotch and Irish came, sometimes on foot or muleback across the Isthmus and up the western coast. The great woods attracted men from Norway and Sweden, and so did the fisheries. The Finns and the Poles came later, to work in the mills and the mines, and then the Japanese began to come in ever increasing numbers as truck gardeners and house servants. They were followed by the Filipinos, by Yugoslavs, by sailors and fishermen from the Dalmatian coast. But unlike the foreign population of many an Atlantic Seaboard State, these have assimilated well. They have allowed themselves to become digested, and this has not interfered with either their independence or their prosperity, a fact which might amaze many a touchy immigrant in the New York sector. They have become Americans and Washingtonians, and they or their immediate descendants have been governors and mayors and councilmen, have been elected to Congress, and otherwise been influential in the promised land. Yet today Washington does not particularly think of itself as a cosmopolitan State, and a character who insists on being a foreigner is regarded with some suspicion and a good deal of nausea. That is the frontier attitude, and most of us do not feel that it shrivels our vision or hampers our understanding of world events.

But in that November back in 1853 when Olympia was designated as capital of the Territory (it remains capital of the state) life was relatively simple. The town was responsible for the government of less than four thousand white inhabitants—and maintained a somewhat precarious hold on additional red men and some immigrant Chinese. Lumbering was the chief industry, and a profitable one. The seaport sawmills sent lumber to San Francisco at from two to five hundred dollars per thousand board feet. The discovery of gold in California had contributed to these fantastic prices, and the newly organized Territory was off to an

auspicious and prosperous start.

However, about this time the original population of Washington decided to do some organizing of their own. The purpose of the Indians was simple and understandable: to drive the white intruders out of the country. Governor Stevens, who was also Superintendent of Indian Affairs (needless to say, not through election by the Indians) hurriedly began working toward treaties of appeasement. With the tribes west of the Cascade Mountains he was immediately successful, but the "horse Indians" east of the range were not to prove so amenable. After all, the "canoe Indians" could range on the Sound and the countless inlets and around the islands to the north. But the natives of the east side could not so simply evade the white man. Besides, they were warlike by nature. They had to scramble for a living, and consequently their joints were supple and their blood homogenized. The Puget Sound savages could get plenty of fish in the summer, and in the near-by valleys they could find roots and herbs throughout the mild winter. Such easy living and such an equable climate contributed to their somewhat phlegmatic natures. And there are those outside observers who claim that, even today, the modern citizens of the Sound country are more reticent in their enthusiasms than—for instance—the natives of San Francisco Bay or Southern California.

In an effort to come to an agreement with the eastern Indians and stave off an uprising, Governor Stevens called a council at Walla Walla in the May of 1855. For twelve ticklish days the Governor and Joel Palmer, superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon, counseled with six thousand Nez Percés, Cayuses, Umatillas, Walla Wallas, and Yakimas. There were not more than fifty or sixty white men with Stevens and Palmer, and why the conference did not end in a massacre is somewhat of a mystery, considering the temper of the Indians. The credit for a peaceful conclusion is generally given to Chief Lawyer of the Nez Percé tribe. To modern white men, and some red men, Lawyer is the hero of the piece. There is a natural rock monument to him and to Peo-peo-mox-mox, the Walla Walla chief, on the Whitman College

campus. But when it was put there in the Twenties there were some mutterings on the Indian reservations. Some of the old and wrinkled indicated they thought Chief Lawyer was a traitor to his race.

If there was ever any doubt as to why the Nez Percé chief was called Lawyer it was dispelled during the council. The other chiefs showed no inclination to come to a treaty with the whites. There had been too many promises made already, and none kept. Peo-peo-mox-mox voiced a general complaint when he told the white men that he felt his people were being hurried. "We need more time to think," he said. "We may not have understood here." And he did not neglect to add, "You may not have been speaking straight."

Stevens and the commissioners were speaking as straight as they knew how, and they dared not admit the reason for their haste: the fear that the Indians were ready for war. The treaties they proposed were, from the white man's point of view, liberal. The three reservations they offered, Clinton Snowden points out, "contained much more land than the tribes could ever profitably use." But of course the tribes had been using *all* the land, in a sense, and whether or not they were doing so profitably is all in the point of view.

The cash offers represented a lot of money for those days. The Walla Wallas and the Umatillas were to receive \$160,000, and the Yakimas and Nez Percé were to get \$260,000 for each tribe. There were to be schools and mills built on the reservations and the government was to provide teachers. And, very naturally, there was to be a little side money for some of the chiefs who would lend their signatures to the treaty—annuities of \$500 a year for twenty years! Peo-peo-mox-mox thought it might be better if they brought his first year's payment up from Portland right away, so that he could see it before he signed.

The Walla Walla chief had a lot of things on his mind. He pointed out that once a white preacher had come to preach to the Walla Wallas, and that while he had been satisfactory for a while,

he had turned out to be a trader. He got himself a farm and raised grain and bought cattle from the Indians. Peo-peo-mox-mox thought that this was wrong, that a man ought to be a preacher *or* a trader, and not two in one. How that preacher was to live was of no more concern to the Indian chief than it is to many a small town flock in modern Washington. "A piece of ground big enough to build a house on is big enough for a preacher," Peo-peo-mox-mox said.

The chief was realistic. He admitted, there in front of the big wall tent that Stevens' men had erected, that the white men would win the country eventually. He merely wanted to be sure that his people got what was coming to them. "Goods and the earth are not equal," he contended. "Goods are for using on the earth. I do not know where it is that people have ever given lands for goods."

And all the time that the Walla Walla chief was talking, there were disturbances on the outer edges of the council gathering. The Cayuses were behaving in a loud and disorderly fashion. They made no bones about wanting to kill Stevens and his party, simply take the trade goods without signing the treaties, and then push down the Columbia River to attack The Dalles. Indeed, the Cayuse warriors had been holding nightly conferences of their own a'nen't this interesting program, and were on the point of persuading the Walla Wallas and the Yakimas to join them.

Here was where Lawyer took action. He brought his family and pitched his lodge among the tents of the white men and announced that the council party was under the protection of the Nez Percés. After that there was no talk of immediate war, but there were still bickerings about the treaties. Peo-peo-mox-mox continued to be difficult, and Kamiakin, the Yakima chief, a man of great personal dignity and magnetism, refused outright to sign.

However, Lawyer of the Nez Percés was persuasive and at last it appeared that all would sign. Even Kamiakin seemed to be swayed by the majority. At this point there was an unfortunate interruption. A party of Nez Percé hunters, long absent in hostile Blackfoot country, rode up to the council tent with Chief Looking Glass

in the lead. Looking Glass was past seventy, but still a power in the Nez Percé country, and he held aloft on a pole the bloody scalp of a Blackfoot! He had been given up for lost, and now in this heroic guise he berated the Nez Percés for trying to sell him out in his absence. He must have been something of an actor, for he knew exactly which stop to draw out. "I return from war and privation," he said, "and I find that I may have no lodge to go to."

It looked as if all the work of Stevens and his commissioners was to go for nothing. But the wily Lawyer was still on hand. "Leave Looking Glass alone for a while," he said. "He will grow calmer and agree with us."

Looking Glass did just that, and the treaties were signed. Governor Stevens, much encouraged, took himself into western Montana country to try his hand with more treaties. He had hardly got beyond the Sawtooth Mountains when the Indians opened up warfare.

Only the "canoe Indians" remained neutral, and the Snoqualmies actually cooperated with the whites. But on the east side of the Cascades, where the treaties had been so recently signed, the story was different. Major Granville Haller and eighty-four soldiers were reduced to forty-four and forced into an ignominious retreat. They were astoundingly outnumbered and would have been wiped out altogether except for gallant bayonet charges that dampened the natives' courage. The Haller incident was one of those hundreds of vignette battles that took place all over the wide west and were to foreshadow the bloodiness of the fighting in the Civil War. Yet when Leschi, a Nisqually chief, was hanged for the murder of noncombatants, Major Haller had the gallantry to aver that he was found guilty "on the testimony of a perjured man."

Haller's defeat chilled the settlers. It brought them face to face with the reality that there might not be enough army to quell the uprising. Yet if a settler went to volunteer, he must leave his wife and children unprotected. Where the Indians would next strike, and in what numbers, could not be determined by even an astute West Pointer. And every settler knew in his heart that death

could come to him as easily from one savage as from a hundred. An arrow from a bow, or a ball from a trade musket, could come in the very next second from behind a log or a thicket. Or, for that matter, from the dark corner of the settler's own cabin.

In all of Oregon and Washington Territories there were hardly more than seven hundred soldiers, and they were scattered from Fort Steilacoom on the north to the Rogue River Valley on the south. The settlers had no weapons beyond their hunting guns, for Governor Stevens had been refused arms on the ground that no militia was organized to employ them. And worst of all, the commander in chief was something of a blockhead. His name was General John Wool, and for the sake of the record it might be well to hasten to add that he was *not* a graduate of West Point. His headquarters were at Benicia, California, and he was seventy-two years old—two facts which undoubtedly redounded to the disadvantage of the settlers of the Pacific Northwest. He had no experience in Indian warfare and he rather believed that the settlers were a worthless lot of trouble makers who probably had been taunting the savages beyond patience.

Perhaps more important than any of these things was the fact that Governor Stevens had insulted him. He had flicked him on a very sore point, the part taken by the General in the winning of the battle of Buena Vista during the war with Mexico. It was at a dinner party in that glittering, wicked metropolis of the West, San Francisco. There were ladies present, as the quaint saying goes, and what was probably more acute, there were junior officers present and they were graduates of West Point. There is still a controversy alive in the State of Washington as to the abilities of Governor Stevens. But certainly his action at the San Francisco dinner party is proof enough of obstinacy and conceit. When the old soldier put it on a bit about his record in the Mexican War, the Governor from the North appears not only to have challenged Wool but to have pursued the subject. There is little doubt that Stevens' actions on that evening were to work to the benefit of the Indians in the sporadic warfare to come in the Pacific Northwest.

Major Gabriel Rains, the senior in command in the Northwest, was hardly an improvement over his commander at Benicia. He set too great a store by rank and ceremony, and he so lacked enterprise that Phil Sheridan, who was around those parts at the time and would be heard from later in more important matters, remarked that he could understand why Rains's men had no confidence in him. And the major was not made happier when the volunteers he called for gave their leader the rank of colonel.

The Haller defeat was in 1855, and the following year warlike events opened on the west side of the Cascades when a band of Indians attacked the village of Seattle. Had the sloop of war *Decatur* not been in the harbor the savages would have been successful. The troubles on the water side of the state, however, were brought more quickly under control. Quiemuth, a Nisqually chief, surrendered in the same year, and was duly murdered by an impatient settler while awaiting trial. Leschi, another Nisqually chieftain, lived to see a trial, but the verdict was guilty as charged and he was hanged. Haller was not the only one of Leschi's enemies who regretted his death. Ezra Meeker, that great old professional pioneer, thought of Chief Leschi as "a sacrifice to a principle, a martyr to a cause, and a savior to his people."

Many a local historian feigns to be puzzled over the exact cause of the Indian wars that ran through the late Fifties. But certainly the attitude of Haller and Meeker is clew enough to the simple fact. The Indians were fighting for their lands and the survival of their race. Yet there are long and learned discussions still printed, wondering if perhaps it was not the treaties themselves which precipitated the war. Or whether the stampedes into the gold fields, in 1857 and 1858, might not have increased the nervousness of the Indians. These students examine a dozen different reasons for the Indian wars in Oregon and Washington Territories, and overlook the obvious and unflattering one.

After a series of defeats and victories which lasted well into 1859, the Army and the volunteers put down the red man's rebellion. There were trials, then, and martial law, false accusations

and recriminations. Governor Stevens was reprimanded from the national capital for his handling of "the peace" and old General Wool did not miss this opportunity to add a cogent comment or two. In that same year Congress got around to ratifying the Indian treaties, but it was not until much later that all the Indians were domiciled on reservations. The first complete settlements did not take place until after the Civil War. And the Kalispel reservation was not completely crystallized until 1914, at the beginning of World War I. In such close proximity are Past and Present in the young Evergreen State!

Chapter Seven

STATEHOOD

AT its first State election, Washington celebrated by rejecting woman suffrage and Prohibition. There is nothing significant in that maiden vote, except that it illustrates that the people of Washington do change their minds, for later they accepted both. And despite a reconstruction of the national mood on the subject of strong drink, Washingtonians to this day cherish some of the aspects of Prohibition—as many a thirsty visitor can testify bitterly.

The people of Washington Territory became serious about becoming a State in 1889. A lot of water had been flowing under its few wooden bridges. A Territorial University had been established. A transcontinental telegraph line had been built—and it often worked. New military roads had been completed, and there were two narrow-gauge railroads within the Territory, one a portage around the Cascades Rapids of the Columbia River, and the other from Wallula, on the bank of the Columbia, to the town of Walla Walla, the largest community until 1880, when it was overtaken by Seattle. And there was also a transcontinental railroad, the Northern Pacific, which ran a line from Kalama to Tacoma on Puget Sound.

Governor Stevens would have been pleased with the progress had he been alive to see it. But he was killed in action at Chantilly on the side of the Union. The Territory had contributed some distinguished Regulars to the War between the States—men like

Sheridan, Grant, Pickett, Sherman, McClellan. Ten companies of volunteers manned the army posts now.

And Oregon had become a State.

Naturally that fact irritated the Washingtonians, and two years after Oregon had sewn its star on the flag, the Territory of Washington began work on Congress just as in earlier days. By 1867 a memorial had been presented to that august body in the Washington that was by the Potomac. Nothing happened. A constitutional convention was held in 1878, but still Congress looked the other way.

And then the Washingtonians got the news of appropriations of Federal River and Harbor Funds on the Pacific Coast between 1860 and 1888. The expenditures went like this:

California (State)	\$1,492,428.00
Oregon (State)	649,305.00
Idaho (Territory)	10,000.00
Washington (Territory)	5,500.00

The bacon grease was in the camp fire!

A howl went up from the shores of Puget Sound, from the flats of Nisqually, from the creases of the Cascades and the slopes of the Blue Mountains and the levels of the Walla Walla Valley that could be heard clean across the Rockies and the Mississippi. It was a coyote yowl that swept up the capitol steps and was heard in the halls of Congress itself. It came from the throats of 357,232 men, women and children. That was just about 375 per cent more folks than had been in Washington Territory before the coming of the Northern Pacific Railroad. And those folks were the ancestors, historically at least, of Washingtonians today: people who can raise more political hell for their total numbers than the citizens of any other State in the Union, barring none from the South!

Congress began to see the light from the great Pacific Northwest, and on February 22, 1889 it passed an act enabling the Territory to organize itself as a State. President Cleveland signed it the same

day, and on the following Fourth of July delegates assembled in Olympia and drafted a State Constitution which was approved four to one. And in that identical year Seattle, Ellensburg, Spokane, Vancouver, and a number of other Washington cities broke out in disastrous conflagrations that just about burned them to the ground. There was no denying that it was a great and exciting year.

For the record, let us set down the first State officials. Elisha P. Ferry, who was then Territorial governor, became the chief executive. Charles E. Laughton was elected lieutenant governor, and Allen Weir became secretary of State. William C. Jones was named attorney general, and John L. Wilson was sent to Congress as representative. The first United States senators were John B. Allen and Watson B. Squire. Modern-day residents of the State of Washington may be astonished to learn that all these men were Republicans.

There has been almost no change in the State Constitution since its adoption. In addition to the governor and lieutenant governor there are seven departmental chiefs, and the governor may appoint eleven executives under him. He has powers of veto and pardon, and he may call extraordinary sessions of the legislature. There are forty-six legislative districts which elect from one to three representatives each, and one senator each. There is a supreme court, a superior court, and justices of the peace. The thirty-nine counties are governed locally by a commission of three men each. Cities of the first class can choose any form of government they wish, and while none have thus far been bizarre as to form, these city governments are occasionally represented by men and women who are regarded with some suspicion by citizens of cities in more venerable States. The second-class cities may choose the mayor-council type of government or the commission type. So may the third-class cities of more than 2500 population, but those smaller must stick to the mayor and council set-up.

In other words, Washington has modeled its government after the governments of many other States. This was natural in a

youthful western State, and for all its reputation for radicalism—a reputation that has been growing swiftly in recent years—it has experimented almost not at all with the structure of its government. Not one of its first-class cities has attempted the city-manager plan, although the State law allows it. The Evergreen State has had more than its share of technocrats, social credit enthusiasts, production-for-use theorists, and fellow travelers; it has harbored and suckled a goodly sprinkling of political characters who have defied labels as sturdily as they have eschewed logic, but none of these have yet suggested any drastic change in the figure of Statehood as sculptured by Elisha Ferry and his associates back there in 1889.

Chapter Eight

SOMETHING DOING EVERY MINUTE

TO millions of people in the United States "the West" is anything between Albany and the Pacific Ocean. To probably even more millions "the West" is California, a California that ranges from Mexico to Canada; and "the Northwest" is the area adjacent to the Great Lakes. For these millions, the State of Washington hardly exists. It is a lost State—like Colorado or Nevada. Oregon they may have heard about in a vague way. They know that it is out in the west, somewhere around California. But Washington. . . .

This naturally is a matter of great sorrow to Washingtonians, and especially to those Washingtonians whose job is to publicize the State. Recently the Seattle Chamber of Commerce began a campaign to teach newspapermen and article writers to use the term *Pacific Northwest* when referring to the upper left hand corner of the map of the U.S.A. When the Seattle Chamber caught a writer using the term "Northwest" loosely it would at once despatch a letter of chastisement and pleading to both the author and the publication. The effect of such campaigns is not yet markedly visible. Even so dependable an institution as the *Saturday Evening Post* has been known to locate Mount Rainier in Oregon, and to refer to redwood trees—distinctly a California species—in an area adjacent to Tacoma. The Grand Coulee Dam has been granted to Colorado or Idaho in the most reputable magazines. Quite recently a writer for the highly educated *New York Times* became en-

tranced by the Showboat Theatre which is situated half on the edge of the University of Washington campus and half on piling driven into the mud bottom of Lake Union, a body of water situated in the center of Seattle. The correspondent went on for almost a column about this unusual show house, and then revealed to innocent *New York Times* readers that the building sits picturesquely on a bank of the Columbia! This despite the fact that a lake is most certainly not a river, and that the particular river mentioned is almost three hundred miles from the University of Washington.

This confused sort of business goes on all the time, and one might think that Washingtonians would have become accustomed to it. We have not—not by a long shot. When the *Boston Globe* indicated that Seattle had suffered a fifteen-foot snowfall that had "practically hidden" one of its railroad stations it was plain from the accompanying photograph that an error had been committed. The scene was not Seattle at all, but a junction called Hyak whose little frame station is at the eastern portal of Snoqualmie Tunnel in the Cascades. Flicked by this ignorance, the *Seattle Post Intelligencer* informed one of its star reporters, Mr. Douglass Welch. Wrote he:

"You gay, giddy people of Seattle don't realize it, but we had a fifteen-foot snow in Seattle along about the tenth of February of this year, and it all but covered one of our railroad stations.

"Fifteen feet—that's three squaw deep.

"The Associated Press's best guess seems to be that the Eastern editors assumed that the word "Hyak," plainly marked on that station, is the Indian for "Welcome" or "Gents' Toilet." It is well known in the East that all inhabitants of Seattle speak nothing but Chinook and subsist entirely on a diet of salmon-heads.

"Many of the clippings that have drifted back to Seattle about our big snow were from the *Boston Globe*, and we think it only proper to tell our readers where Boston, Massachusetts, is. Boston is situated between Hyak and Ellensburg on the Milwaukee Road. It is inhabited by Pilgrims and Puritans and the present mayor is Mr. Paul Revere. It is only a five-minute subway ride between

Boston and New York, the latter being situated on the Hudson River which empties into the Columbia near Pasco. Incidentally, there was so much snow in Boston last week that both its north and south stations could not be found."

It will be apparent that the *Post-Intelligencer*, speaking through Mr. Welch, had been goaded into a sarcasm probably altogether too broad to cut Boston to the quick. But it was not just Boston and not just Hyak. Behind that story—which of course delighted Seattleites—was a long series of provocations by eastern and southern editors. It is nothing for a wire service editor in Seattle to be asked by some editor east of the Rockies to cover stories for him which are transpiring in Alaska or Denver or Montana. When Wiley Post and Will Rogers crashed at Point Barrow on the Arctic Circle, Mr. Welch himself had been the recipient of a long distance call telling him to send a crew to make pictures and to get those pictures on a plane leaving Seattle two hours later. A Seattle newspaper man once received a request from the Sunday magazine editor of a New York paper asking the former to drop over to Kentucky on his day off and do a piece on Darling, the cartoonist, who lived there at the time.

Occasionally these insults arise not merely from ignorance. Sometimes they carry a certain sting. As when the magazine *Time* described a strike-bound Manhattan as "quiet as Walla Walla, Washington, on a Sunday afternoon." Such jibes do not pass unnoticed. The very next time the representative of the Walla Walla Chamber of Commerce was in New York he gave a luncheon and he asked *Time* to "send that reporter who thinks Walla Walla is quiet on Sunday afternoons." The reporter went, and be it said on his behalf that he had once been in Walla Walla on a Sunday afternoon and had found it very quiet indeed. And he was genuinely sorry not to have calculated on the extreme sensitiveness of all us Pacific Northwesterners about our native heath.

Patiently and steadily such matters are brought to the attention of the sophisticated publishing circles of the East. The latter, in

their turn, seem almost to have developed an immunity to the hot blasts from the West. In fairness, it ought to be said that they do try. And in further fairness, it ought to be said that the average native Easterner's idea of western geography is certainly as clear as the average Westerner's about the East. It is a great pity, but there we are—until the air age fixes everything.

Many western journalists have a theory as to why eastern correspondents so frequently become confused. You see, there are no bars in the State of Washington. Neither can the visitor purchase a drink in a hotel—unless it be a light wine or a beer. Of course, you can buy a bottle of liquor at one of the State-controlled liquor stores, take it to your hotel room, and drink alone. Or you can obtain a guest card to one of the private clubs, purchase a book of "scrip"—if you have thought to take out a State liquor permit—and quench your thirst in congenial company and surroundings. In other words, getting a drink in the Evergreen State is a serious business. It requires much more than the price and the inclination. It requires time, a knowledge of local custom, a friend who is a member of a private club, and a good deal of stubborn will. No self-respecting visiting journalist can do his best work under such circumstances. He cannot drop into a bar casually, have a quick one, and go about his business. Instead, he is quite likely to find himself established in the bar of the Press Club or the Rainier Club trying to be polite to members to whose very existence he owes every drop that touches his lips. The next thing he knows it is time to catch the plane for California or New York. Small wonder that he later comes to his typewriter with a confused and inadequate idea about the State of Washington. Considering what they go through, it is a wonder that more of these journalists do not mix things up wilfully.

At least, so goes the theory of certain sympathetic Washington State newspaper men, and it is a theory of some merit. Consider the fact that Oregon, with a liquor law similar to that of Washington, suffers the same publicity troubles, while California (replete with thriving and ornate bars and cocktail lounges) basks in pub-

licity which is both accurate and—well, *lush*.

Another difficulty in the way of a clear picture of Washington is the inclination of many people to think of the Pacific Northwest as a setting for early western history rather than as a backdrop for a segment of contemporary U.S. comedy and drama. The cowboy and the Indian, the trapper and the buckskin soldier, are much more real to the eastern imagination than the modern citizens of Washington. Even so near a neighbor as Hollywood falls into the error. In very recent motion pictures, characters from Seattle or Tacoma are almost always lumbermen, and they are lumbermen, moreover, who employ a sort of shy pidgin English and step on ladies' feet at the dance. The facts are that Washington lumbermen have possessed both poise and a command of language since the time of Paul Bunyan.

The idea seems to be abroad that, once upon a time, the people in Washington went out in a covered wagon, had their troubles with Indians, cleared some land and built cabins—and that they have been living in those cabins peacefully and simply ever since. If you are a New Yorker or a Bostonian or a Chicagoan you have a fair notion about what people in other States do. In California they tan themselves on long white beaches and look at movie stars. In Arizona they dress up in dude ranch clothes and ride through the purple sage. In Vermont they "sugar off" and in Florida they gamble for high stakes. In Louisiana they drink fancy drinks and raise Hell at the Mardi Gras. In Kansas they husk corn and in Georgia they sit on the stoop and hunt for chiggers. For almost every State, you have some idea of how the folks occupy themselves. Your idea may be wholly wrong and it may even be a slur on a great State, but at least you have an idea. But it isn't likely at all that you have any idea about what people do today in Washington State.

You'd be surprised.

In January—January, mind you—there is the Annual Midwinter Regatta at Tacoma, as well as the Winter Sports Carnival on Mount Rainier. Spokane has a Ski Jumping Contest, and the little hamlet

of Guler, in Klickitat County, has a Toboggan Tournament. In the same month the Indians stage Treaty Day Pow-wows on three different reservations, although what they have to celebrate is not clear. If you want to be educated, there is the annual Mining Institute at the University of Washington.

In February there are still ski tournaments, but Spokane attends to business with the Inland Empire Stock Show, and at Odessa there is the Spring Breeding Cattle Sale. March finds the ski enthusiasts still straining themselves all over the State, and Spokane being insistent about the stock business with the annual Shorthorn Breeders' Show. But everything is not cows and Christians in March. Tacoma's philharmonic season opens, and at Blaine, just this side of the Canadian border, is the yearly International Service under the Peace Arch.

Come April, the fishing season opens—and that is no casual opening in the Evergreen State. Port Townsend holds its Rhododendron Festival, and the Puyallup Valley its Daffodil Festival. Spokane is still in there on the hoof with an Inland Empire Moose Frolic, and up on Mount Rainier the skiers are at it again with the Spring Ski Carnival and the Silver Skis Championship.

Seattle proudly unfolds its All-city Flower Show in May, and the all-year-round yachting season opens officially with a regatta on Lake Washington. Wenatchee comes out with its famous Apple Blossom Festival. Spokane goes on having livestock exhibitions, but in May it is for the youngsters, and in the same month the city holds its annual Sportsmen's Show.

The State golf championships get under way in June, and it ought to be noted that Okanogan has a pet parade. At Bellevue, across Lake Washington's floating bridge from Seattle, there is the Strawberry Festival. Spokane's Junior Chamber of Commerce puts on a Stampede Rodeo, and the Summer Drama Festival opens at Seattle. By no means least is the beginning of the Salmon Derbies.

Things really get going in July. There's Fleet Week in Seattle and the Old Settlers' Picnic at Ferndale. The horse racing season opens at Longacres. Mount Vernon celebrates its Hickory Hat

Days, and there is a rodeo at Lake Chelan. The Yakima Indians hold a tribal council at White Swan, and Centralia decorates the streets for Pioneer Days. There is a 135-mile power cruiser race from Seattle to Nainaimo in British Columbia, and a Pacific International Regatta for the sailboat men. The Pacific Northwest Tennis Championships are run off at Tacoma, and men over sixty compete in the Annual "Senior" Golf Tournament somewhere in the State. Yakima advertises The Bumping Lake Outboard Regatta, and—before we forget it—on the second week in July the town of Toledo has a Cheese Day.

The adjacent towns of Chehalis and Centralia hold their Southwest Washington Fair in August, and not to be outdone, the southeastern part of the State has its Annual Fair in the same month at Walla Walla. At Omak there is the Stampede, and at Shelton, the gentler Farmers' Day. Increasingly popular is the yearly Air Show at Seattle's Boeing Field, but it is not nearly as colorful as the Makah Indian Festival at Neah Bay. Still in August—the heat is not oppressive in Washington State—Goldendale is having its Jamboree. Bellingham citizens show their prowess at a Gladiolus Show, and at Coupeville, on Whidbey Island, there is a little more excitement during the Indian War Canoe Races.

These things go on, you understand, *in addition* to the regular county fairs, and it must be remembered you can almost always go motoring or fishing or oystering—or to athletic games. You can do what you like. But September brings the Clambake and Pioneer Day at Port Townsend, and the Salmon Derby Finals on Seattle's Elliott Bay. There is a Pioneers' Picnic at Connelly, and three weeks of horse racing opens at Playfair near Spokane. Ellensburg stages its Rodeo and Colfax its Round-Up. There's the big Western Washington Fair at Puyallup and the Central Washington Fair at Yakima, and the Northwest Washington Fair at Lyndon. If these do not exhaust you, there is a Harvest Festival at Bellingham in the fourth week of September.

It slows a little in October. Of course, the hunting season opens, and ice hockey begins. Spokane has its Hallowe'en Festival, and

the Symphony starts in Seattle. But October has a quiet schedule, by and large, and in November you may have to settle for a combined celebration of Armistice Day and Admission Day, a state-wide observance. And in December there are only the Indian Christmas Ceremonial at Toppenish and the Christmas Festival at Okanogan.

This gives you an idea, but only a fragmentary idea, of what goes on. Celebrations and festivals, special "weeks" and "days" have been omitted by the score from these paragraphs, and note will be taken of these deletions, never fear. But to list them all would take a sizable volume in itself, for Washington is a State that believes in celebrations and has always believed in them. I hope it always will.

The majority of these celebrations have a common denominator. They feature the simple pleasures. They occur for the most part out of doors, or at least in a spacious shed or tent. Usually they extoll and perpetuate the virtues of pioneer life. They are, almost every one of them, an outgrowth of the quilting bee, the charivari, the round-up, or the rendezvous in the mountains.

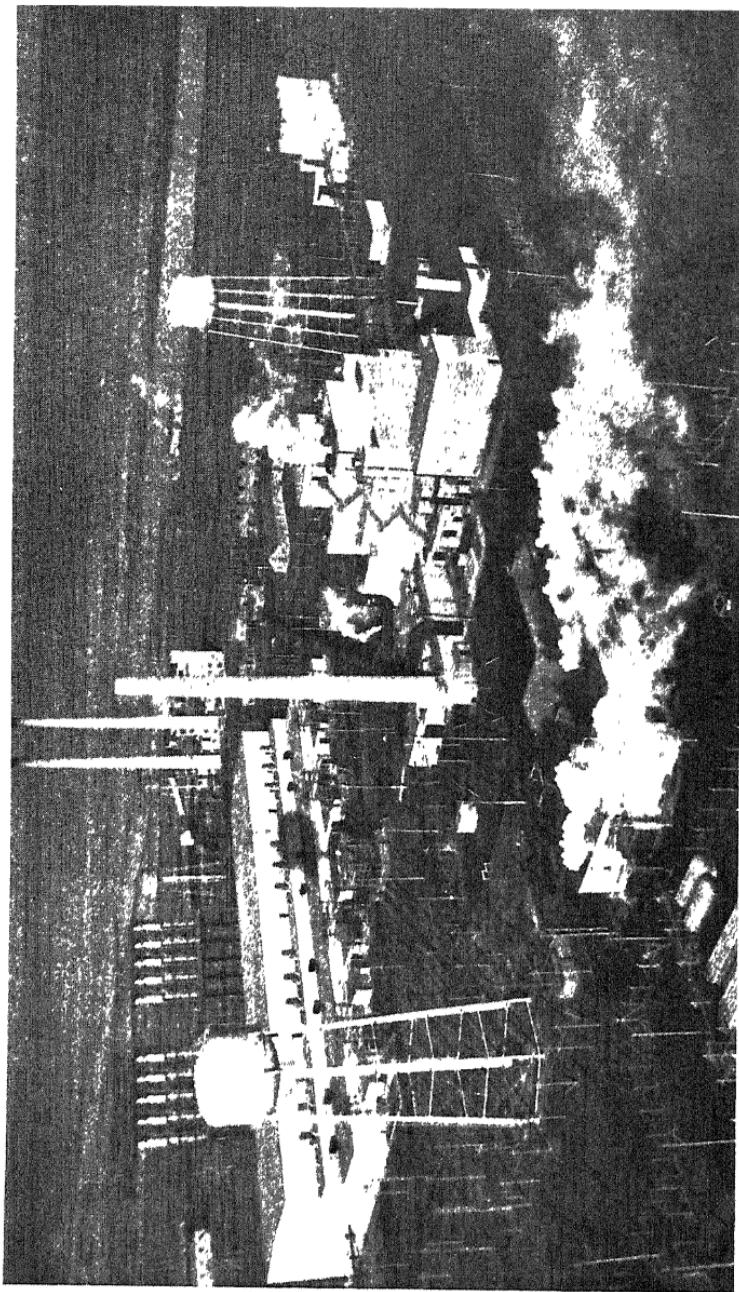
The more sophisticated type of gathering does not flourish in the State of Washington. Not for many years has the State captured a sizable national convention, for example. Those who want conventions (it seems to me to be madness to *want* them) say that the liquor law is to blame, but legal liquor in convention quantity is not impossible of acquisition in Washington. I think it is more that the indoor type of meeting whether for business or cultural purposes just does not catch on in the Evergreen State. Perhaps the climate is too equable to encourage gathering in rooms filled with talk and cigar smoke. Perhaps the outdoors is too inviting, the scenery too distracting, the fish too lively, to allow for concentration on problems of industry or the extra-curricular shindigs which go with conventions. However, the Maritime Conference of the International Labor Union took place recently in Seattle, and there is now an annual Pacific Northwest Writers' Conference every

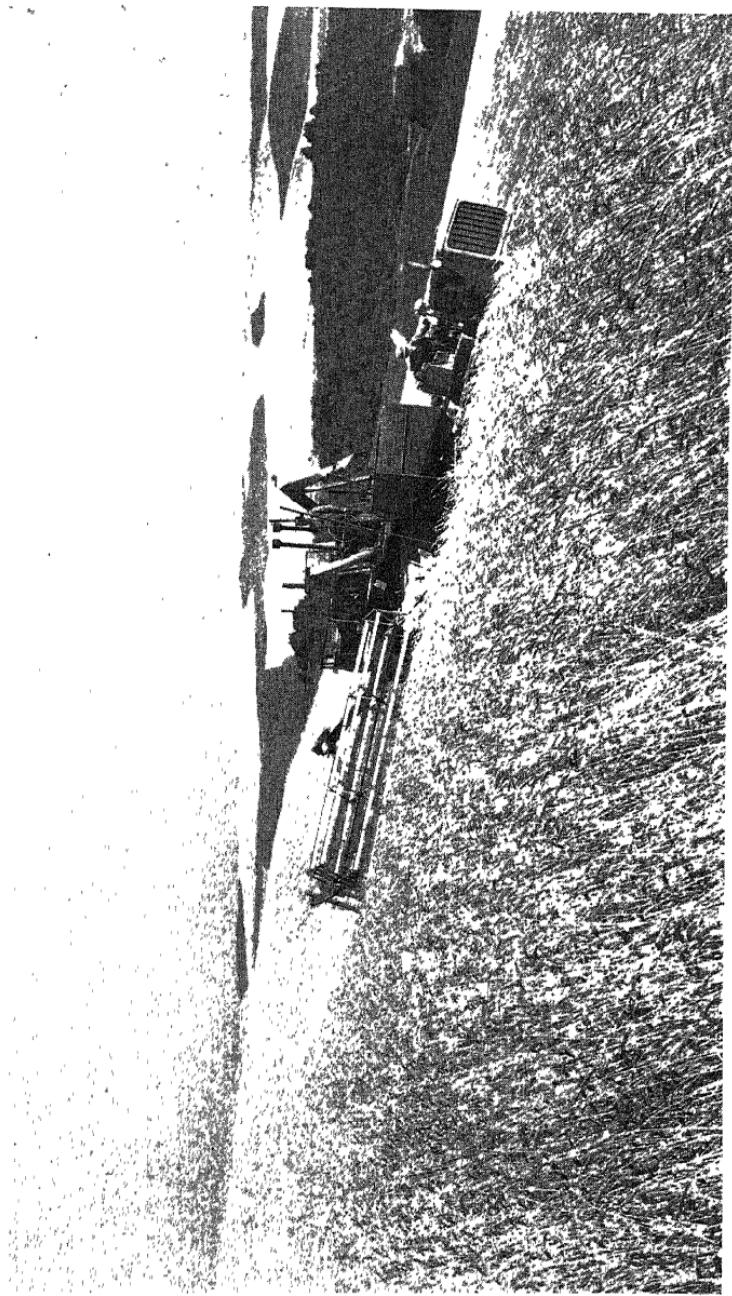


THIS AIR VIEW TELLS A GREAT DEAL ABOUT THE STATE OF WASHINGTON. IN THE FOREGROUND IS PUGET SOUND AND THE SHORELINE IS RIMMED WITH A SHIPYARD, NAVAL DOCKS, A MODERN PULP MILL. SPREADING BACK FROM THE BEACH IS THE CITY OF EVERETT, AND BEYOND ARE SMALL FARMS. BEYOND THE FARMS ARE THE FORESTS AND THE CASCADE RANGE WHICH SO SHARPLY DIVIDES THE STATE.

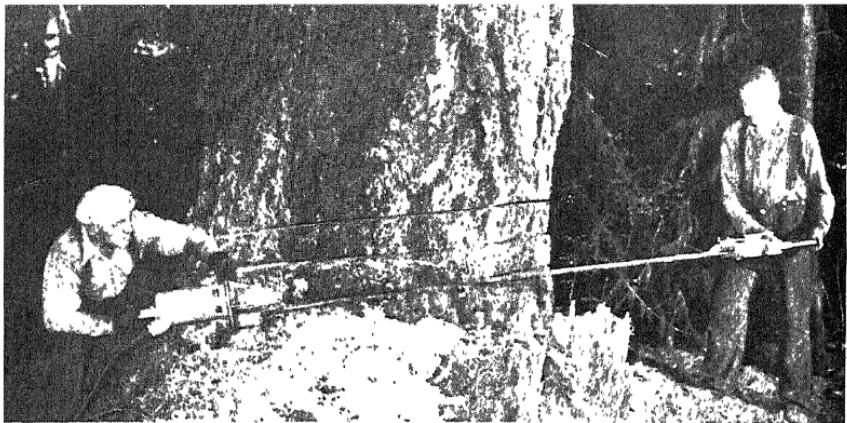
U.S. Army photo

A PART OF WASHINGTON'S GREATEST WAR SECRET—ONE OF THE THREE MANUFACTURING AREAS AT HANFORD. THE MAIN BUILDING IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND IS CALLED "THE PILE" AND IS WHERE THE TRANSMUTATION OF URANIUM TO PLUTONIUM TOOK PLACE.



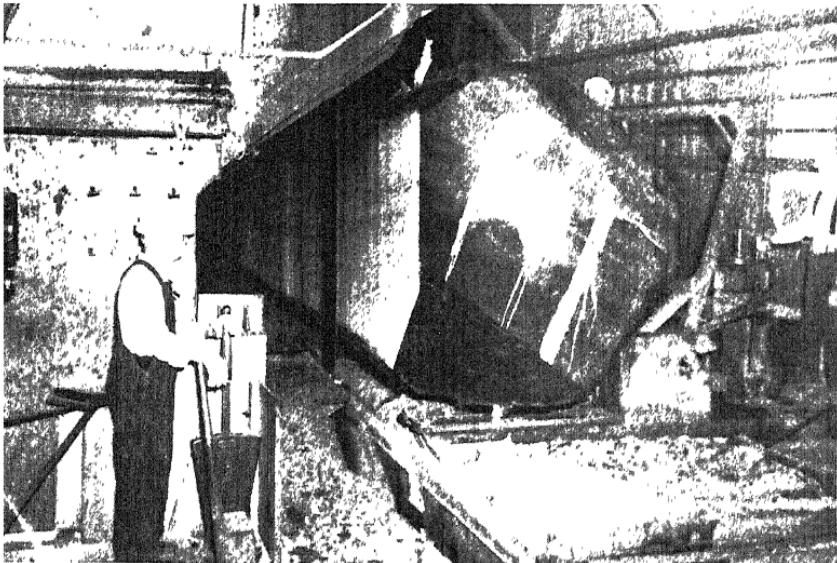


JUST AS THE OXEN HAVE DISAPPEARED FROM THE BIG WOODS, SO HAVE THE HORSES AND MULES DISAPPEARED FROM THE WHEAT LANDS OF WASHINGTON. AGAINST THE ROLLING BLUE MOUNTAINS A MODERN COMBINE THRESHER IS PULLED THROUGH THE GRAIN BY A "CATERPILLAR" TRACTOR.



West Coast Lumberman photo

FALLING A GIANT DOUGLAS FIR IS NO LONGER THE BACK-BREAKING WORK IT ONCE WAS. SINCE THE TIME DONKEY ENGINES BEGAN TO SUPPLANT OXEN IN THE WOODS, THERE HAS BEEN A STEADY TREND TOWARD MECHANIZATION OF THE STATE'S GREATEST INDUSTRY. HERE TWO LOGGERS OPERATE A POWER SAW THAT WOULD HAVE BUGGED OUT PAUL BUNYAN'S EYES.



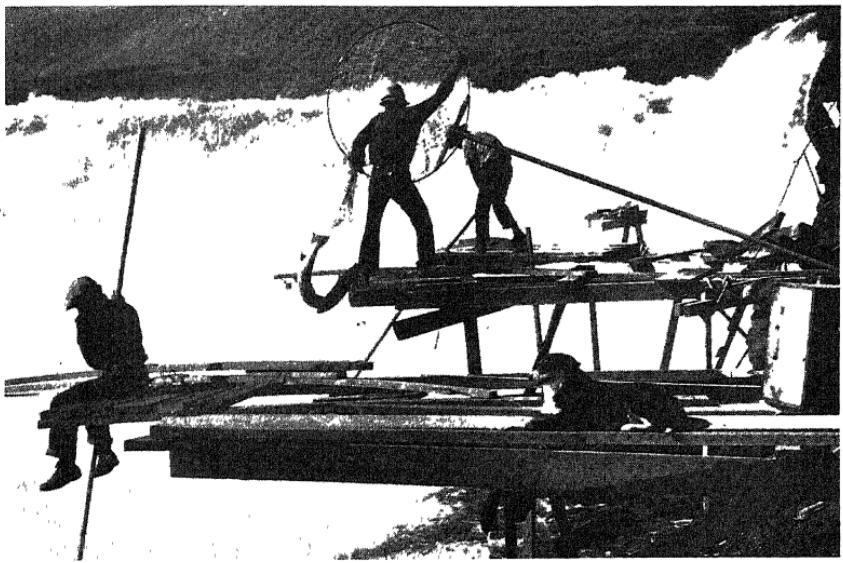
K. S. Brown for West Coast Lumberman

THE HEAD RIG IN A WASHINGTON LUMBER MILL BEGINS THE HANDLING OF A LOG IN WHICH THERE IS ENOUGH LUMBER TO BUILD A SMALL HOUSE. BUT



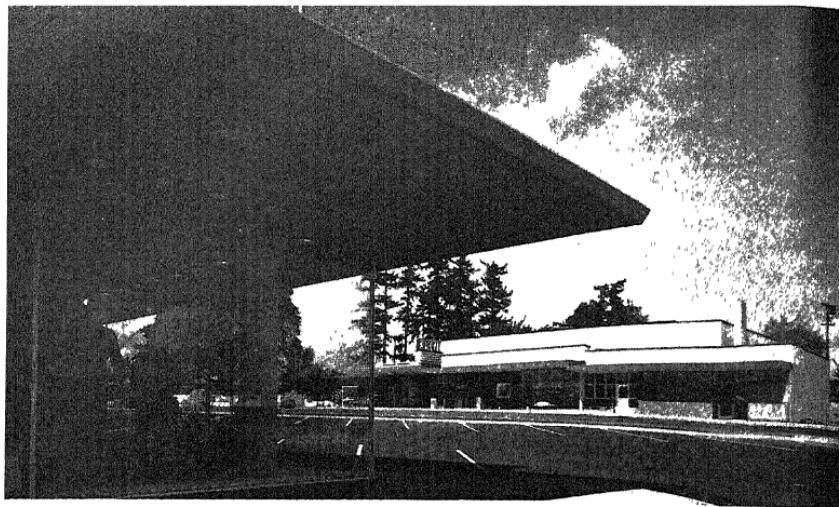
Seattle Times photo

INDIANS YOUNG AND OLD STILL LIKE TO PARADE IN THEIR TRADITIONAL FINERY, AND THEIR WHITE BROTHERS IN WASHINGTON STILL LIKE TO WATCH THEM. THIS IS DURING A CELEBRATION IN COUPEVILLE ON WHIDBEY ISLAND.

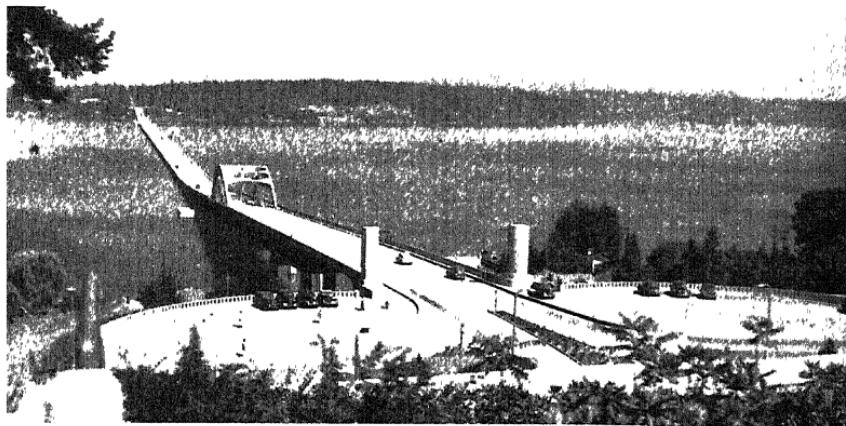


Seattle Times photo

THESE ARE INDIANS AT WORK—NETTING SALMON AT CELILO FALLS ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER. THEY ARE EXERCISING ONE OF THE RIGHTS GRANTED THEM UNDER OLD TREATIES WITH THE WHITE MAN. SOME OF THE SALMON



A GLIMPSE OF A STREET IN BELLEVUE, ONE OF WASHINGTON'S "RENOVATED" TOWNS WHICH HAS ADAPTED ITSELF TO MODERN POSTWAR LIVING. TO THE LEFT IS A BRANCH OF ONE OF SEATTLE'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORES. ACROSS THE STREET ARE SPECIALTY SHOPS AND SERVICES, A MOVIE, AND AN OUTDOOR RESTAURANT. PLENTY OF PARKING SPACE WAS THE WATCHWORD OF THE PLANNERS.



THE FAMOUS "FLOATING BRIDGE" WHICH SPANS LAKE WASHINGTON AND IS THE KEY CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN PUGET SOUND CITIES AND THE VAST INLAND EMPIRE BEHIND THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS. THIS CONCRETE HIGHWAY LITERALLY FLOATS ON THE LAKE WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST VISIBLE



Pacific Fisherman photo

OF FISH AND FISHING AND FISHING VESSELS THERE IS NO END ON THE WATER SIDE OF THE EVERGREEN LAND. IN PLEASURE BOATS SEATTLE ALONE IS SECOND ONLY TO NEW YORK CITY WHICH HAS FOURTEEN TIMES THE POPULATION OF THE PUGET SOUND METROPOLIS. BUT THE MEMBERS OF THE "WORKING FLEET," LIKE THIS STURDY PURSE SEINER, MEAN MUCH



Bob and Ira Spivack photo

“WHAT DO YOU PRODUCE THE MOST OF?” A STRANGER FROM THE MIDWEST ONCE ASKED A WASHINGTONIAN. “SCENERY,” WAS THE LACONIC AND ACCURATE REPLY. HERE TWO WORSHIPPERS OF NATURE ATTAIN A PEAK AND LOOK DOWN INTO THE MYSTIC VALLEY OF THE HOH.

summer. It may be that these are indicative of a trend, but I would not want to bet on it.

There was a national exposition back in 1909, but since then the State has not shown any hankering—as do other States—to put one on in the grand manner. Ours was the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, and it still lives in my memory as a world-shaking event, after more than thirty-five years. I can remember looking down on those white buildings, on that fairyland, from a captive balloon—so frightened and awe-struck that both my six-year-old dignity and my new white knickerbockers were equally endangered. I remember the steps of waterfalls with the colored lights beneath them, flowing down from the Government Building. And the beautiful Geyser Basin which was the central spot in the fair grounds and is the Frosh Pond today on the University campus. I don't think that I will ever forget the thrill of the main gate with its three arches—or the sadness when the Exposition closed after a hundred and thirty-eight successful days.

That was when I saw my first President—the imposing Taft, sitting round and jovial in an open Winton with Governor John H. McGraw beside him. It occurs to me now that the President's military aide in the car with him was only a major, and my father could point out to me only one secret service man on the running board. Henry Ford visited the "A-Y-P" to welcome the winner of the transcontinental race from New York to Seattle; and, fortunately, the winner drove a Ford car. William Jennings Bryan made a speech, but he was certainly not enough of an orator to hold the attention of a six-year-old boy who wanted to get over to the "Pay Streak," the fair's amusement street.

The "A-Y-P" was really the beginning of the University of Washington as it is known today. Before the fair, the campus had only four buildings and most of the grounds were covered with virgin timber. The Exposition left on the campus a million and a half dollars in permanent buildings, streets, water mains, and landscaping. It was the beginning of one of the most beautiful

university grounds in the country, but the sponsors of the Exposition had taken a grave chance in holding the big show on the campus. State laws prescribed that no liquor could be sold within two miles of the University, so it was "a dry fair." It paid nevertheless, leaving a surplus of more than \$63,000 to give to the Anti-Tuberculosis League and the Seamen's Institute.

That is a nice record as Expositions go, and perhaps the State is wise in standing on it for a while. But even when you build an Exposition it is difficult to compete with the kind of outdoors that you have in Washington. The closest Washingtonians ever came to competing with it was when they built the Grand Coulee Dam. And that, of course, is the biggest thing ever built by man in the history of the world.

Chapter Nine

BIGGEST THING MAN EVER BUILT

ALTHOUGH *coulee* is a French word, Washingtonians have little truck with Continental pronunciations, and from Territorial days the deep, dry river beds of lava rock, whose inclining sides distinguish them from *canyons* have been simply "coolies." A high-falutin national politician who ventured into the scablands and spoke feelingly of the Grand Coulee, with a broad "a" and a vowel diagraph would get mighty few votes. He would have got even less if more people had heard him. Although Franklin Roosevelt was a quick study in the Groton and Harvard accent, he knew better. To him it was always "Grand Coulee" with the "a" hard and the "coulee" indistinguishable in speech from the lower caste Chinese who ran laundries and cook-houses in the early West.

Nevertheless, the coulees of eastern Washington have always held a certain mystery and loneliness. It is something that you can feel when you stand in the bottom of one. The intrepid explorer, Alexander Ross, had stood in the bottom of the Grand Coulee, but when he tried to describe it in his journals he could only say that it was "the wonder of the Oregon." He never questioned what the Indians told him: that thunderings and lightning flashes were more frequent there than elsewhere in that land. And the vaults of Grand Coulee, worn through solid rock, were "like the dark and porous catacombs of Kief." He thought that he heard rum-

blings in the earth. But one thing is certain—he must have felt what even the most unimaginative feel when they see the Grand Coulee for the first time. He must have suddenly experienced Time as God knows it, and sensed that a man's life is no more than the whispering of a breeze along those canyon walls.

Before 1933 the Grand Coulee was merely a corrasional wonder. It was by far the biggest of the hundreds of abandoned river channels in the vast lava plateau that lies east of the Cascades between Spokane on the north and Walla Walla on the south. It is a thousand feet deep in places, and about fifty miles in length. The ancient Columbia that ran through the old Coulee was from a mile and a half to five miles in width—and still not more than halfway to the sea!

Once the great continental glaciers had tried to block the old Columbia. They moved as glaciers move. The glacial floods scooped off the soil of the Palouse plateau, and at one spot they tumbled over a fold of rock eight hundred feet high and two miles wide. That waterfall cut back the rock for more than thirty miles before it was done.

When after several thousand years the ice barriers melted, the Columbia had returned to its old course, and high above it was left this great gash it had carved. Here and there a few tranquil lakes were left, oddly tamed and anachronistic. The greatest cataract this world has even known was now nothing but a rock wall without water—"The Dry Falls"—a phenomenon gazed at casually by a few hundred straggling tourists a year. Almost none of them understood this work of six thousand years. They would look at it from the highway, scarcely comprehending its magnitude. Only a few ever ventured down onto the floor of the coulee and thus realized the vastness of nature's project.

Even though the Grand Coulee Dam is a recent thing, some of its history is already lost. Even in so short a time there have already grown up conflicting stories about who first conceived the idea of "finishing" the work that nature had begun, of erecting a great dam that would create tremendous power and irrigate an

area as large as the State of Connecticut. But it is pretty certain that Rufus Woods, editor and publisher of the Wenatchee *World*, was first to put the idea into type and print in. That was in 1918.

Naturally, opposition made itself apparent at once, and from many quarters. There followed a fifteen-year-long fight which yet looms in Rufe Woods' mind as a conflict somewhat comparable to that of World War II, with Rufe in the role of Eisenhower. The enemies were not Fascists and Emperor worshippers, but wicked Easterners, stupid Washington politicians, weak-minded engineers who believed the project impractical, and even Westerners themselves. Westerners who had somehow got themselves born without the western urge to try anything once. Rufe Woods even accused Spokane generally, and its water power company specifically, with seeking to scuttle the dream. It is an accusation which Spokane stoutly denies.

Perhaps it never would have been built except for the depression. The New Deal was seeking jobs at which to put an army of unemployed. The Grand Coulee project would certainly create jobs. President Roosevelt began to look interested.

Then came the day that the President journeyed west and paused near the Grand Coulee to look at the site of the proposed dam and to make a speech. That was, no question about it, a great and significant day for the Evergreen State.

There were twenty thousand men, women, and children in the shadows of the gorge that day. Not a great crowd, as crowds are reckoned in some of the cities of the East. But twenty thousand are a lot of people to get together in one place in the sparsely populated area of the coulees. They had come by automobile, and by horse and buggy and wagon. Some had come by train, and some had walked if they did not live too far away. Not all of them were interested directly, perhaps, in the dream of a giant dam at Grand Coulee. But all of them wanted badly to see dreams in America come into reality again. Their interests were as divergent as the interests of the State itself, but the idea of this dam, with its implication that great things could still be done in the West, was

their common denominator.

There were halibut fishermen from Seattle there that day, having heard the President was to speak. There were cattlemen from the Okanogan country, and lumbermen from the pine country around Spokane. There were ranchers from the Walla Walla Valley, and storekeepers from the little towns along the Wenatchee River.

And there was a woman there, too, in great numbers. She wore a faded wash dress and shielded her eyes with a hand as dry as a piece of twisted sage. There was no way to tell her age. She could have been fifty or she could have been under thirty, but she had lived in the dry lands of Washington so long that she had stopped thinking about how she looked. Until that day she had almost forgotten how she had come to Washington hopefully with her husband, thinking to raise Wenatchee apples and ship them all over the world, like the real estate folder had said. But it had not worked out somehow. The price was low when the apples were good, and when the price was high something always happened to the orchard. Now the orchard was as worn out as she and her husband were, and there was no prospect of getting young trees to start again. Probably that woman did not see how the scab-land could ever be made green and fertile, so that it could raise a lot of different crops. But nevertheless she was there listening, and she was there in great numbers.

“We believe,” the President said that day, and the whole State quickened at the words, “we believe that by proceeding with this great project it will not only develop the well-being of the West, but will give an opportunity to many individuals and many families back in older, settled parts of the nation to come out here and distribute some of the burdens which fall on them more heavily than fall on the West. There shall be the opportunity of still going West. This land around us here is going to be filled with the homes not only of a great many people from this State, but a great many families from other States in the Union.”

There were other hopeful thousands that day who had not yet

become Washingtonians, but who heard the words on the radio and looked for the Grand Coulee country on their maps. They found that it was way out there in Washington, where they say it's green all year round most places, and now this dam is going to make more land green.

These were the men and women and children in the central tier of States and the northern tier where rain had been scarce for so long that their land had come to be known as "The Dust Bowl." They heard the words over the radio, words coming to them out of the parched air over the great Coulee. Listening to those words, and looking out of their windows at the dying, fissured earth, they must have thought of the Bibles in the front rooms, and of old Sunday school lessons. They must have seen green punctures where they would not want. They put what little they were left into the family car and started for Washington. Some and lured to follow the southern trail, just as in the days of the covered wagons—but tens of thousands made bee lines for Idaho and Oregon and Washington. Most of them had to work on the way. Many were poor and bewildered and maybe a little desperate. But they were still Americans, and so they were proud and arrogant. They were despised sometimes, by the older Westerners, but when this happened they returned it in kind. They had a goal. They knew what they were up to. There were no banjos on their knees and no songs on their lips, for somehow it was not the time. But they knew what they were doing.

Their hope was sometimes shattered when they reached the desert lands of Washington. Could this be the Evergreen State? Some of it had the look of the land they had just left. There was dry lava dust and brittle sage, and there were abandoned homes and broken wheels and plowshares as rusted as burnt gingerbread. Few of them realized that just over the Cascades, or just north, or just south a little way, were wet green lands. They looked at the big river, and at the raw towns gathering around the site of the dam, and they heard the talk of what was going to happen. Maybe they had come too soon, they thought, some of them. But

there they were—and most of them would never go back again.

When work actually began on the big dam the feeling of old-time Washingtonians was perhaps best expressed by the Dayton, Washington, farmer who said: "Well, by God, we got 'er—whether we want 'er or not, we got 'er! And I'll bet some of them God-damned Congressmen in them eastern States are as sore as boiled owls." That kind of satisfaction is easily understandable in Washington. It was the habit and the privilege of the pioneers to complain bitterly about the favors the government gave the thickly populated East. It was said that the East got everything, because it was older, and closer to the big politicians and the wealthy. Now the State of Washington had got something that was satisfactorily ~~thin~~. It was the biggest damned thing man had ever built in the ~~old~~—and that ought to be big enough!

~~hus~~people of the Grand Coulee country began to get a taste of the ~~old~~ West in reverse. In the old days the saloons, the dancing girls, and the gamblers had followed the builders of the railroads or come on the heels of excitable miners when pay-dirt had been struck. But now the girls and the beer and the pitchmen came first. They were ready and waiting when the workers came.

Old towns that had almost given up the ghost began to take on new life, and there were brand new ones, too. Among the latter were Grand Coulee, and Grand Coulee Center, Elmore, Ausborn, and one called Electric City. The signs indicating the names of the new towns did not indicate the population—but they most certainly would before long. Every new town figured out some distinguishing characteristic to apply to itself. One was "The City Nearest the Dam" while another would be the largest south (or north or east or west) of the dam.

The new towns filled up quickly, because the Columbia Basin Commission took drastic steps to discourage squatters. Many of the men and women who settled in the raw villages did so with ill-concealed dismay. They had believed that when you came to Washington you could simply start up from your first camp fire.

They had seen no houses to speak of, no fences, no crops worth mentioning. Nobody seemed to be using the land. But here it was again, regimentation. They were being told where they could set their belongings down and where they could not. There were going to be boundaries and authorities in the Evergreen State!

But they could swallow that, for God knew they had swallowed a lot of it all their lives. There was still plenty of room and freedom for the kids, and in a town the old lady would have somebody to yammer at. So they obeyed the order of the Commission and settled where they saw telephone poles jutting up in the desert. Soon they were patrons of the lumber yard, the grocery store, the barber shop, the pool hall. They dug down into their savings for lumber and tar paper, or put up a tent-house, or unhitched the trailer. Everywhere around them the teams were dragging plows and scrapers through the sage, laying streets, and the bright yellow lava dust and alkali were over everything.

No question about it, the Grand Coulee Dam changed the face of things in the State of Washington. It did, in fact, change the character of the whole Pacific Northwest, for it brought once again an old dream, and this time something more was attached than the mere outlines of reality. That old dream plagues all Pacific Coast States, but it plagues Washington most of all. It is the dream of industrialization in the modern sense, in the sense in which the East speaks of industrialization. For, throughout her brief history, Washington has wanted—and wanted badly—to be something more than a colony State depending chiefly on lumber and commercial fishing and agriculture.

It is not straining for comparison to say that the changes begun in Washington by the Grand Coulee Dam are very similar to the changes that were brought back in 1855 when she became a Territory separate and distinct from Oregon. That old transformation represented, roughly, the change from an old Indian trading area to a settlement in which people made a living for themselves. With the formation of the Territory white men ceased to hunt and

to trade with the natives; they began to raise crops and manufacture and to trade with whites in other settlements. It was a big step.

The building of the Grand Coulee Dam was a big step, too. Perhaps even a bigger one. And it presented some of the chief characteristics of the pioneer days. It caused, again, a great migration. It created political reverberations West to East. Most of all, it brought into play a resurgence of the expansionist spirit which was so evident in Washington from its earliest days until frequent disappointments, and finally the depression, almost completely dampened that spirit in the Thirties.

Yet the State is so big, and so effectively do the Cascades and the climates cut off the western half of Washington from the Big Bend country, that relatively few people in the State itself realized what was happening.

And what *was* happening? Well, the powder gangs were quickly followed by other workers, almost as spectacular. There were jackhammer men, and high riggers. There were expert divers, dubious about working deep in the swift Columbia, but willing to take a chance. There were carpenters and woodworkers, steel and iron workers, riveters and painters. There were electricians and concrete men and welders. And this, it must be recalled, was almost ten years before World War II.

They came from everywhere in the United States, and, almost literally, from every place in the world where man had built anything of size at all. They drifted in from Massachusetts and Pennsylvania and Alabama and Kansas. They came up from the Gulf and the Texas Panhandle, and from work in the long arid stretches of California. There were men who had built bridges in Mexico and Patagonia and France and Italy. There were those who had worked on dams in Norway and Sweden and Russia. They had built medieval castles in Hollywood and railroads in Alaska. Some had worked on the dam in Tennessee and at Boulder, and others had shifted from Bonneville, lower down on the Columbia—but the Bonneville Dam belongs more properly to the State of Oregon.

A lot of them had come with the easy skepticism of their roving breed. They had heard that the Coulee project was being called "the eighth wonder of the world" but they did not pay too much attention to that. Like the editors of *Fortune* magazine, they were perhaps mindful that "westerners are natural-born public relations men." But when they reached the baking sage land and looked down between the Columbia's ancient walls and saw what was planned, what they were to take part in, they caught the excitement of the thing. Pride crept into their eyes and into their talk and even into the way they carried themselves. No doubt about it, this *was* the biggest man-made thing in the world!

They decided to stay, most of them, and men like these were good for the State of Washington.

WHAT man proposed to do with the Grand Coulee Dam was indeed a monstrous thing. Man proposed to halt and hold the surge of the great River of the West.

It is a river that rises in a mountain lake in Canada, a river fed always by glaciers and melting snows, roaring south and then west, and south—and finally west again, for more than twelve hundred tortuous miles before it plunges twelve miles wide into the Pacific. Unlike other streams, the Columbia reaches its peak flow in the warm growing season, exhibiting its strength from the high lakes and the glacier peaks and the blue snow creeks. That characteristic was one of the reasons for the big dam: there would be water when water was needed, when the crops are growing.

It is a river which swallows up the Snake and the Kootenai, and the Pend Oreille, and a hundred smaller streams, draining an area that is big even in the West. Take New York State, and Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia, West Virginia, Delaware, Kentucky and Maryland and put them all together. That is the size of the Columbia's watershed.

It is a river that falls thirteen hundred feet in its rush to the sea, and a thousand feet of that fall are between the Canadian boundary and the Snake River, in the State of Washington. At the

site of the dam it flows seven hundred and twenty-five thousand second feet. That is twice the flow of the Colorado at Boulder Dam, and the Columbia has five times the run-off of the Colorado at Boulder.

That is the Columbia. It has always been a mighty river in history. It has sent men across violent seas and treacherous mountains and lost them on countless islands. It has raised the hopes of kings and sent nations into war. Now, after long years of being relegated to the status of a scenic wonder, the Columbia was taking a hand in things again. The State of Washington, the whole Pacific Northwest, would never quite be the same.

It takes a dam to control a river like the Columbia, and when you understand the river you realize why the dam had to be the biggest thing attempted by man. Even so, the dam could not really hold the Columbia. It could only hope to control it, to delay its stallion rush to the sea. A worker said, "You got to control a couple of million wild horses, see? They don't die and they don't ever get tired. You can't have any idea what that means unless you've tried to handle a six-horse team on a couple of wheat wagons down the old Coulee City road!" You get the point, then. They weren't building a twenty-three-million-ton mass just so they could say it was four times as big as the Great Pyramid. Western folk, with their earnest worship of size, were suspected of that in certain unappreciative quarters. But the idea was to choke a river valley against two million wild horses that never tired and never died.

Even without knowing the engineering problems that had to be faced, people said it was fantastic. The Reclamation Bureau engineers were aware of those doubts. Blithely, they referred to themselves as "Imagineers" and went to work. The design and construction gave them problems never before tackled except on a drawing board. Some of the things that had to be done meant the invention of machinery never seen in the world. It was a Paradise for engineers, that ancient channel in the dry land of the Evergreen State.

In the words of an old settler who had sold his tiny peach orchard to the government as an infinitesimal part of the location, "It was the damndest sight you ever see." More than five thousand men began burrowing in the earth, tearing and blasting at the basalt banks, and shivering in the river. They swung through the air on cables and in buckets. They pressed electrical buttons and yanked levers and set strange engines in motion. They moved heavy trucks and little railroads and a fleet of tug boats. They created a hell on earth and raised a roar that silenced the roar of the Columbia. To the native bystanders and the passing tourists the whole thing appeared to be only aimless and dangerous confusion out of which nothing useful could ever emerge.

But the big dam was getting built, all right. The jack rabbits and the tiny rock rabbits, the gophers and the rattlesnakes had all moved back over the hills. And it was not getting built just there in the State of Washington. It was getting built in New England, and the deep South. It was getting built in Louisiana and Illinois. There was hardly a State in the Union that wasn't sending supplies or materials to what had been just a lonely stretch by a great river that had been almost forgotten. By the time the river was diverted, there were forty States taking part in the Grand Coulee Dam. It was all mighty good practice, this tremendous effort on Grand Coulee Dam, for a job that was to be coming up later.

Tourists began to make detours to see the dam, at the rate of more than three hundred thousand a year. The engineers built grandstands for them on each side of the river, and there were guides who would give them the awesome statistics they would forget before they had driven fifty miles:

"The dam is forty-three hundred feet long and five hundred and fifty feet high above the bedrock. Imagine putting the Empire State Building on its side, chinking up the windows, lengthening it by about three-quarters of a mile, and laying it across the river. Then imagine pouring over it a waterfall twice the size of Niagara."

But even while the tourists were struggling with this the guide would be off again. "The dam is four times the bulk of the Great

Pyramid. There will be three times as much concrete in it as there is in Boulder Dam. That's enough to build a standard highway from Seattle to New York and back again by way of Los Angeles. The dam will create a new lake a hundred and fifty miles long that will reach up beyond the Canadian border and make wonderful new recreational facilities."

These were the bountiful and infallible days of the New Deal when business and industry were in the far corner of the dog-house, so the guides said very little about the electrical power which the dam would supply in addition to that necessary for irrigation. Possibly, also, they wanted to avoid apoplexy among the audience, for large stockholders in various Pacific Northwest power and light utilities were even as late as then roaming the State at will. Whatever the reason, the spiel went about like this. "The Gran' Coulee Dam is a major projec' in the federal government's com-pre-hensive program for the development of the Columbia River basin. Its primary purpose is to provide farm homes under American living standards for thirty thousan' families by placing water on a vast stretch of desert and dry-farming land in the State. . . ."

That "primary purpose" was very much delayed by the war. In war, the Grand Coulee Dam—rushed to completion just in time—became a really needed source of new power for the shipyards, the aircraft plants, and for light-metals industries which had never been feasible in Washington under peacetime conditions. It was the war, in connection with the great new dam, which alerted Washington once again to the dream of industrialization. People were willing to admit now that much of the Grand Coulee power would be used in new towns and on new farms, just as the government spelers had said. But what is of far more interest now is the possibility that large blocks of power, sold cheaply, may bring industries in peace as well as in war.

After all, the hundreds upon hundreds of miles of transmission lines are up and waiting. Washington knows that it cannot much

longer confine its business palaver to plans for making lumber and wood products, canning fish, raising apples, and cutting wheat. Those things are all right; they are basic, and they have made a great State and will continue to make it great. But something must be added to make the State *greater*. Washingtonians are beginning to like the sound of words like "chemurgy"—the manufacture of industrial products from farm produce. They are beginning to talk of "light metals" and "chemical and metallurgical plants."

These words carry the same magic that "salted fish" and "Douglas fir spars" carried to the early settlers in the Evergreen Land. They mean new commerce and a prosperous tomorrow in the commonwealth of Washington.

There is definitely a new spirit abroad in the industrial areas of the farthest reach. For years the small manufacturing plants—the iron works, the foundries, the gear factories, the engine shops—were satisfied with a market that was fairly regional. The expansion of such a market appeared to lie only in the direction of greater local population, or in expansion of basic industries which some of these smaller factories served. The war, again, has changed this homely concept, comfortable and, in many instances, prosperous though it was. The war taught Washington that it could compete with the East and the South, despite distance and freight rates. The war brought into national and even international prominence many a Washington factory which had been known only within the Pacific Northwest.

It was not merely that Washington discovered that it could make certain things as cheaply and as good, and that it could sell them beyond the Rocky Mountains. There was a definite personal factor involved. Washington factory owners began flying to the U.S. capital and New York, meeting the government bigwigs, coming face to face with some of the eastern competition. No human being can fail to grow and expand under such conditions, and the average Washington factory executive is not the same man that he was before the war. His thinking and planning is higher, wider and

handsomer. And he knows that the East and the West are coming so close together that no longer can the Westerner operate so cozily behind the Rocky Mountains. The best defense against eastern competition, they are saying in the tall timber and around the Big Bend, is a strong offense.

Chapter Ten

STATE SECRET

LIKE all the West, the State of Washington has had its ghost towns. There is Ocasta, for example, on Grays Harbor. There is Irrigon, in the eastern half of the State. They and many others were built on a single industry that did not pan out, or on a dream that never came true.

Seattle itself, proud at being the State's greatest city, came very near to being a ghost. If the old Northern Pacific had been successful in its plot, Seattle would have been. Tacoma was the Northern Pacific's love, and one of the presidents of the road said, "If I could have my way, a locomotive would never turn a wheel into Seattle!" But railroad presidents were beginning not to have their way entirely, although for sixteen years after Seattle had a railroad connection with the outside world it was impossible to purchase a ticket for that city in the East. Seattle was simply absent from the time-tables and unknown to the shirt-sleeved minions behind the ticket windows.

But rarely is it given to a town to become a ghost twice on this earth. That distinction, together with a more important one, belongs to Hanford, Washington.

Hanford's beginning was back near the turn of the century when ambitiously designed but weakly financed irrigation systems were to have made the area blossom like the rose. It prospered, if you could call it that, but briefly. And then, almost half a century

later, it became—suddenly and mysteriously—the fifth largest city of its State! Hanford had a secret; and that secret was not learned, even by its own inhabitants, until Hiroshima and Nagasaki had become ghostly towns in far off Japan.

It began on a day in 1939 when Albert Einstein, a physicist and a refugee from Germany, wrote to President Roosevelt. The letter was hardly more mildly insistent than the great man's doglike expression. Wrote he: "Some recent work by E. Fermi and L. Szilard leads me to expect that the element uranium may be turned into a new and important source of energy in the immediate future. This new phenomenon would lead to the construction of extremely powerful bombs. . . ."

That letter was to change the character of all southeast Washington, as well as of Japan. A week or so before the grim Christmas of 1942 a group of incognito scientists mulled over maps and reports in a room at Spokane's famous Davenport Hotel. For their purposes they liked the look of the north half of Benton County. It had the right topography, the proper water in adequate quantities, and it was remote and yet accessible. Also, it would not be necessary to move a large population in order to begin their project.

At first it was known as the "White Bluffs Military Project," but the name was soon dropped in favor of "Hanford Engineer Works." The town of Hanford was no longer a ghost. Near-by Pasco boomed from less than four thousand to more than ten thousand people. Kennewick grew from a village of less than two thousand to a little city of seven thousand. Towns as far away as Grandview, Prosser and Sunnyside took on new citizens, and from Burbank to Kiona the highways were lined with trailers and speckled with tourist cabins. Even the construction of the Grand Coulee dam had never been like this!

The few hundred citizens of Richland suffered their evacuation bitterly at first. Peacefully they had been raising peppermint and asparagus and cherries. But Lieutenant-Colonel Harry Kadlec won their confidence and told them, "The influx of population will be

greater than the exodus. A new city is going to be built here. Jobs will be provided for thousands." He hoped the merchants would accept a chance to wait around and serve the new and greater community. Lieutenant-Colonel Kadlec and his superior, Colonel Franklin Matthias, were the only two in the State who knew at the beginning the reason for this upheaval in what had been a not too prosperous section whose inhabitants had thought their tomorrows as predictable as taxes.

Washington had seen many a boom in its brief time. But what was happening to Hanford was different. Its people knew from the start that its second life might vanish with peace, that it would be even shorter than its pioneer era. The all too literate called their city "Empress of Ephemerida" and "Principality of Plectoptera." But it was great while it lasted. Thousands of men and women from all parts of the United States and all walks of life were herded into barracks, subjected to rigid inspection and scrutiny, and literally gave up their freedom to do work which was utterly meaningless to every one of them. It was probably the strangest community ever born in America—more than fifty thousand men and women, whites and Negroes, working in a totalitarian state in the cause of democracy. Married couples who came to Hanford without trailers were separated in male and female barracks. A newspaper reporter innocently referred to the town as "The Metropolis of Race Suicide" on this account and narrowly escaped arrest by jittery Intelligence. When, a few months later, the Office of Censorship put a ban on news or discussion of experiments in atomic fission, that reporter thought he knew what was happening at Hanford.

If he did, he was more astute than most. Even trained technical men who visited the project came away in darkness. Such an expert would be met at the train at Pasco and taken to Richland for the night. In the morning he would be escorted on to Hanford and there he would take an oath of secrecy, the same oath taken by all employees. He would be ushered into a great room filled with blueprints—but those blueprints would be covered with thick

paper. Cut into that paper would be little "windows" through which he could observe only that part of the project in which he was concerned.

"A new poison gas" was the guess that you heard most around the State. Very reactionary Republicans were heard to murmur that it was a DuPont plant erected with tax money and, whatever it was, would be completed too late. Many thousands knew only that there was "some kind of Army project near Pasco" and thousands more never heard of it at all. Certainly it was the best kept secret in the history of our State, and maybe in the history of the world. Perhaps this is only because we did not really *want* to know too much about it. Perhaps some instinct told us the nature of the things that were going on, so that we shrank from whispers that would lead us to the truth.

Certainly Washington was innocent. Washington did not know that it could make plutonium and cool its fire with the waters of the Columbia. That was never a part of its dream of a great industrial future. It still talks about its Boeing bombers, its destroyers and minesweepers and cargo vessels built by the hundreds, and its boys and girls who went to war. But not about plutonium; neither what it did nor what it might do in a future of peace.

Pasco and Richland and Kennewick and the other towns in the area have kept some of the folks who came from everywhere in the United States—except Tennessee, which had a secret city of its own. These folks are Washingtonians now, and the Grand Coulee dam is going to make a lot of new green land.

But Hanford, for a brief time of glory the fifth city in the State, is a ghost again. At least the tumbleweed is back, bouncing in the prairie winds along the empty streets. "Hank" Haynes, a Seattle business man who played on Gil Dobie's famous University of Washington eleven and whose father was the moving spirit in founding Hanford, says it isn't quite right to call it a ghost town. "No more than Benton City or Prosser or Richland," he says stoutly. "I went back there in 1939 and there were stores open, and while it wasn't flourishing, there was a measure of life."

Hank Haynes is a breed you run across often in Washington—a sage-brusher who went over the mountains to Puget Sound to make his living, but who never has lost his love and loyalty for the desert country. Hanford was named for his grandfather, a man of both dreams and action whose name is written large in State history. It was Hank's father, though, who organized the towns of Hanford and White Bluffs and the old Hanford Irrigation and Power Company which, in its way, was the forerunner of the big Coulee project. The Haynes men knew that the land was worthless without water, so they built a power plant at Priest Rapids and a pumping plant at Coyote Rapids. Water was pumped out of the Columbia into a highline ditch where it ran by gravity down to Hanford. This was in 1906, and it took three more years before the project was completed. Meanwhile other settlers had come in, buying up land at two and three hundred dollars an acre with perpetual water rights. They planted apples mainly, but there were also peach and pear trees, and grapes and alfalfa. At one time in that period there were perhaps four thousand people in Hanford and White Bluffs.

The trees came to bearing about the time the first World War was brewing in Europe, and the colony flourished perhaps eight years. Then something happened to the apple market. Gradually the settlers began to be literally starved out. Hank's father lost everything with the others who had followed the dream. By the time plutonium came, about half the orchards had "gone back," as they say, and no new ones were being set in.

Hanford and White Bluffs were not the only towns that suffered. It was an oft-repeated tale in that part of the State. Some blamed the apple buyers, the big fruit companies. Some said the soil was too shallow and lost its productiveness after a time. Others became resigned, for most men will hold bitterly to their land, however much it has let them down. When the government came in to condemn acreage for the plutonium project there were fights both in and out of the court house.

It will be a long time before that old eastern Washington boom

is forgotten. The memory of it was the sore beneath much of the opposition to the Grand Coulee plan. Many a middle-aged citizen of Washington today is the son of parents who rushed westward to raise apples so that they could become moderately well off and completely independent. The scars are deep in many a heart in the Evergreen Land. There are men who remember from their fathers how Jim Hill promoted a gigantic Apple Show in Spokane and himself bought all the apples on exhibit for ten dollars a box! The word flew across the continent "Buy an orchard in Washington, grow apples and sell 'em for ten dollars a box!" Then in the latter Twenties they were lucky if they could get ninety cents for a box of "Extra Fancy Delicious." A man on a street corner, selling apples, became the symbol of the Great Depression.

But do not get the idea that this was the end of the apple business in Washington. On the contrary it was, in a way, the beginning. The industry has learned a great deal about the apple market; it knows now how to compete with other apples and other fancy foods on the world trade lanes. The orchardists and the apple buyers are bound more closely in a common purpose. And a good deal has been learned, too, about soil conservation, irrigation, and the whole science of orchard care.

It is Wenatchee that is the capital of the apple producing region of the State—and, thus, of the largest apple producing region in the world. Twenty-five thousand carloads of apples go out of Wenatchee alone every year; and, in addition, five million boxes are put into cold storage for seasonal shipments. They are apples with names known everywhere now: the Jonathan, the Delicious, the Winesap—what a happily chosen name for an apple!—and the Stayman. In the Wenatchee valley there are more than fifty thousand acres in apples, and in May the whole State looks toward the town to see what girl has been chosen Apple Blossom Queen and who wins the title of Champion Apple Packer of the World. The whole State looks toward the town, and a good percentage pours into it to join the Apple Blossom Festival celebration. The streets are jammed with apple workers and their families, with growers

and *their* families, and with visitors who have come to see the parade and the crowning of the Queen, and to drink cider a little on the hard side.

Evan Peters is Seattle manager for the big advertising agency which handles Washington apple advertising and publicity. That is a fortunate coincidence, for as a baby Evan came west with his parents. He grew up with their trees, and as a youth he saw failure and defeat almost snow the orchardists under. When he could get away he went across the mountains to the University and then went into the club and hotel business. But he remained an Apple Knocker always, and the plight of the orchardist, and his utter dependence upon a world market that often he could neither visualize nor understand, was always close to Peters. Now he has a different story to tell, and it is an optimistic one, even though many of the world markets have been closed for years. It is a simple story, too. It is merely that California's booming population has discovered Washington apples, and that an apple is one of few things California cannot raise.

But it is not likely that the Hanford country will return to apples after its plutonic spree. And it does not need to return to it. That strange and arid region has rededicated itself to science, but now, it fervently hopes, it is science directed toward the ways of peace.

That is an interesting story, too.

It goes back twenty years or so—a long time in a man's life, and therefore a long time, too, in the life of a region which is no older than a very old man. It goes back to a time when a sixteen-year-old boy was hunting jack rabbits in the Hanford country. He had a single-shot Winchester twenty-two, which had cost him four dollars secondhand, and he kept the hammer down because, every few miles or so, he might have to crawl through a barbed wire fence. But all around the horizon he saw nobody else, and there was only one shack in view.

He was quite a long way from home, this Ralph Cordiner. He had been born on a thirteen hundred acre ranch about twenty-five miles from Walla Walla. His father was Canadian, his mother

a Scot, and they were typical farmers for those days. They would farm an arid but fertile piece of soil for a while, and then move on to where the soil was not so tired. Even then, Cordiner did not care very much about farming, but it was what he knew best at that point. Later, when he needed money to return to Whitman College, he contracted to operate a three thousand acre ranch on the banks of the Snake. Wheat happened to hit two dollars a bushel that year, and Ralph was in the money.

It was in the summer of 1946 that Ralph Cordiner was flying over that same country where he used to hunt jack rabbits. Parts of it had changed a great deal, and there were parts that looked just the same—so that he could imagine himself down there, in a pair of faded overalls and a four-dollar Winchester, hunting jack rabbits.

The plane belonged to the United States Army, and the reason that Ralph was in it was because he was vice president and assistant to the president of the General Electric Company, a director of their seven affiliated operating companies, and a few other things connected with General Electric. He was not over the jack rabbit country for reasons of sentiment, but rather because—on his way to the coast—he had received a telephone call from New York which said, "The deal has gone through."

It meant that, at the invitation of the government, General Electric had taken over the "Hanford Engineer Works"—a \$367,000,000 investment, more than all the combined investment of General Electric in eighty cities! So Cordiner was flying down to Hanford to meet the Army and, more important, the people. For now General Electric was one of the largest employers in the State, and Cordiner hoped that the majority of these folks would want to stay on and work for General Electric.

It was the Army's idea, not the company's, Ralph Cordiner says; but now that they have it they'll do their best, and this native Washingtonian naturally believes that G.E.'s best will be plenty good. "It's by far the biggest industrial plant in Washington, and one of the biggest in the world," he says. "But the company will

carry it separately on the books, and there will be not more than one dollar profit to the company annually. Why did we do it, then? Because the Army asked us, and there is such a thing as patriotism in peace as well as in war. Naturally we hope to learn something from the research that can be applied to industry. We hope we can keep these people employed in a peacetime pursuit now."

When Ralph Cordiner talked to the Hanford and White Bluffs folks that day, he told them this; not in meetings, but on the street, from house to house, in war-built shacks and barracks. He knew these folks from 'way back, and he was at home in their sage and tumbleweed. Just out of college he had sold them washers, and vacuum cleaners, light bulbs and toasters. As much as any industrialist in the country, and more than most, he knew that workers cannot be separated from customers, that they can never be separated no matter how they themselves try to make the separation, or how hard union leaders try to separate them.

This was merely coming home to Cordiner. It was a miracle to five thousand Hanford workers who had been wondering "what next?" What it meant to the State of Washington was bound to be good. What it meant to the world, nobody knows yet. But it will mean something, as surely as there is good jack rabbit hunting still in the Snake River country.

Chapter Eleven

LO, THE POOR INDIAN

IT goes hard with modern writers who malign the Indian in the State of Washington. True, we Washingtonians may have given the red man short shrift in the old days. We may have shot at him, we may have worked him when we got him tamed, we may have taken his lands, and we may have sold him whiskey. But right now we don't like to have the early day Indians called lazy or dirty or immoral. Perhaps this is a latent conscience at work. Perhaps many of these white folks who are touchy about the Indians never saw many of them and are simply remembering James Fenimore Cooper.

Percentage-wise, I don't reckon that the Indian in his prime came off any better than the white man in Heaven, when they began to tally up on laziness, slovenliness, or immorality. But there is no denying the fact that the West Coast Indians, by the time of the arrival of the pioneers, had considerably deteriorated. The canoe Indians had passed the peak of their great culture, and they were slipping very fast by the time the white men began arriving from the east. There was a definite realization of this in the famous speech by Chief Sealth on the occasion of one of the treaty proposals. Said he, in Duwamish translated by an early settler:

"It matters little where we pass the remnant of our days. They will not be many. A few more moons; a few more winters—and

not one of the descendants of the mighty hosts that once moved over this broad land or lived in happy homes, protected by the Great Spirit, will remain to mourn over the graves of a people once more powerful and hopeful than yours. But why should I mourn over the untimely fate of my people? Tribe follows tribe, and nation follows nation, like the waves of the sea. It is the order of nature, and regret is useless. Your time of decay will be distant, but it will surely come, for even the white man whose God walked and talked with him as friend with friend, cannot be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers, after all. We will see."

That disquieting dirge is not the speech of a stubborn ruler overpowered by greater numbers. It is the speech of a man who knows that the blood of his people has run out, that for his nation it is the "time of decay." Chief Sealth, like Leschi and other coast leaders, was an exceptional figure among the rank and file of his race. He was of strong royal lineage, but no doubt he represented what his whole nation had been a hundred years before the pioneers arrived.

Early photographs are proof enough of the state of the coast Indian at the time of the founding of Seattle. I do not refer to the posed photographs of the revered chiefs, but to group photographs in which there are Indians facing the camera with white men and showing every evidence of disintegration. There is tragedy in those pictures, true enough, but it is a tragedy which began somehow before the arrival of the settlers to the Pacific Northwest.

The Indians on the east side of the Cascades were in every way more imposing in the same period of history. They were taller, for one thing, because their legs had not been shortened by generation after generation in canoes. They were plains and woods hunters rather than seamen and root gatherers. They were horsemen, and they seem to have possessed more courage than the Indians of the coast, although this was undoubtedly not always the fact. Their habits, being less sedentary than those of their shoreline brethren, led to cleanliness.

Morals? As to the morals of the early Indian, I would no more

speculate upon them than I would upon the morals of my own race. But of one point we may be certain. They possessed a childishness which is not inexplicable, and yet many an early settler overlooked it. They responded, or did not respond, as children, and they understood punishment as children understand it. That is why a man like Jim Bridger got along with the Indians so much better than a man like Marcus Whitman.

There has been a good deal of bosh written about the Pacific Northwest Indian, but then there has been a good deal of bosh written about the Pacific Northwest white man, too. We cannot object to the one and not to the other, and perhaps that is the underlying philosophy behind those irate letters which one reads in Seattle and Tacoma newspapers:

Dear Editor—

Please tell me why — — — in her book “—” found it necessary to speak of “lazy, lying Indians”? I think they have a great deal more to recommend them than some white men I have known.

This may be the “noble red man” theory in practical operation, or it could be disappointment in love. Probably more often it is an effort to express sincere appreciation for what the Indian did for the early settlers, and what they represent in the earlier life of the community. This sentiment is usually symbolized in worship of some Indian leader who was quick to make friends with the white man, or who argued his people out of an attitude of war. Chief Sealth, for example, is called great by Ernest Bertelson because he emerged from a primitive environment and “it became his task . . . to prepare his people for the new way of life necessitated by the settling of Puget Sound by white men.” There is merit in that argument, and I would have no quarrel with the legions who characterize Sealth as an Indian humanized by Christian influence, and of fine innate intelligence. But—from the point of view of the Indian—it ought also to be said that perhaps he was misguided. As misguided as Chief Lawyer, on the eastern side of

the Cascades. Or, for that matter, as misguided as Chamberlain. It just depends on whether you are trying to think from the white man's point of view, or the Indian's. Sealth and Lawyer and some of the others prepared their people for the new way of life and now their people are mostly gone and done for, and I only wish that some of our Washingtonian Communists would read up on that phase of local history.

We pay homage to the commoner Indian in our State names, and that is fitting. But some of those names we have garbled so badly that not even the descendants of the Indians can figure out just what they mean. Snohomish is a beautiful word, with obviously an Indian derivation. But there is no such word in any known Indian language; although Washington has both a county and a town with that name, it doesn't mean a thing. The "mish" part means "people"—unfortunately, in the case of Snohomish, nobody knows what kind of people.

Duwamish means "people living on the river" and so do Skokomish and Stillaguamish. Toppenish is "the people coming from the trail at the foot of the hill." Sammamish is "the hunting people," and Skykomish "the island people." Some towns get unfortunate names; that is, they would be unfortunate if Indian dialect were still spoken. Enumclaw, for example, means "home of the evil spirits." Hoquiam, according to some experts, means "hungry for wood"—which Hoquiam, one of the great lumber centers, most certainly is not.

Perhaps many of the so-called Indian names are merely pleasant and liquid tongue-twisters devised by settlers who either misunderstood the dialects or—and this is always possible—owned a sense of humor. For years there has been a contingent in the State which says that the name of the town of Tenino comes from an Indian word meaning "junction." But the survey stakes driven at that point by the early railroad bore the numbers 10-9-0! Okanogan, however, is a town whose Indian name is certified. It means "a place of potlatch and fishing."

Pysht is a word that sends strangers into hysterics, but it is truly

the name of a Washington river and means "river of fish." Squak is a little village on the Blewett Pass, and like Issaquah is a corruption of Indian dialect for "snake." Sequim also makes tourists happy, because it is pronounced "squim."

Cultus Bay means "worthless" and comes from the Chinook jargon, the artificial but effective trading language developed by red and white men throughout the country. There are other names from the Chinook, but mostly they are from tribal dialects. Thus Skamania, Entiat, and Skookumchuck, all mean something akin to "rushing waters."

Except for the towns and the cities, it was usually the little things that took on the names the Indians knew. Not the great mountain, or the big river, but the smaller things. The timid stream, the quiet pools, the inlets, the green flats at the foot of a hill, the sloughs covered with vine and willow.

That is right. That is as it should be. These things we did not name for the Indians. These things the Indians had already named, for us. These were the places where most of them were, not in the councils of the white men in the middle of the new towns. There is where they hunted, still without alms, hiding their squaws and their children. Long after the moss is tufted on the bronze plaques, long after the breaking of the statues and the moving of the monuments to the chiefs, people in the State of Washington will be speaking words like Tukwila—"where the hazelnuts grow." They will be breathing into the soft rain the old word Yacolt—which means "the haunted place" and is called Yacolt because little Indian children played there one day and were never seen again.

Nowadays the Indians no longer spread straw mats in front of the white men's stores and squat there to sell baskets and beads and peace-pipes and little models of their old war canoes. They do not meet the trains at Spokane or Tacoma or Seattle to show their handiwork. To see them in any numbers now you will have to seek out their reservations, or attend a rodeo.

At the rodeos and the pioneer gatherings they appear in something like their old spirit, for—like the white men—they feel hap-

pier in the psychological strength of numbers and like to show off in finery. But they are seldom seen casually in the cities any more, and when they do come to shop and see the sights they are hardly distinguishable from other suburbanites. The health of the tribes is on an upward curve again. Many of the young women are beautiful, and many of the young men showed their courage in the white man's latest war, a war fought, among other things, for minorities of which theirs was not one.

And you see them doing the old things in the new ways in Washington. You see them in the big woods, on the fishing vessels, and along the wild horse trails. But they seem to want little or nothing from the white man, and least of all to be considered his equal. That much, at least, they seem to feel in their hearts they are already.

Chapter Twelve

NORTH COUNTRY

ON my grandfather's heavy watch chain was a gold nugget which seems to me now to have been as big as a walnut. In one of my grandmother's trunks was a slim chamois sack—a "poke"—long emptied of gold dust. For my grandparents had been in the Klondike during the gold rush, and that made the family a member of the fraternity of the north country. That was no small distinction in the Seattle of the early part of this century.

The idiom of Alaska and the Yukon Territory was a part of their speech. I can remember being told to "mush on" instead of to walk ahead. When my grandfather wanted to teach me initiative he would implore me to be "lead dog." A purse was always a poke to Robert Jones, and his dietary preferences reflected his years in the north. He always put condensed milk above the fresh variety and he had a tendency to regard fresh vegetables with a good deal of condescension. I looked upon him as a human apart, which is the way to look upon grandfathers. But I did not realize then how many thousands there were like him in Seattle—men who'd been north in the "rush."

Until Alaska becomes a sovereign State (which will be any year now) it is intangibly, even now, a part of Washington. So are the Yukon and the province of British Columbia. To put it in a way more palatable to Alaskans and Canadians, we cannot examine the State of Washington and ignore the people to the north of it.

The north country is too much a part of Washington's history, too much a part of its people, too much in the very bloodstream of its commerce, to be excluded from a book about the Evergreen State.

Alaskans, a proud people, do not want to be identified particularly with Washington State. But unquestionably they would prefer to be identified with Washington, the State, than with Washington, the capital of the nation. Alaska has very little to say about its destiny and its resources. It has no vote in Congress, being a Territory only, and it is so thinly populated and so seemingly remote that it is ignored often in the planning of the future world. There is actually more control of Alaska in Seattle and in Washington, D.C., than in Juneau or Fairbanks. It does have a delegate to Washington, but the senators and congressmen of Washington State are the ones who can help or hinder Alaska, and on occasion they have done both. Alaska's governor, appointed by the President, is not always popular with Alaskans, and his chances of popularity are much slimmer if he is not an Alaskan. The politicians of other States than Washington are not greatly interested in Alaska unless it has been invaded by an enemy (as now has happened, and most assuredly may happen again) or unless they want to do some horse-trading with the Congressional gentlemen from the State of Washington.

Headquarters for the great commercial fishing organizations are usually in Seattle, not Alaska. This has been a sore point with Alaskans for years. They charge that tycoons from the State of Washington send their outfits north for a brief time during the fishing "run" in summer, deplete this natural resource, spend little in Alaska for materials or labor, then return for the long winter to live in splendor and sell their packs. They accuse Seattle wholesalers of hiking the prices of merchandise tagged for Alaska, and the steamship companies with charging scandalous rates on freight. They claim, in brief, that the State of Washington, and the city of Seattle in particular, regard Alaska as a colony to be bled.

There was a time, perhaps, when such charges held a lot more

water than they do today. Meanwhile time and events are taking care of whatever unjust treatment still prevails. World War II aged Alaska very considerably, bringing the Territory forcibly to the attention of the nation and the world. Alaska is progressing, still slowly, toward Statehood, toward a decent and equal footing with the remainder of the U.S. continent. Quite as important, she is attaining a strong, if unofficial and spiritual, alliance with western Canada.

Washington State's greatest crime against Alaska has received very little attention. The farthest Northwest State draws off the young blood of Alaska. True, young men went north in the gold rush of '98—but even if they stayed, which many did not, they are certainly no longer young. Until World War II temporarily filled the Territory with youth, a man of fifty-five was a rather young man in the north country. The reason for this is simple: Alaska boys and girls often come "outside" for their education. They grow to like the new excitement and their new friends and many do not want to return to the rainy little towns of the north country.

So it is not only fish and minerals (and we have an eye on the timber, too) that Washington takes from Alaska. Most important of all, we take its young men and women, and in that way, too, Alaska becomes part of the Evergreen Commonwealth.

Washington may not be able to keep Alaska so cozily for much longer. There are young fellows who liked the Territory when they were soldiering there, and some of these are going back to homestead. Thus, other States will soon have a blood claim. And in this air age, the Lake States have realized sharply that to the north and west lies Alaska. It is a beautifully straight line from Chicago to Fairbanks. Seattle is painfully conscious of that fact. It put up a stiff fight for an Alaska route via Puget Sound, but there is nothing on the law books to say that a passenger cannot go north from Chicago.

Nevertheless, Seattle is still "The Gateway to Alaska" and it has held the title—sharing it a little with other Puget Sound cities—

since that day in 1897 when the *Portland* came down from the north with news of the gold strike. It was indeed welcome news. Seattle had managed to weather a disastrous fire (the inevitable conflagration of all wood-built frontier towns) and she had come through with such spirit that city leaders could say, "The supplies and money we have raised for the sufferers of the Johnstown flood will be sent on to Johnstown, as planned!" But when the *Portland* put into dock, a four year long depression had greatly wetted down that spirit. Many, in fact, were about ready to give up and try a new region.

Gold in Alaska changed all that. Gold in Alaska is the old foundation on which the city rests today. With the arrival of the *Portland* the character and tempo of the place changed overnight. It was no longer a struggling and somewhat lethargic community built upon lumber and salted fish. It became the mecca for thousands, the jumping-off place for Alaska, a cross-roads of the world. Its prosperity and excitement may be judged by the degree of its wickedness, and I am assured by many experts whose age has dimmed neither their memories nor their enthusiasm that Seattle became then, and remained for many years, the most wicked city in the whole United States. "Nothing on the old Bowery, before or since, could touch it," an old timer told me. "Chicago never had anything like the gambling, the toughs, the drunkenness, the women, and the 'shows' that you could see if you wanted."

"But what about San Francisco's Barbary Coast?" I asked.

"Couldn't touch it, the Coast couldn't, and I've been along there plenty of times, too."

"Well, what about Hollywood in the roaring Nineteen Twenties?"

"Oh, to hell with that *fancy* stuff!" the old timer said. "I'm talking about standard hell-raising."

Now Seattle has grown out of its wickedness, although there is still graft and gambling, and a streak of cheap and furtive vice that can be found in any city of its size. Even though it has smoothed out its roughness it is still "The Gateway to Alaska" and

will dispute the claim in this air age as quickly as of old. Chicago cannot very well send ships to Alaska, and Seattle can send both ships and planes. The time is not far away when it will be able to send fleets of trucks there as well. Already there is a military highway, and scores of short and unconnected roads that will be linked up profitably. But a "through" highway, along the equable western strip, is almost out of the talk stage and seems as certain as taxes. There again, Seattle has the advantage. No driver in his right mind is going to diagonal across the breadth of Canada when he can shoot speedily over the United States continent to Spokane or Seattle and begin his northern trek from there.

Motor tourist travel to Alaska is not just a chamber of commerce dream. A survey of car owners taken just after the war revealed that seventeen percent wanted to drive into the north country. Why not, after all? God knows, they have been everywhere else on the North American continent! And Europe, for most of them, has lost its appeal. What is more, both the terrain and the climate of Alaska are suitable for such travel.

It has been hinted here that the feeling of brotherhood between Alaska and Washington State is not always mutual. It should also be recorded that the State is, by and large, curiously unaware of the resentments which Alaska has stored up over the years. Washingtonians are tremendously proud of Alaska and perhaps sometimes too proprietary in this pride. A few years ago the Seattle Chamber of Commerce sponsored a good will tour; a ship was filled with business men and they docked briefly in Ketchikan, Wrangell, Petersburg, Sitka and Juneau. The trouble was, they docked all *too* briefly. To the Alaskans, the visitors seemed in a great hurry, and some had the bad judgment to bring along their order books. Many Alaskans did not like this, and they said so—in private, after the ship had sailed, for they are hospitable by nature. Your average Alaskan has no more use for a brash and urgent stranger than does a Vermonter. Woefully few Washingtonians (who should know them best of all) have taken the trouble to find that out.

We in the State must be forgiven for subconsciously thinking of Washington as stretching up beyond the San Juan Islands and taking in British Columbia and southeastern Alaska, the part known as "The Panhandle." There is really nothing presumptuous or acquisitive in this thinking, and we do not include The Aleutians—mainly because we rarely think of them as being part of Alaska. Neither do we embrace the middle and eastern parts of Canada, which seem even farther away than The Aleutians. But the coastline and western slope, these seem to Washington folks to be all of a part. For that matter, nature left no indication that she herself felt otherwise. And do not those new Rand, McNally air-maps omit boundaries and mountain ranges and locate only the cities?

Doubtless our feeling comes about through the continual passage of citizens across the borders. Klondikers and residents of Nome make fairly regular pilgrimages to Seattle in the Spring, to hover near the Frye Hotel or inside it. Tacomans and Everett citizens golf at Vancouver over the week-end, or spend an old-fashioned Christmas at Victoria's charmingly old world Empress Hotel. The Washington towns near the border are forever spotted with British Columbians shopping for styles a little more to their liking than what staid Mother England sends across for them. Halibut fishermen range from Elliott Bay to the Bering Sea, and the salmon fishermen are almost as nomadic. Your Washington yachtsman regards the famous "Inside Passage" to Alaska as his private pleasure-boat canal, although his right of way may be disputed witheringly by a tug with a tow of spruce logs astern.

In the time of Prohibition, travel was, of course, mainly from south to north. Washingtonians do not pretend to have been alone in visiting Canada for the sole purpose of getting drunk. But because we were neighbors we did contribute rather lavishly to the patient suffering of the Canadians and the wear and tear on their lovely hotels and inns. The British Columbians are not a grasping people and they could damned well have done without our money. The wild exchange of friendship was merely Washing-

ton's own curious footnote to a nightmare chapter in the social history of the United States. In the politer circles of Seattle and Vancouver, when both Americans and Canadians are present, one never speaks of it now.

To the Washingtonian the province of British Columbia is a great deal more than a stretch of land lying between the States and Alaska. There is on the part of your modern citizen an increasing recognition that the future of all three—of British Columbia, of Alaska, and of Washington—are bound up tightly together. Washington State can sympathize with British Columbia when she gets irritated with the politicians in Ottawa. As the farthest west State, we have been through that mill many times with the dense denizens of the District of Columbia.

In politics and economic development, we have learned a great deal from each other in the past decade or so. We have even formed a sort of union called The Pacific Northwest Trade Association which has made itself felt, sometimes disturbingly, in both Ottawa and in Washington, D.C. Before the province and the State there is always the example of the International Halibut Treaty—an example of Canadians and Washingtonians getting together to perpetuate a wealthy fishery that was swiftly dying from lack of conservation methods.

Alaska is beginning more and more to join in with the political fun and the economic planning that British Columbia and Washington are embarked upon. Just now Alaska Territory is to the State of Washington what once Washington Territory was to the State of Oregon. We have had the experience that Alaska is now having, and it is an experience recent enough for us to remember. Without being patronizing, we must try to be a more thoughtful and intelligent neighbor.

Both British Columbia and Washington have need of Alaska in the fight, and Alaska has need of them.

What fight? Why, there is always something to fight about in the farthest reach! The bureaucrats are always tinkering with the fisheries or the timber or the minerals. Those powerful interests in

the nation's capital and along the eastern seaboard—we simply will not believe otherwise—are always trying to ignore or throttle the Pacific Northwest's hopes for bigger industries, longer highways, higher bridges, more gigantic irrigation projects, and autonomy in huge hunks.

Nowadays, with Alaska and British Columbia and Washington standing together, the bureaucrats dare not ignore such hopes for too long a time. Our voices come from a far place, just as in the old days, but they are full of hollering. And since the war ended there are hundreds of thousands of new voices added to the chorus standing in the green shadows of the Cascades.

There are those who warn us that we cannot go on expecting too much dispensation from on high. They say that we cannot always be saved by emigration, and gold rushes, and wars. But we reply that there is still new land and opportunity in Alaska and British Columbia and the State of Washington. There is nothing a Pacific Northwesterner likes better than to stir up the stuffed shirts and the city slickers "back east" who can't see things our way.

When we stop wanting to do that I guess we shall have grown up. And that is always a great pity, for a man or for a country.

Chapter Thirteen

THE MERCER GIRLS

Attention, Bachelors: Believing that our only chance for a realization of the benefits and early attainments of matrimonial alliances depends upon the arrival in our midst of a number of the fair sex from the Atlantic States, and that, to bring about such an arrival, a united effort and action are called for on our part, we respectfully request a full attendance of all eligible and sincerely desirous bachelors in this community to assemble on Tuesday evening next in Delin and Shorey's building, to devise ways and means to secure this much-needed and desirable emigration to our shores.

It is a story that is always told in the pioneer histories of Puget Sound and the State of Washington, but somehow always apologetically. Along toward the middle of the twentieth century, Seattle chose to forget the story almost altogether. Archie Binns brought it up again in his vividly authentic *Northwest Gateway*; and, naturally, so did the ubiquitous Edna Ferber in one of her later novels called *Great Son*, which purported to be about Seattle but was really about a Rex Beach movie set left over from the old "silent" days in Hollywood.

Yet it is a story which cannot be told too often, although it is not one of those legends which improves in the telling, for it was utterly quixotic and fantastic in the original.

The public notice which begins this chapter was published in

the advertising columns of the *Puget Sound Herald* on February 24, 1860. Its author, the publisher and editor of the *Herald*, had not sprung it on his readers without suitable preparation. His name was Charles Prosch, and almost two years before his "meeting notice" he had printed a sober editorial entitled "A Good Wife" in which he eulogized the female homemaker and wound up by recommending the local bachelors to such women as might yet be unattached. The market for his editorial was not large, for the proportion of males to females west of the Cascades was at that time nine to one.

About a year later Mr. Prosch decided to face the situation squarely and issued an editorial called, with an admirable directness, "Scarcity of White Women." In this essay he did not hesitate to point out that white men were marrying Indian squaws. Although such unions formed the roots of some of the strongest and best families in the State today, Mr. Prosch was not in favor of the practice. He said as much. "Unfortunately, it is too true in this beautiful territory, and one of the causes, and the principal cause, we might say, that operates to check its growth and development."

Mr. Prosch went further. He demonstrated that newspapers in the East were discussing squaw marriages with scorn. And thus was born, perhaps, that western sensitiveness to the opinions of the East.

He did not stop there, however. Boldly he went on to suggest to eastern women that there would be a new life for them in Washington Territory. As one pioneer historian puts it, he "spoke freely, and with no shame." In other words, he suggested that eastern women might go West and get themselves husbands.

The *Herald*'s publisher knew that he was addressing an appreciative audience. The Civil War had cut off the supply of cotton from the Southern States and the Yankee mills were shut down. Too, the far battles had left thousands of orphans and widows who were working at starvation wages in what few branches of labor were open to women in those days. Mr. Prosch did not offer marriage alone. Knowing the female mind, he offered indepen-

dence as well. He pointed out that in a newly settled country there were demands for dressmakers, laundresses, cooks and helpers, milliners, and—above all—schoolteachers.

Thus the pioneer publisher-editor stated the problem and its solution. The *means* to the solution were much more difficult. To travel across the continent, find a wife and bring her back to Puget Sound, would cost a man at least a thousand dollars. A fellow who was hard to please, or who was slow with women, might conceivably spend much more before he accomplished his purpose.

But call it a thousand. That was an awful lot of money on Puget Sound in 1860. A man might have his donation claim, he might have a wool shirt and a pair of hickory britches, but if he had fifty dollars in cash he was "well off." It looked as if the women would have to come to the men. But how?

Prosch's public meeting—it is a pity that the speeches are lost to the record—did not quite solve things. It did keep the subject alive, for that open forum of lonely bachelors there in the green forests received a nationwide press. The comment was usually favorable, but most of it was also in a humorous vein. It exuded that whimsical, patronizing air of men who find themselves quite well enough equipped with females, toward men who have much, so much, yet to learn.

There seems to be a theory of history which subscribes to the notion that every crisis produces a man suitable to the crisis. Certainly this one did. His name was Asa Mercer.

He arrived, fresh and volatile from college, about a year after the bachelor's meeting. As the younger brother of Judge Thomas Mercer he was more than ordinarily well received in Seattle. Neither did it hurt that he had staunch, ready-made friends in Daniel Bagley and Dexter Horton who had known the Mercer family back in Illinois. But Asa Mercer quickly proved up in his own right by pitching in with his hands. He helped clear the site for the first building of the Territorial university.

He worked to his waist in the black wet bog, chopping at the great roots of fir and cedar stumps. He rested with smarting eyes

in the silver-blue smoke while the stumps burned out. He raked the slash and smoothed the muddy ground. Then he helped erect the university building, and when it was finished became the first president of the institution.

It was an orderly and logical development. These early men of Washington State all felled their trees and cleared their stumpage. They built their bank buildings with their own hands before they exchanged money across the counters. They rolled their logs into place and plastered the chinks in their store buildings before they sold flour and bacon and calico. Before they could doze by a fireside of their own they had to torture ligaments and split their knuckles in the cold rain, for a man could not live in a house without building one.

So Asa Mercer cleared some land, and helped set up the university, and he became its first president.

It was not enough to use up all his energies and enthusiasm. He became interested—perhaps in an abstract way, perhaps as a young man of unquestionable eagerness—in what Charles Prosch had so succinctly termed “Scarcity of White Women.” He discussed it with Governor Pickering, then Territorial chief, and with members of the legislature. He convinced them that the way to get white women into Washington was to go east and bring them back in groups of a hundred, two hundred, five hundred. But nobody in politics wanted to support the idea actively; it had its dangers. Besides, the treasury was empty and the public credit was poor.

It came to Asa Mercer that the thing was to go east and obtain not only the women, but also the money with which to bring them westward. His own finances were at that time those of a schoolteacher, and so he went from door to door, telling his story—until finally he had raised enough money to take himself to Boston.

This first trip was not the success he had hoped it would be. At the last he could persuade not more than eleven young women, ranging in age from fifteen to twenty-five, to accompany him back to Seattle. They got seasick and they longed for home, and

when Asa Mercer got them to San Francisco—a wickedly attractive city and much more stable than a ship's deck—he thought it best not to wait for the monthly steamer from Puget Sound. He put some of his charges on the lumber brig *Tanner*, and the rest on the lumber bark *Trent*, and thus they reached Port Gamble. From that thriving timber town they took a sloop called the *Kidder* to Seattle.

They arrived at midnight on May 16, 1864, and presently nobody was asleep in the little city of Seattle. The whole town turned out. The hair-slicked bachelors were shoved aside by women anxious to make the girls at home. There were only three pianos in the village, but they were soon all in use. Neither visitors nor natives got any rest that night, and the next evening there was a "social" so that the newcomers could meet everybody all over again, proper like.

Almost immediately the young ladies were put to work teaching school around the Sound—and one was made assistant light-keeper at Admiralty Head. Later on it was discovered that one of the group of eleven did not remain on Puget Sound and marry, as certainly she was expected to do. This rebel was a Miss Anne Murphy, and a contemporary historian of Puget Sound remarks darkly that "it is possible she remained in San Francisco."

Young Mercer was disappointed at bringing only ten females to assist in the education and the population of his beloved land. But his friends of Puget Sound thought that he had done well enough, and as an expression of their thanks they nominated and elected him to the Territorial legislature. "They did it," said Mr. Mercer years later and still dazed, "without my spending a nickel. I didn't buy a cigar or a glass of whiskey for anybody."

But if his constituency was satisfied, Asa Mercer was not. A year or two later he was off on another expedition. This time he had a more grandiose scheme, and was kicking himself for not thinking of it before. As a boy he had sat on the knee of Abe Lincoln and listened to Abe's stories, and now the gaunt lawyer from Illinois was President.

Asa Mercer never forgot the morning he came down into the

lobby of his New York hotel, ready to take the train for Washington. Porters were hanging crepe and no one spoke. Outside, on the way to the station, he learned what had happened the night before in Ford's Theatre. There were heavy hearts all over a great land that morning, but surely none was heavier than Mercer's.

Much of the wind was out of his sails, but he saw Governor Andrew of Massachusetts who turned him over to Edward Everett Hale. He spent months in Washington, seeing everybody from President Johnson down. They all thought that sending young widows and orphans to Washington Territory was a brilliant idea, that it would be a genuine contribution to the national welfare. But the politicians of Washington, D.C., had no more courage than those of Washington Territory. They were afraid of it.

Then Asa Mercer ran into General Grant. And emerging from the General's scraggly hair and beard was a peculiarly sympathetic ear. Ulysses Grant had once been stationed in the Oregon Country. He knew the possibilities of the land to the west, and he had experienced its loneliness. He had experienced it to the point where he knew how attractive a squaw could begin to look.

"I'm to appear at a Cabinet meeting this morning," he told Mercer. "You wait here and I'll bring the thing to a head, one way or another." He was back within an hour and he had written out for Asa Mercer an order on the United States Army for a vessel completely fitted out and manned.

Mercer literally ran with it to the office of Quartermaster General Meigs. He would have been more fortunate had not the Quartermaster General just seen a man who had tried to get paid twice for a horse that had been taken by the Army. The dishonesty and cupidity of this unknown character had shattered the General's faith in all humankind. It turned him against the young man from Seattle. "You'll get no vessel from the Army!" he told Mercer. "This is absolutely illegal, and Grant knows it. I shall not honor it." It was not, unquestionably, the first time that history has had to make a detour around a general in a fit of temper.

Asa Mercer did not give up. He haunted the halls of the capital.

He poured his story into the ears of strangers in hotels. From a discreet distance, and probably with unofficial advice from Grant, he kept in touch with the Quartermaster General. Finally Meigs relented to the extent of offering the propeller vessel *Continental* to Mercer for eighty thousand dollars.

Word got around in Washington in those days just as quickly as it does today. Asa Mercer was soon called upon by a man who knew that the Washingtonian did not have eighty thousand dollars and did not know where to get it. "Let me have the vessel," the sharper said, "and we will enter into a contract. I'll furnish the money to buy the ship, and take your women to San Francisco at the going rate."

In his enthusiasm and youthful inexperience, Mercer jumped at the offer. Rashly he listed as many as five hundred women who had indicated a willingness to make the trip. And then, like a bolt from the blue, the *New York Herald* bitterly attacked the project. It had been born in the columns of the *Herald* on Puget Sound; it came near demise in the columns of the *Herald* on the Hudson. The scheme was reckless, the New York paper charged. Moreover, it would deliver innocent womanhood, the widows and orphans of the veterans of the Union Army, into the lecherous arms of vicious profligates in an aboriginal land!

The story was widely copied, and every mail brought Asa Mercer indignant letters with clippings enclosed. His list of five hundred dwindled quickly to two hundred. And when he went with the shorter passenger list to the new owner of the *Continental* he was told that the contract was off, that he had not fulfilled his part of the bargain, and that the rate would be boosted. It was medicine that he had to take, but he was becoming accustomed to bitter doses.

Meanwhile even the folks at home were beginning to question his judgment. He had written that he might be bringing from three to five hundred females, and the Puget Sounders were suddenly mindful that this was a lot of females. They began scurrying around to find shelter for so many new women and they wished that Asa Mercer had not been quite so enthusiastic. But they ad-

mitted, as one early newspaper said, that this was "not the time to question the propriety of Asa Mercer's action."

Indeed, it was not. The young man was on his way with two hundred homesick and seasick ladies, via the Strait of Magellan, Rio de Janeiro, Lota, Talcahuano, and the Galapagos. He got them to San Francisco and he had only a few dollars in his jeans and was still a long way from Puget Sound. He wired Governor Pickering, who had been so sympathetic, urging the Governor to send passage money for the women to Seattle. The reply came collect, and Asa Mercer had not even enough money to pay for it. He gambled with the Western Union representative. "I think it's money from the Governor of Washington Territory. Please open it, and if it's money I can pay you. If it isn't, you need not read me the message."

The Western Union man read the message and burst into laughter. The Governor had sent several hundred words of congratulations—collect—but no money!

Then Asa played his last card and gave up what he had hoped would be a start in his own business in Seattle. In New York he had bought a few farm wagons and had them shipped as far as San Francisco. He had hoped one day to bail them out and sell them at a profit on Puget Sound. He sold them now, for two thousand dollars, and thus began shipping the women north "ten to forty at a time."

A great deal has been said in praise of the young women who came to Washington on the Mercer expeditions, and undoubtedly it took courage to travel so far into an unknown future. That they made excellent wives and mothers, the record shows beyond question. A descendant of a Mercer girl has a genuine right to be proud, and I, for one, cannot quite make out why the early chroniclers appear so nervous about the idea.

But even as a native I cannot subscribe wholly to the statement of a Seattle historian who wrote that "Never in the history of the world was an equal number of women thrown together with a higher average of intelligence, modesty, and virtue." Not only is

that taking in a powerful lot of territory, but it seems to me to be unfair to the Mercer girls. It sounds like the way we describe our highways, or our mountains, or our climate, or our summer resort hotels. There must have been a Mercer girl in there somewhere who was a little bit stupid, or a hellcat to live with, or maybe even skittish about men.

Anyhow, most of the praise should go to Asa Mercer, not to the women. He can never be mentioned enough for his patience and unselfishness, his ingenuity, and his plain far western doggedness. Properly enough, he selected his own reward from the second expedition. She was Annie Stephens, of Baltimore, Maryland.

Chapter Fourteen

“REMINDS ME OF A STORY”

NOT so long ago, when Seattle was a village, Dexter Horton, the banker, was walking down the street, making an occasional detour around a smouldering stump. It was a raw morning. A drizzling rain held down the stump smoke like a blue marsh fog. So Dexter Horton backed up to one of the stumps and lifted his coat-tails to warm himself.

In the very next moment he found himself sprawled several feet away, an embarrassing but not dangerous wound in his tattered backside. The heat of the stump fire had set off a cannon ball imbedded in the wood from the warship *Decatur* when she laid down a barrage on the Indians a few years before.

Horton told the story on himself, and it was repeated with great glee for half a century. Another story told on Dexter Horton is that his first money safe had no back to it, so that when he forgot the combination or was in a hurry, he could simply slide the strong box away from the wall. There seems to be some evidence to support the tale, but Horton's daughter denies it. “Do you,” she demanded of a recent interrogator, “do you really believe that father was so stupid?”

But Seattle rather likes the story, and it does not detract in the slightest from the figure of Dexter Horton. I can remember that when my father and grandfather spoke of “the Dexter Horton Bank” there was always a slight deference in their tone; there was

a respect there that was not present when they talked of another bank. Possibly Dexter Horton had been more pleasant than other bankers in the matter of a loan for some of their enterprises, but I think it is just as likely that they favored Mr. Horton because he had his moments of informality, even if he was a banker.

Washingtonians still like that kind of informality, although modern banking makes it less practical than of old. We still cotton to the picture of a banker who could be laid low by a delayed cannon-ball explosion and not hesitate to tell the tale. This is the same kind of admiration which prompted respect for the Clallam County farmer who found himself on the wrong end of so many lawsuits that he had some letterheads printed which said, simply: *Hezekiah Saylor, Defendant*. Men of the Evergreen Land, big and small, have never taken themselves too seriously, or their troubles either, and neither have they hesitated to take advantage of those strangers who do.

But sometimes the stranger is needlessly wary. I remember an afternoon at the Olympia Yacht Club when a nice young man from New York was being told of the fun in catching gweducks.

“What kind of ducks?” he inquired incredulously.

“G-w-e-d-u-c-k-s is the way Webster spells it,” he was told. “But around here we call them gooey-ducks.”

“I see. How are they caught?”

“Well, you hunt them with a shovel and a length of stove-pipe. What a gooey-duck really is, is a very large kind of clam that is found only around Puget Sound. It’s got a neck four or five feet long, and the shell is maybe six inches in diameter. They weigh up to eight or nine pounds sometimes.”

The New Yorker tried to get into the spirit of the thing. “Tomorrow,” he said, “I will get myself a small shovel, and also a length of stove-pipe. On that stove-pipe I shall have lettered the device: *A gooey-duck or bust!*”

“But this is the truth,” he was told. “You see, the clam burrows into the sand at low water. It’ll go down five feet if the neck is that long. When you get after him he pulls in his neck and hopes you

won't spot him in that four or five feet of sand. That's where the stove-pipe comes in."

"And after you get this kind of duck, what do you do with it?" asked the man from Manhattan.

"His neck goes into chowder and the rest you can slice into steaks. It's good eating. The tide is out at five o'clock tomorrow morning. Want to meet us at the beach?"

"Sure," said the stranger amiably. "I said I'd be there."

But, alas, he was not. He was not, because he was determined not to be taken in by one of our broad practical jests of the kind he knew obtained in the farthest reach. However, his hosts were waiting for him at five o'clock the next morning—simply because everything they had told him was true!

There have been Washington jests, however, which reach toward astonishing proportions. Take the Society for the Preservation of the Cigar Store Indian. Its headquarters is in Bellevue, Washington, and it holds an annual breakfast meeting in the staid Union Club in Victoria, British Columbia. Its correspondence, which is international, is carried on largely in the Chinook jargon.

The thing began innocently enough. Miller Freeman, Seattle publisher, happened to be a guest at the Overseas Press Club in New York and was asked to make a talk. He protested that he was not so much, that perhaps his sole claim to fame was the fact that he headed "the Society for the Preservation of the Cigar Store Indian."

It was a light remark on the spur of the moment, but the reverberations were heard around the world. Chapters have been formed in Dallas, in New Orleans, in Boston, in Detroit; they have been installed wherever men suddenly remember that of late they have not seen a cigar store Indian, the symbol of the days of their youth. The public relations departments of the big tobacco companies began to take such a lively interest that Freeman and two of his cronies, J. H. Bloedel and Dwight Merrill, took steps to protect what was fast becoming an organization of power and scope; they incorporated under the laws of the State of Washington!

Almost daily now they receive telegrams from devotees in remote areas who have discovered a cigar store Indian and want to know what to do with it. There is no telling where it will all end—but it could have begun in few other States beside Washington.

“Bundles for Congress” was a jest begun in the Evergreen Land, but like many a joke it went too far; and, considering Washington’s political record over the years, it came from the wrong direction. We are better off when we keep our broader gags to ourselves, because in the absence of constructive publicity it gives the State a screwball reputation. The publicans of the Evergreen Land may labor long and well without result in the nation’s press—then along comes a swimming contest for pigs, and we are in the news. We are in the news, regrettably, with the bewildered porkers.

Washington in many quarters is identified with the legendary figure of Paul Bunyan, perhaps because Jim Stevens, Washington author, raised him from a myth to literature. But the giant lumberman is ours only by adoption; he really belongs to the Saginaw country and, before that, to the Scandinavian countries. But Paul has been taken up throughout the State, and not just in the timber regions. When I heard of him first it was in Whitman County, and so he was a wheat rancher, not a logger. He had Babe, the Blue Ox, but he used her to pull all his wheat into town in one big load, not to drag logs over the skid-road. He cut his wheat in a single day with a gigantic scythe, but he hired a harvest crew to thrash it, because that part of harvesting bored Paul. He cooked for the crew, and to grease the mile-long stove for flapjacks he tied bacon rinds to his feet and skated back and forth over the smoking surface. He was in all essentials the same Paul who logged in the Saginaw and later on Puget Sound, and I suppose his story was brought to the wheat lands by some early logger who had decided to try his hand at ranching.

I have heard of Paul, too, in the Big Bend cattle region of Washington, where of course he is disguised as a cowpuncher. He wore not a ten-gallon hat but a Stetson which could dip Lake Chelan dry in one swoop. But somehow the wheat Bunyan and the cattle

Bunyan are not the genuine article. He belongs to the big woods.

And anyhow, Washington has never seemed to me the true harbor of the tall tale, except for our friendly kidnapping of Paul Bunyan. The tall story is the medium of expression for the plainsman, the river man, and the mountain man. We have to remember that the early settlers of the State's coast were often rather practical fellows and many were from New England. The first really permanent settlers in the eastern half of the State were missionaries. Gold seekers, soldiers, adventurers, men who could really lie like hell and freeze it over, were in a sense just passing through. Thus the tall tale which flowers beautifully in the mountain States and in some parts of California is a grafted specie in the Evergreen Land. Hastily I except from this generalization men of the deep woods, old Alaskans, and certain talented ranchers and miners in the arid regions east of the Cascades, all of whom have been known to build a tale at least as tall as Rainier.

But our best genre is the rough and simple anecdote of character, and of place. My good friend Jack Gose, a sagebrusher who now lives on the Sound, and who is an expert taster of tales and situations indigenous to the Evergreen Land, likes to tell of a public dinner in Bellingham. Unaccountably, it was attended by a Vinerian Professor of Law from Oxford University. Seated across from the distinguished visitor was a local patriot filled with equal parts cocktails and equal parts facts and figures about his home county.

"Beautiful country you have here," the Oxford man was unfortunate enough to remark across the table.

"No question about it," said the local man. "And do you know that last year the retail sales per capita in Whatcom County were seven hundred and three dollars?"

"Really!" said the Oxford man.

"Yes, sir. And you know why? Because this is a wealthy country you're in right here. Last year Bellingham handled seven and a half million pounds of bottom fish, three and a half million pounds of salmon, and a hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds of fish livers."

"You don't say!"

"I certainly do. That's a lot of fish. *And* livers. Look, you know what the mineral situation is around here?"

"I'm afraid I don't."

"Well, we got occurrences of gold, silver, copper—let's see, copper, lead, zinc, iron, limestone, talc, and moly—molyb—"

"Molybdenum?"

"Molybdenum, yes. What's more, Whatcom County is one of the six coal counties in Washington and it's got the biggest mine. Been producing coal since 1853, maybe since 1852, but I think it's 1853. And there are almost five thousand farms in the county."

"I dare say."

"Why, there's thirty thousand apple trees in the county, and seventeen thousand filbert trees. That's a nut."

The man from Oxford was beginning to look a little wild. His chair scraped back and he said, "If you'll pardon me—"

"Men's room?" said the Whatcom County native, getting up, too. "I'll show you where it is!" The last Jack Gose heard was the man from Whatcom explaining that seven million strawberry plants had been produced the previous year. He claims never to have seen the Vinerian professor again, not that evening, or ever.

Like most sagebrushers, Jack laments the passing of the old kind of Washington tale. Jack's uncle, old Judge Mack Gose, was a master of that kind of story. He could sit in the sun on the steps of the court house in Dayton, Washington, and tell them by the hour, and they all had a basis of fact somewhere in them. But Judge Mack and most of his contemporaries are gone now, and the stories you hear in Washington are too likely to be the kind you can pick up on the radio, or from fellows who travel around.

The real Washington yarn is almost all in the telling and hearing; they are no great shucks in print. They need the nasal twang of the Northeast, or the high drawl of Missouri, or the accents of the Midwest, all of which may be heard in the Evergreen Land. The frontier days are still so close to us that we can be fond of a practical joke as wide and rough as Skagit County, and for the same

reason we like our yarns to have some local color and tang.

We like to know the victim, even, or somebody very like him. In the Walla Walla valley they still tell stories about Pat Lyons although he died long ago; and, of course, there are often applied to Pat Lyons actions and speeches with which he had nothing to do. They say he would not let his men wear high boots because it took too long to lace them in the morning. And they tell the story of how he came into town one day and picked up a Chinaman for a cook. Pat was never loquacious, and the Oriental was too new in the country for long speeches. But the story goes that, about a mile from the ranch, the Chinaman said: "My name is Lee. What is your name please?" Pat Lyons told him, and they say that the Chinaman rolled out of the buckboard and ran back toward town screaming, "Oh, oh, oh! I hear of you in China!"

You see. That is what I mean. A night club entertainer or a radio comedian would have nothing to do with a story like that. But if you knew Pat Lyons, or someone like him, and you were sitting on the steps of the court house listening and watching while Judge Mack told it . . .

Chapter Fifteen

NATURE'S PLAYGROUND

THIS chapter is begun with trepidation. I know that we Washingtonians are accused of talking like travel advertisements. I know further that there is some validity in the accusation. And, like most advertisements, perhaps we talk too much.

A true Washingtonian assumes at the outset of any discussion of natural beauty that Washington is the most beautiful State in the Union, probably the most beautiful area in the entire world. In this, of course, he differs not from a Californian—southern or northern variety. But Californians and Washingtonians do differ from residents of other States when it comes to a discussion of scenery. Arizona is in a class all by itself because, I regret to report, it has been known to refer to itself as “God’s living room.”

But Midwesterners and Southerners and Easterners are likely to take their natural wonders for granted. They are as comfortably reticent about them as they are about family or money, whether it be the lack or the preponderance of one or the other. Lake George, for example, is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful lakes anywhere, but I have yet to hear an Adirondacks man go into even mild hysterics about it. Yet as a denizen of the wooded shores of Lake Washington I have in my time inserted my thumb into the lapels of hundreds of visitors and heated their ears by the hour on the real and fancied advantages of my lake. I say “*my* lake” because the proprietary air about our natural scenery is a characteris-

tic of the people of the Evergreen State. Some of us are Lake Washington owners. Some appear to have a very real property interest in the San Juan Islands. Others maintain an owner's pride in the great forests of the Olympic Peninsula. Still others harbor a stockholder's fervor for the desert country east of the Cascades. There are thousands of us who somehow feel that we created the Columbia River, dug the channel and put the water in—and naturally made the Washington bank of it more attractive than the Oregon side!

Without interfering I have heard a Mount Rainier man glaze the eyes of a Bostonian visitor for two hours on the magnificence of that indubitably astounding peak. And when my friend left the bar table the Bostonian turned to me and asked in all earnestness: "Look here, about this Mount Rainier. That fellow had nothing to do with it, did he? I mean, it must have been here before you chaps came on."

I did not get the Bostonian's point then, and I am not certain that I have got it yet. "You see," I told him, "it *is* quite a mountain. Fourteen thousand, four hundred and eight feet, you know. It's the biggest single-peak glacial system in the United States. And the Park—you've got to get up there and see Mount Rainier National Park. Four hundred acres, that Park, and there are more than six hundred and fifty different species of wild flowers. Some of them bloom right alongside the summer snow fields. There is skiing eight months out of the year, and the whole shebang isn't two hours from where we are sitting."

I did not see the Bostonian again, and he has never suggested that I spend a few days with him at Nantucket. No doubt he felt that I would be bored with the place.

I could have told him, if we had stayed together longer that afternoon, that Mount Rainier Park is not the only National Park in the State of Washington. America's newest one is inside the State, too, and it's big—like a lot of things in the State. In 1938 the government set aside 643,000 acres in the heart of the Olympic Peninsula, and has since increased it to 835,411 acres. This is the country that Betty MacDonald called "the most rugged, most

westerly, greatest, deepest, largest, wildest, gamiest, richest, most fertile, loneliest, and most desolate" country in the world. No better description of the center of the Olympic Peninsula has yet been devised, but the author of *The Egg and I* found it desolate only because she was city-bred and did not like raising chickens. There are hundreds of old settlers in that area who were not at all pleased when the Department of the Interior set aside the area as a National Park.

It is a strange and timeless region, the center of the Olympic Peninsula. There are parts of it where the sun has never penetrated, so thick is the ancient forest. It is a place of glacial valleys, and of dark green ferns growing higher than a man's head. It is a region so remote from civilization that few names have been given to things and places within its boundaries. And those few are Indian names—Queets, Dosewallips, Duckabush, Hoh, and Elwha. The mountain lakes are blue and quiet, but there are streams which roar down from the snows in the late spring. News comes late out of the depths of the Olympic Peninsula, and they say that some news never comes out of it at all. They say that there have been murders there that will never be known, and certainly never solved. Surely there are milder deaths; and births unrecorded.

When it rains there, which is often, it is dark and dank. It was raining the time that Mr. Harold Ickes, then Secretary of the Interior, decided to have a look at his latest National Park. He stayed a day and a half, and he would have got out sooner if he could have managed it. That may have been fortunate for his health. Not because of the rain, which is mild and warm, but because some of the settlers were looking forward to meeting him, and they were warm but not mild. One strapping woman followed him as far as Seattle, bringing with her the axe with which she had cleared her land. She had heard that this National Park business would force her to move, and she wanted to discuss this possibility with Mr. Ickes. She stated frankly to Seattle newspapers that, if necessary, the axe would become part of her closing argument.

Other settlers followed Mr. Ickes into Seattle. Some of them had

not been out of the great forest in twenty years. Those two decades had not weakened whatever primitive instincts they may have taken with them into the Peninsula. Mr. Ickes wisely found urgent business in that other Washington which is at least three thousand miles away from the Olympics, and where the axes and stilettos are oral and written. He knew that sticks and stones could break his bones, and there were Olympic settlers who had brought along both.

I can be as careful as Mr. Ickes, and I am not implying that the residents of the interior of the Olympic Peninsula are uncivilized. Indeed, in the past quarter of a century they have given every evidence of being much more civilized than those who live outside the Peninsula. The instinct to protect the home is one that is deep and strong, and if that instinct has of late been diluted in most of us that is hardly to our credit. The men and women who have lived their lives in the interior of the Peninsula have changed very little from the old pioneer type of Washington Territory. Not all of them have read Thoreau, perhaps, but like him they went to the woods to live deliberately, "to front the essential facts of life."

They grow to be powerful men physically, as was the pioneer who lasted. In the Peninsula there is an old gentleman called the "Iron Man" because he comes to civilization only when he needs a new iron stove. When this happens, and it does not happen often in a man's lifetime, he trudges out of the woods to the nearest place where he can buy an iron stove. Into the stove he packs provisions, a sack of flour, among other things. Then he lifts the stove onto his shoulders and trudges back into the woods again. The last time he was seen to do this he was over sixty, and they think that he will come out at least once again for a new stove.

You will find plenty of folks in Washington who will tell you that they have been on the Peninsula, as indeed they have. But very few have been in its center, in the region called home by the "Iron Man" and the lady who wanted to discuss statesmanship with an axe. It will not be long, however, before the old settlers lose their battle. The tourists are fooling around the edges of the

newest National Park, and the State of Washington itself is advising that "rare experiences" await them "without any of the pioneer hardships." Lake Crescent, and Sol Duc and the Olympic Hot Springs are old-time tourist centers, but there will be new ones, closer to the "Iron Man." Already there are those most horrible phenomena—at least horrible to a native westerner—called "dude ranches."

Still, it is America's last wilderness frontier. It is the dwelling place of the last tribe of sealing Indians in North America. There are elk and bear and cougar, even now. And here are the old giant stands of Douglas fir, and spruce, and redolent cedar. Here the forest is alive in its peculiar quietness, alive with events that have been transpiring within it since the Magna Carta and before. It is Stewart Holbrook who says that it is a pity that forests do not have newspapers—for what headlines there would be!

Today the visitor can get a little taste of it. He can visit the land-locked lakes, and he can run the Quinault River in an Indian dug-out from Lake Quinault to the Pacific, a thrill that will bring him as close as he can ever get now to the heart of his ancestors. On a ten-million-dollar highway he can literally loop the Peninsula, ranging by car from the Grays Harbor sawmills to Cape Flattery, and following the Strait of Juan de Fuca. He can travel along an eighty-five-mile saltwater fjord called Hood Canal to the great Puget Sound Navy Yard at Bremerton. And there he can put both himself and his car onto a streamlined ferry boat and reach Seattle and civilization (without cocktail bars) in forty minutes.

Western Washington can never make up its mind whether to call itself "The Charmed Land" or "The Evergreen Playground" so often it calls itself both. We know that it has a tremendous boon of natural scenery, adaptable to almost every type of sport and recreation. And we labor under a continual feeling that we are not doing enough about it.

The frustration is understandable. Few writers have been able successfully to describe the scenery. Photographs are the only answer, and they should be photographs in color. How, for in-

stance, can one put into words an archipelago of more than a hundred and seventy islands with their secret coves and their driftwood beaches, the little settlements and the cozy farms, that go to make up the San Juan Islands? And when you have talked about Mount Rainier National Park, and the Olympic Peninsula, what is there left to say about Mount Baker National Forest? Well, you can go completely berserk, as does the anonymous writer paid by the State of Washington and I have a great sympathy and admiration for him:

"An hour's run from the saltwater port of Bellingham brings you to Washington State's own Alps Maritime (*sic*)," he says. "It's an unbelievable gem of a country that makes no one homesick for the Dolomites, the Tyrol, or Switzerland's much-publicized mountains. Inland, the wide smooth wilderness boulevard takes you through a virgin forest of giant evergreens whose fragrance mingles with the fresh mountain air. Before you know it you are at sun-filled Heather Meadows where the rustic and roomy Mount Baker lodge and cabins greet you. . . . Around you rise crenelated snow peaks, shutting you off from the rest of the world. Rugged Mount Shuksan, and beyond, Mount Baker's graceful snow-crowned cone. Before your door you may enjoy a swim in Sunrise Lake; innumerable trails lead to alpine wonders, cooling streams rush from mountain snow fields and more than fifty trout-stocked lakes lure the Nimrod. Here for eight or nine months of the year skiing is a thrill to the experts. Hiking, horseback, or just loafing around the flower-dotted meadows."

It is prose like that which gets us misunderstood. And yet, so help me, it is all true! The trouble is, western Washington is described accurately only with superlatives; and too many non-Washingtonians have been stung too often by panegyrics about mountain resorts and seaside retreats. The boys who write the advertising copy for our State have a hard row to hoe—and there is always the chance that, once the tourist has been lured, he will be disappointed. There are people who simply do not care for scenery in such prodigious quantities. There is for example, Henry

Varnum Poor. Mr. Poor is an artist and you might think that he would find the Pacific Northwest inspiring. Brought there willy-nilly by the war, he most emphatically did not. He found the evergreen "monotonous" and the San Juan Islands without their vaunted charm. Apparently he found them irritating as well, for he indicated his belief that Seattle young women are vapid and stupid. Those are his very words, and all this he put into a book whose title I, as a Washingtonian, most certainly shall not mention! I wish I knew the names of the girls who failed to charm Mr. Poor, for I would be interested in what they thought of him. It is just possible that these Seattle girls had not heard of Mr. Henry Varnum Poor, and to get beyond the art circles of Manhattan and find that one means little, perhaps even nothing at all, could be upsetting.

But Mr. Poor has rolled a bitter pill, and we might as well get it down. There are people who simply prefer their scenery in miniature and who do not care to take their outdoors energetically or for long periods of time. For such as these, the State of Washington must never be prescribed. For these it must be, let us say, Cape Cod, or Montauk Point, or maybe Bermuda.

Still, I refuse to believe wholly that there is absolutely nothing in our variety to please these people. They might motor along the Evergreen Highway which winds for a great distance along the Columbia. The charm of the River of the West is seen in vignettes rather than in the large. Or they might find themselves intrigued by the white bathing beach called, with no particular originality, Long Beach. It is permitted to drive for twenty-seven miles along the ocean's edge on the hard wet sand if you are reasonably careful about the bathers.

The Grand Coulee Dam is of course not to be recommended for such as Mr. Poor. It is on the grandiose scale. But in the Inland Empire there is country that offers considerable contrast: forests, lakes, mountains, all a little more comfortably adjusted to the size of man than are the sights on our western slope. The woods here are largely pine, with meadow-like areas among the trees. The air

is a little heavier and drier, and the rolling ranges like the Blues have beauty without the demand that you stand awe-struck. Near Spokane there are lakes reminiscent of Maine and New Hampshire.

Yes, I do think Mr. Poor, or anybody else who has a mind to, can find the kind of outdoors he wants in Washington State. And, since the subject was brought up, he can find young women, and some not young, who are far from vapid and stupid.

But—there is no way out of it—we have got to take up the weather. I suppose the Washingtonian does not breathe who, away from home, has not been asked: "It rains a lot out there, doesn't it?" Well, the answer to that is, it certainly does. If it rained just about two and a half inches *less* annually in Seattle it would rain the same average as enjoyed by New York. In the center of the Olympic Peninsula it rains a little more than it does on Puget Sound, but the whole eastern half of the State is comparatively dry. The State press agents will tell you that there is climatic variety, but no extremes. It is certainly true that there is variety, but I would not go so far as to say there are no extremes. Winters in eastern Washington have been known to become very cold, with plenty of snow and ice—and July and August can be stifling with heat. It is, however, only fair to add that not much humidity goes with the heat; a hot day in Washington State does not resemble in the least a hot day on the Eastern Seaboard. The average yearly temperature for the whole State is thirty-nine degrees for the coldest and sixty-four degrees for the warmest months.

The rain of Washington is usually a gentle rain upon the place beneath, but it droppeth from Heaven in fairly long stretches. When it comes to rain, western Washington does not at all resemble New York or southern California. In those places, when it winds up to rain it really rains. It floods the gutters and frightens automobile drivers to a standstill, and it gets people very, very wet. But in Washington, and I would take an oath on it, we have probably the driest rain in the world. You do not have to believe that, but there is a good reason why so many New York City men carry umbrellas and a male Washingtonian would not be caught dead

with one.

What gives us a bad name about rain is the admitted fact that it may continue for days intermittently, and that the western part of the State has a great number of overcast hours. The western slope of the Evergreen Land is not for those who are depressed by dark days, whose hearts will not sing except in sunshine. The seasons have a way of slipping one into the other without discernible change on the land. But it's a good climate, just as the chamber of commerce folks say. Equable is the right word for it, all right. It is a climate for a sensible combination of work and play all year around. Washington has never claimed more than that for it, and it is a fair enough claim. And it's true that we don't feel too well if it stops raining for very long.

When we call the State "Nature's Playground" we are telling the God's truth, although we are not saying what we mean. What we mean is that it is a good State in which to disport oneself in the great outdoors—to motor, to ski, to swim, to go boating, to golf, to hunt and fish, and to climb mountains and take to the trail.

But Washington State is the playground of nature in another sense, and nature has obviously had a terrific time in it. The mountains Rainier and Baker, the Olympics and the Cascades, the rugged gash of the Grand Coulee, the strange Palouse hills, and the lush flats of Nisqually—even with these she was not done with her playfulness. There are the stark rocks jutting off the coast, the deep fingers of the sea reaching back into the heart of the region, and literally thousands upon thousands of inlets and havens and harbors. There are the gigantic trees which she grew and which she then attacked with blight or fire or hurricane, so that more grew up. There is the lava which she poured molten hot, then dried into dust and blew away. There are the blue lakes that hang from the skies, and the prehistoric pools in the deep caverns of the scab rock. And there are forever the rivers which she has changed so much, and which in turn have changed the State and sometimes even the nation.

Man never really conquers nature, but all across and up and

down the broad face of our continent he has done a fair job of annoying her and hedging her in. Except in the farthest reach. There she has had a pretty good time, always, and there she can yet be wilful. More significant still, there is always the feeling, even in those places where she seems to have given up, that she can come back any time she wishes. A man may clear a lot, or plant a garden, or build a house—but he cannot stop there. He must keep clearing, keep weeding, keep down the vines and out the damp, or he will lose it all back to nature in two or three years. For much of Washington is like a northern jungle and that is its natural state.

Perhaps that is why we are so conscious of the scenery, of the mountains and the waters and the valleys and the forests and grasses. We always have that feeling that the Old Lady is still around, and when visitors come we don't want to be caught in the act of bragging that the place belongs to us instead of to her.

So we call it "Nature's Playground" and by that we mean perhaps more than we realize.

Chapter Sixteen

THE DARKENED DAYS

I KNOW that there are thousands of towns across the United States that have been hardly changed physically by the war. None have escaped from it entirely, all are affected somehow, because the young men and women of a town cannot go out from it, whether forever or for even a little while, without that town being affected.

But there are still, and I hope there always will be in this big land, after any war in any time, little towns whose post offices are of cracked, red brick under meager alder shade. Little towns whose druggists sit on benches in front of their shops until a customer makes it necessary to get up. Little towns where you always see the same people at the same place at the same time of day—except for Sundays, when the pious and the scalawags separate themselves, the former trailing to church and the latter hiding themselves with the remorse of Saturday's sins.

Washington, of course, has both kinds of towns now. It has towns where everything seems to be about as it was before the second World War, and, for that matter, as it was before the first. And it has others where everything has changed and gone strange, where some of the people are literally from another world and the natives walk in a kind of nightmare. These are the war boom towns and cities where the fist of war struck heavily. These are the towns and cities where everyone goes about pretending that things

will always move at this pace. But it is only a pretense; nobody believes in it wholly. That is why they talk so much about it.

Everybody knows in his heart that the time must come when the town or city will sprawl forward, exhausted in victory and the flush that comes afterward, when it will rather suddenly shrivel to its former self. But of course it will build again, slowly, to what it was. A city does not change character much, not even the cities of the Pacific Northwest.

In the second World War a great many things happened to a great many Washington communities, large and small. Pasco, for example, had been a quiet agricultural town for years when suddenly it found itself a mecca for thousands of young sailors in training, and of naval aviators from the near-by base. Spokane, which had never quite been able to make up its mind whether it was a wheat town or a mining town, or a cattle town, found itself a "liberty town" in the eyes of some fifty thousand trainees from just across the State line in Idaho. They came by bus and train from a whistle-stop that had once been known as Athol, Idaho, but which naval authorities had thoughtfully changed to Farragut, Idaho.

Peaceful Whidbey Island whose only warlike atmosphere had emanated from the rotting logs of an old blockhouse became one of the Navy's anchored aircraft carriers as disgruntled pioneers moved before the roar of planes and the grinding of bulldozers. Even Walla Walla was affected: the Army settled close by, and Whitman College took on a V-12 Navy training program.

With the Army and the Navy and the Coast Guard naturally came the workers. Towns that had rarely glimpsed a Negro accustomed themselves (or did not) to Negroes by the hundreds. Some of the Negroes were from the deep South and not too happy in the far Northwest, but they were happier than the Mexicans who were brought in by rail and truck to act as farm labor. To a Mexican the Pacific Northwest is a dismal place indeed, where the sun shines but briefly or not at all. They did not sing very much, those Mexicans. They did not even have the heart to fight or love. They have departed from the Evergreen Land now and are glad of it.

But the Negroes, most of them, have wanted to stay.

Of all the towns and cities in the State perhaps only Seattle and Tacoma and Bremerton were old hands at modern warfare. Bremerton is the site of the Puget Sound Navy Yard. Tacoma still means fun and furloughs to thousands of aging World War I veterans who remember when they were stationed at old Camp Lewis. Seattle always had the reputation in the ships of being "friendly to the Navy" and it was proud of its shipbuilding record in 1917 and 1918. When war threatened again, these three cities hitched up their britches with a knowing air and a condescending glance at other towns of Washington which had never known the full impact of war and of civilian effort toward the making of war.

But the thing did not happen in Washington, or any other State, in quite the way we figured on. In Seattle on that Sunday of December seventh a paralysis crept over the city by Puget Sound. This was not the way it was to have been at all. We were to have acted as one of the depots of the arsenal of Democracy, we were to have been one of the great cities that flings hard things, fighting things, all over the world. We were to have shown our position clearly, along with other American cities, and worked willingly and safely behind the great shores.

Lieutenant General John DeWitt, commanding general of the western defense command, and Vice Admiral Charles Seymour Freeman, commandant of the Thirteenth Naval District, appeared to be the only ones not puzzled or shocked. And because it was the Army which had to look to the land defense in the air raid which everyone thought would be striking at San Francisco or Seattle, it was upon General DeWitt that the responsibility fell most suddenly. He accepted it, and within a few hours had set the pattern under which the Evergreen State was to exist. People began living in blackness at night, sitting worried beside soundless radios. Night office-workers toiled in troubled fashion behind blacked-out windows and crept along dark halls with blue-shaded flashlights.

It was a strange new world, a strange way of living, in cities

that had changed shape and coloring, the very pulse beat, between a quiet Sunday morning and a bleak and fearful evening. Next day it was as if half the State had sprung into uniform—for the Army and Navy, until now timid about showing its numbers to the taxpayers, had been in mufti except on ships and station.

The people of the Pacific Northwest, more than any others in the nation, began to understand what the British had felt in those days when they were dead sure that the Nazis were going to come across the Channel. The whole western coastline, the vital industrial cities, were woefully unprotected, and while the man in the street had not been told this he sensed that it was true. None of the bombast from Navy captains and Army generals, fighting mad and ready to go, none of the high sounds from Washington the capital, fooled the Washingtonian. The Jap was going to make a try for San Francisco or Seattle or Alaska, and we were not ready by half.

Worse, a gnawing fear set in over that first fear. Men felt that the enemy to the west knew what our public sensed, and knew it in detail. There had been so many Japs among us, and it was remembered suddenly that a lot of them had gone back to Japan. Like Oboe, the "Number One" boy for years at the College Club. Like the bar boy in the dining room of the Rainier Club. What must they have found out, what must they have carried back to Japan with them? There were still many among us; but curiously, there was no violence recorded in any Washington city between a Jap and a white man. But General DeWitt established a curfew for them, and soon they were moved.

The telephones at the daily newspaper offices—the citizenry had not yet caught on to telephoning Army or Navy headquarters—began ringing continuously to bring messages from excited people. An old lady who lived on the beach out north of Seattle was certain she had seen the body of a Jap flyer washed up on shore. A man in the east end knew damned well he had seen three enemy planes go over, and heard them, too, headed straight for the Navy Yard across the Sound, or maybe it was the air station a little

to the north. A convincing drunk said that he had seen a Jap monkeying around the water reservoir in Volunteer Park. There were hundreds of such reports, day after day and night after night, in Seattle and Tacoma and Everett and Bellingham. Then the panic drifted back into the hills, too. Loggers and farmers began to see strange lights which they were sure were signals for the enemy.

Navy headquarters were in Seattle's Exchange Building. The Navy in the Northwest at that time consisted of a few old fashioned destroyers and perhaps a dozen fishing vessels which had been hurriedly converted into "patrol craft" that were hardly fast enough to get away from their own depth charges. There were a few planes, but not nearly enough and they were not the right kind. That was the Navy, from the Columbia River north to Nome, and the Royal Canadian Navy in western Canada was not as well off as we. Admiral Freeman was doing what he could with what he had, keeping the Navy Department informed of what it already knew and did not want to face, and counting heavily on the "J" factor. The State has not yet recognized its debt to that great officer in its first hour of peril in a World War.

A reporter was sent down to Navy headquarters. "You won't get much down there," the city editor told him. "Pearl Harbor isn't sending, and they wouldn't give us that if they were getting it. But they haven't got commercial radio, either, so they are probably going nuts for news of their own show. Take a batch of A.P. ticker sheets down to them so they can read about the war. Don't tell 'em it's mostly crap. Maybe they'll be grateful and tip us off if a submarine gets into the bay."

The city editor was partly right. Except for the Admiral and his immediate staff, who were reading decoded messages from wherever they could be picked out of the air, the officers and men at Navy headquarters knew little of developments in those first few days and most of them couldn't get out of the building to buy a paper. They received the ticker sheets gratefully.

The reporter grabbed a cab and headed for the Exchange Build-

ing. Outside the darkened skyscraper he was stopped by a Marine with a blue-lens flashlight. He had on side arms and he wasn't fooling. "It was right then I realized we were really in it," the reporter said. "Two days before I had whistled into that building at eight in the evening under lights and the only greeting was a 'hello' from an elevator girl."

"I got to talking to a Captain," the reporter said, "an old Academy man, and all of a sudden I realized that he had been crying a little. I don't think he even realized it. He kept saying 'I don't understand it'—meaning what happened at Pearl—and finally he reached for a piece of paper and began sketching arcs from a point that must have been meant to be Pearl Harbor. 'This is the way the patrol was usually operated,' he told me. 'I can't understand how they got there without—' and then he stopped, figuring he'd said too much already."

After talking with the Captain who had been crying a little the reporter went to a telephone and called his city editor. "There isn't any story down here," he said. "How do they feel?" the city editor asked. "They feel swell," the reporter said, and hung up.

A lot of civilian defense officers who had seemed a little silly before now took on stature and significance. Thousands of "block wardens" who had felt foolish knew now that it was no longer play-acting. A husband with a tin-hat painted white could put it on and look the old lady in the eye to find no glint of amusement there. And a stranger who stopped to gaze at a power transformer on a street corner was as likely as not to find himself carted off for quizzing by the proper authorities.

The recruiting stations were open day and night, and they were plenty jammed. In the daytime the volunteers were mostly high school and college kids, with a good sprinkling of men who'd done hitches in the last war. At night they were workers who did not want to lose a day away from their war job if they failed to pass the physical examination. But it wasn't to be like that other war Seattle had experienced. It wasn't to be the kind of a war where they marched out in uniform, with packs on their backs, and the

flag in front of them, to file through cheering mobs and onto a train that would take them east and then to "somewhere in France." You would see the boys in civilian clothes, with suit-cases and bare-headed, marching down to the station with a chief petty officer or a sergeant in the van. Sometimes there would be a sign WE'RE GOING TO LICK THE AXIS, but usually there was no sign at all. There was no fanfare and no cheers. People on the sidewalks just turned to stare, silent and stunned, and that was all.

The Seattle Legion did not like that and they tried to do something about it. They got out flags and arranged for high school bands to accompany the recruits to the railroad station. For a few weeks every contingent that went out of Seattle had a band, but somehow it did not make much difference in the spirit of the citizens who saw them leaving. Even when the deeds of the boys began to drift back to incite men and women to a new spirit, there was no change in the method of departure. Now there was a new reason—something the military liked to call "Security."

"It'll be different when they come back," a Legionnaire told me. "We'll bust all hell loose for them then." He was thinking of that November after only eighteen months of war. We had no notion then that thousands would be returning—but by the hundreds, by the score, by twos and threes, even, from every corner of the world and almost as secretively as they had been dispatched to fight. As though their wounds were shameful, as though the people of Washington could not be trusted to welcome them.

When the Japs struck at Alaska, when they literally camped in the front yard of the far Northwest, the strange secrecy grew. Out of the fog were born weird stories. One was that twenty-five percent of our boys in the Aleutians were going mad in the tundra land, that the combination of bleak island-chain and the strain of warfare were too great to bear together. But the stories that were told were hardly more fantastic than the stories that were true. It was a queer war, cruel and bitter while it lasted and ending in a harmless nightmare when ten thousand Japs disappeared almost before the very eyes of our forces before Kiska.

Not the least weird was the insistence of the Administration that no war was being fought in Alaska at all. The Army and the Navy were made the instruments for the performance of this deception. The late Frank Knox, secretary of the Navy, stated flatly that there were no Japs in the Aleutians when he knew that there were. Then when the secret could no longer be hidden, he announced that the Japs had been driven off Attu—and this announcement came before the costly battle had really begun. When the landing was made on Kiska, and it was found the Japs had fled, a whole week went by before the public was informed. During that week the Army and Navy sought desperately for an explanation when no explanation was necessary. The public was glad indeed that the Japs had left without killing more of our boys.

The Army, handling censorship in Alaska, was the worst offender against the truth. It refused to let Alaska newspapers print dispatches about its own war; and in copies of *Life* going to Alaska subscribers, photographs showing the bombing of Dutch Harbor were torn from the magazine! General DeWitt seriously considered the possibility of eliminating even the name of Alaska from the press.

There was a reason for all this, and Washington State and the Alaskans knew perfectly well what that reason was. The Alaska situation was embarrassing to the Administration which felt that public opinion might upset the grand strategy. This grand strategy was to keep the maximum possible effort on the war against Germany, to get quickly to the aid of the British and the Russians. A public too sharply aware that our own continent had been invaded might be much less favorable to this long-range program. The deception was easily accomplished. To the great majority of U.S. citizens the Territory of Alaska seems a long way off. This great majority would have difficulty in correctly placing the Aleutians on an outline map. All that was necessary was to "play down" the Aleutian campaign and, whenever possible, to black it out of the news completely.

Washington folks were not very keen about this policy. By the

very nature of our background and our location we held the war against Japan to be particularly our own war, and many of us felt that only we on the West Coast understood it properly. What is more, it seemed to many of us the more important of the two wars, and there was always the suspicion that the Atlantic Seaboard States, with their heavy foreign population, some of it unassimilated—to put it gently—did not care enough about the Pacific struggle. This feeling was something different and separate from the isolationist feeling in the mountain States and the Midwest. We were always for kicking the hell out of Japan, and the sooner the better. But we have also felt, traditionally and, I think, understandably, that the East keeps one foot in Europe still. That foot, in the opinion of many a westerner, ought to be in the Orient instead of on the Continent. This emotion, as natural as rain in the Evergreen Land, grew increasingly bitter during the early stages of the war, and the bitterness did not abate until the Japs were out of Alaska and the tide of battle began to turn for the better all around the wide Pacific rim.

THE impact of the Japs on Alaska was felt solidly enough in Seattle and Tacoma and other cities of Washington, but the impact of the enemy was hardly more forcible than the impact of the war workers. Until the second World War there was not a city or town in the whole State that could be called an industrial community in the sense with which the term is meant in the Midwest and the East. There were lumber towns, like Everett and Bellingham. Tacoma had lumber and plywood mills and a fair share of small finished wood product factories. There were villages clustered around paper mills; Seattle had its shipbuilding, its foundries, its small plants, and, inevitably, lumber; and almost everything east of the Cascades was agriculture or mining.

The war changed all that, and in a hurry. The emigration had begun before the war. It had started because of conditions in the Dust Bowl, and because of the promise held out by the power and irrigation projects in the Pacific Northwest. But the tidewater

communities of Washington did not meet the newcomers in great numbers until after the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor.

Despite the early cosmopolitan color of the State, it cannot be said truthfully that the newcomers were welcomed. There is a lot of New England in the Evergreen Land and we like to take a little time to observe a stranger. We like to isolate him, surround him, determine his purpose. Paradoxically—and here is where the frontier blood mixes it with New England—we like to be friendly with him, explain our way of life, show him the sights, and see how he reacts. But these war worker strangers came too suddenly and in too great a number for any such leisurely approach. Almost overnight they jammed the streets, and the beer taverns, and the available housing. Some of them were not accustomed to even the moderate excitements of a West Coast city, and very few of them were accustomed to their wages.

But whatever the older population felt, the owners and managers of the war plants were mighty glad to see them. Unlike the majority of the natives, the owners and managers of the war plants knew what an awful lot of work had to be done, and that we old Washingtonians could not do it all. So the newcomers were royally treated on their jobs. They had never been the objects of so much attention, and never would be again.

Ed Yogg was one of us who didn't like it and told me so. Ed Yogg had come to Washington from Illinois a quarter of a century ago, and all that time he had been working in a small foundry down on the Seattle tideflats. For all those twenty-five years he had brought his lunch in a paper bag and munched it in silence, not minding that the bread got black from his fingers. But when the war came along, Ed's foundry grew to be a war plant, eight times its former size.

"Christ in the manger, what they do for these guys!" Ed said bitterly. "We got an orchestra now, and the damn' thing plays every lunch hour. Once a week we got a vaudeville show, with a half nekkid girl singing or dancing or playing an accordion or something. We got a cafeteria, and when I kept on bringing my

lunch the public relations man, or the labor relations chief, or whatever the hell he is, come around and asked me if I thought anything was wrong with the cafeteria food. I told him there wasn't as far as I knew, but I liked to bring my lunch, just like I always did—only I take it down the block to a vacant lot where I don't have to hear the orchestra, and them speeches telling us we are heroes, just like the kids in the war. Sweet Jesus, what a mess! And the worst of it is, we don't do as much around here as we did before the war."

As far as the company's new labor relations man was concerned, Ed Yogg was a queer old codger who just didn't know what it was all about, and who couldn't stomach change. What is more, the labor relations man—we had hardly heard of the title in our region before the war—had a sneaking notion that if all employees were as easily pleased as Ed Yogg there would be no labor relations job.

"What's more," said Ed Yogg in disgust, "the Army and Navy is going to give us one of them E's. I'll be goddamned if I'll wear it. We ain't done anything we haven't done before, and we're getting three times the money for it. Why, do you know something? A country is really bad off when it gets attacked, and you got to give people music and shimmy dancers to get them to work. And last week we had an old Admiral down here to make a speech and beg these bastards to stay on the job. He'd lost a ship in the Pacific, and he ran a convoy in the last war. And they had him down here begging a bunch of beer barrels and gimlet-assed females to do some work to help save the country. That's a hell of a thing to do to an admiral. I felt sorry for him!"

Well, what Ed Yogg thought and, I am confident, still thinks, is only one side of the picture. There were workers by the thousands who didn't need the bands and the "shimmy dancers." I would rather think of Johnny Hume as the symbol of the migration that took place in the State. He was what we came to call a shipyard kid. When I first saw Johnny he wore a brown gabardine shirt with

a sport collar open at the throat. He had on dark green slacks and woven leather sandals. His front teeth were good, because you don't eat with your front teeth, and he had a big wide smile that was all right. It came from the Kansas wheat fields and I knew it right away because I had folks that came from grain fields too.

WHEN I first met Johnny Hume he was a little frightened. That was because he was in The Show Box and he had never been in a place like that before. The Show Box was on First Avenue in Seattle, a long street that stretches north and south parallel with the waterfront and it's a street that has seen a lot of things. My grandfather saw it when there were nothing but tents along it and when the Sound rolled right up to the board sidewalks. He was waiting to get a ship north to Alaska to try to make himself rich. My father saw it when it began to build up wooden shacks and brick buildings, none over six stories high. I can remember the street when the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition was on, in 1910. The years that I had known the street as a youngster were not very good years for it. It had died, really, and the parasites on it were the secondhand shops and the greasy thirty-cent restaurants and the two-dollar houses, clinging the way shrimp and crab do to a body that the Coast Guard has hauled on deck after weeks of dragging. And they had given First Avenue that same odd and horrible sense of life that those things do to a body when they plop it over the side and onto the deck. Most western towns that are on a river or on the sea have a "First" street or a "Front" street that started out as the one thoroughfare and then is relegated to the past as the town widens out. Their histories are all about the same.

But the second World War brought Seattle's First Avenue alive again, with establishments like The Show Box which was a beer tavern with music and entertainers. Johnny Hume did not look very much at home in it, and I could imagine him in the little town of two hundred or so people where he had worked and lived. I could imagine him, fixing cars down at the corner garage in

winter, and repairing harvest machinery in summer. He'd ride a hot summer wave in an old Ford, his tools in the back. He'd climb through the barbed-wire fence, tearing his shirt, to be slapped on the back by a farmer in trouble. "Damn it, Johnny, I thought you'd never get here!" I could imagine Johnny answering back, breathlessly: "Yeah, Mr. Barnes. Just got through over at Bannisters' when they 'phoned me you had trouble."

That had been Johnny, sent out by the agency who represented the harvester combine that Farmer Barnes had bought—sent out at a dollar an hour, and it was pretty good pay. And now here was Johnny in The Show Box, only he was a war worker now and making plenty more than a dollar an hour for what he could do or be taught to do. And he was in a big city, with everything the big city had to offer.

He told me he was a shipbuilder. "I'm down at Associated," he said proudly, naming one of the new yards on Harbor Island. "They're building destroyers. I don't know one end of the thing from the other. I never saw that big a boat before. But you just have your own little piece of work to do, and that's what you do. It don't make any difference what you know about boats. That's what they tell me, anyhow."

"What's your 'own little piece of work,' Johnny?" I asked him.

"I'm a shipfitter's helper. It won't be long until I'll be a shipfitter. There's a fellow down there—he was a shipfitter's helper for just a month and now he's a shipfitter."

It had been a syndicated advertisement in the weekly newspaper of his home town that had brought Johnny into Seattle where he had no friends. Yet not that entirely; the advertisement had been just the spark to set off the tinder that lies inside every country boy—the desire to leave home and make his way. Johnny's folks had no wheat land to which he could cling as a father had done before him. All Johnny's father had was the corner garage, an enterprise subject always to the vagaries of changing highway routes, and to the speed of cars which had brought close to little towns a still larger town. The advertisement was too enticing:

HAVE YOU EVER WORKED WITH TOOLS?

Any kind of tools? That is all the experience you need to get a good job at our big plant. A good job at good wages and union hours—in a city that affords excitement and cultural entertainment. We'll teach you what you don't know—and, best of all, you'll be doing work as vital as that performed by the boys on the high seas and the fighting fronts. Write or call, Personnel Manager . . .

So Johnny had succumbed. And it was just as the advertisement had promised. He did have to join a union and pay initiation fees and dues, new experiences for him but quickly accomplished. It was perfectly true that Associated Shipbuilders was willing and anxious to teach him what he did not know.

But then a great loneliness had pressed down on Johnny. Seattle was not too cordial to its war workers. It had not liked them very much in the first war, but that was nothing compared with this. So Johnny met a girl—neither of them seemed to recall just how—and they were married. There had been no particular cause for rushing it, except the natural urge of two people in love. But even that would have been overcome, I suspect, had it not been for the new tempo of Seattle and the times. Johnny's wife worked at Boeing's, helping to build the bombers.

It had all been so sudden that they hadn't planned a honeymoon. "I guess we could have," Johnny told me. "I guess we just could have not gone back to work. They would've taken us again when we got back. I know lots of fellows who stay out three or four days or a week and come back, and they take them again. It's that way. now."

But Johnny hadn't taken time off and neither had his wife. They went from the parish house down to The Broiler and ate cracked crab with bibs around their necks. With the crab they had some beer, and then Johnny and Babs had gone to the apartment that Johnny shared with another shipyard worker who worked the night shift. That was all there was to it. Next day Johnny went on

building destroyers and his wife went on building Boeing bombers.

Whenever I think of Johnny Hume and his wife I feel somewhat ashamed of myself, for these were the people we resented a little, we who had been living so complacently for so long by the shores of Puget Sound. Of course, they all were not like Johnny and his wife—but then, neither were we natives and old-timers always everything we should have been. By and large, the newcomers were certainly better than most of those who drifted into Washington during the gold strike in Alaska and they came for a loftier purpose.

Johnny's wife is still working at Boeing's, only now she is making the stratosphere transport jobs. She has a little boy five years old, but they don't have Johnny Hume because he was killed at Dutch Harbor. He had got tired of seeing the destroyers go down the ways without him and he had tried again to join the Navy and been turned down for the second time. So to get a little nearer to things he had joined a construction crew that was frantically trying to complete the naval base at Dutch Harbor in the Aleutians. And that was where the Japs struck first in Alaska.

It was five minutes beyond six in the morning when the planes came over. There were four big bombers and fifteen Zeros and they slid down out of the murk to have a look and the workmen saw the funny little faces peering at them. Then the next time they came there were black specks floating lazily out of the bellies of the bombers. The black specks seemed to disappear in the fog, but then they tore in a red frenzy at the earth and the hangars and the oil tanks huddled in the revetments against the shore. The Zeros came back, too, spitting at everything. They circled toward Fort Mears, where the Army was, and then returned to the naval base.

Johnny was standing by a tool-shed when it happened. He had taken a walk down to the beach before morning chow. He heard the Japs and looked up, and then he began to run toward the ditch that had been dug near the shed—dug for a morning just like this one.

There was no more room in the ditch when Johnny Hume got

there. But it didn't matter, because he never would have got out of the ditch anyhow. That must have been a very wasteful and vicious Jap to have put so much into a little guy in a shipyard worker's helmet, running along all by himself.

I have heard people of Seattle or Tacoma or Spokane say, "Things aren't like they were here before the war" and when I hear this it occurs to me that Johnny Hume, too, is not like he was before the war. Neither, for that matter, are the war workers who survived with their war bonds and their false values and their blurred memories of the lost years. One set of statistics will indicate that a great percentage of them stayed on in Washington, and another set of tables will seem to show that they returned to their homes of peace days. But the truth in between is that nobody really knows what happened to them, least of all the war workers themselves.

When the war was over, the forty-six thousand employees at Boeing's dwindled down to less than five thousand and a town hall forum was held in the auditorium of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce. William Allen, the new president of Boeing's, was on the spot, but he predicted that the number of employees would rise again—to build the Stratocruiser—and he was right. A determined woman got up to demand why Boeing had to build only airplanes. "We are all of us out of washing machines," she said. And then young Dick Powell, the youthful president of the Seattle Aero Mechanics Union, stood on his feet to make the most astonishing statement ever uttered by a labor leader in the State of Washington. "Industry deserves a period to get its feet on the ground and show that private enterprise and rugged individualism can make good." So much for the myth that labor in the Evergreen Land is always radical!

But there was a misanthrope in the crowd. A grizzled old duffer shouted out to the audience in general, "It's mighty lucky they stopped buildin' them planes. And the best thing we can all do is to get back to Iowa!" He was speaking for himself, because not all the new folks in Washington are from Iowa. They come from

Minnesota and Wisconsin, too, and from Illinois and Missouri. There is a smattering from other States, and few come from New England any more. Perhaps that is because Washington State and Maine and New Hampshire and Vermont have a good deal in common.

"The worst of it is," a citizen said, "it will be the bad ones that will stay. The good ones have saved a little and they'll want to go back where they came from, where they've got roots, the way decent folks will. The others we'll have on our hands." Maybe so. Time will tell, but it would be too bad to believe that the darkened days did not contribute some valuable new citizens to the State. During the war years there was at least an eleven percent increase in population, and now only two-fifths of the folks in the Evergreen Land are native born. These new migrants seem to be doing all right, and they never complain about the natives. Certainly the natives should not complain about the newcomers.

Anyhow, from the look of the birth-rate, there are going to be plenty of new native sons and daughters, too! Perhaps they are the reward of the darkened days. The State gave everything it had: men and women, resources, billions of man hours of work. Everything tells us now that all we gained was a little breathing spell and that if it ever happens again we will be the battle ground. But in this disillusionment we have the good and patriotic company of forty-seven other States of the Union. And we have something that not all of them have left from the conflict: new people and new land.

That has always been an unbeatable combination in America.

Chapter Seventeen

FIRST MAN TO JAPAN

WHEN at last the Jap war broke open like a long festering sore, you heard many a Washingtonian say that it was too bad that Perry ever opened up the damned country in the first place.

But the vain Commodore (and he would not like this at all!) was not the first man to get into Japan and convince its leaders that their country should take a place in the world. That had been done all of five years before Perry's voyage—and by a Washingtonian at that!

One is continually astonished at how streams of Pacific Northwest destiny are always being traced to a common spring. Ranald MacDonald was born in 1824, the son of the second daughter of Comcomly, that one-eyed chief of the lower Columbia who became enamored of Jane Barnes. Ranald's father was Archibald McDonald—son and father used different spellings for the family name—one of the Scotch traders for the Hudson's Bay Company.

Ranald MacDonald died in 1894, only six years before the beginning of the present century. He died in the arms of his niece, Mrs. Jerry Lynch, who lives today in the Kettle River country northwest of Spokane. Here was a man who was born in the very cradle of the Pacific Northwest, out of a mother to whose people the land belonged. The woman who heard his last words still lives, and between his birth and her presence the nation has fought five major wars, one within itself and one with the country which

so fascinated Ranald MacDonald that he could not rest until he had seen it.

MacDonald's preoccupation with Japan began when he was a boy at the mouth of the Columbia. A Japanese junk was blown out of its course and wrecked on the coast of Oregon. There were three survivors who at first were thought to be Indians, so closely did they resemble the Comcomly nation. From these strangers MacDonald learned a considerable amount of their language, and in his own "Original Manuscript" he says that he found it easy. He says something more that is of greater significance in looking at his life. He felt a deep kinship with these foreign sailors, and he attributes this to his mother's blood.

Like most of the early traders, his father had several half-breed sons. He was ambitious for them, too. For Ranald he planned a high career in the Hudson's Bay Company. The boy would be a natural trader, and he would know the country and the Indians by instinct. All that he needed, the old man felt, was an apprenticeship in an eastern Canadian bank, and this was arranged.

It was arranged, but it did not stick. "I felt ever and uncontrollably in my blood the wild strain for wandering freedom." He must have felt something else, too; that he belonged more with his mother's people than with his father's. The change in the spelling of his name certainly did not come about through lack of education. And when he left the bank he pictures himself going "into the darkness of an unsympathetic world alone, telling no one." There is an abnormal strangeness here, for it was no disgrace to be half Indian and half Scotch, and even now in the Evergreen Land Indian blood gives rise to pride rather than shame. What is more, Ranald MacDonald was a handsome man.

But he did not belong in the world of his father, and every step he took was away from it. Neither did he feel that he could return to the life of the Comcomly nation, decaying on the banks of the Great River. Time after time his mind returned to the three strangers of Japan, to their stubbornly isolated country, and the little it knew of the outside world.

It is not surprising to find Ranald MacDonald as a deck hand on the Mississippi. He was a big river man; the first sound he heard beyond the sound of voices must have been the roar of the Columbia. But it was not long before he was bound out from New York on the *Plymouth*, and he had a pact with the captain.

They went down around the Horn and set a course for the Sandwich Islands, the islands the Japanese were to attack ninety-two years later. When the *Plymouth* at last stood off from the coast of Japan, Ranald MacDonald reminded the captain of their pact. He was let down in a small boat with his books, his writing materials, his quadrant and compass.

Japan was the forbidden land, and MacDonald's plan was simple. He remembered the shipwrecked junk on the Oregon coast. He sailed aimlessly until the *Plymouth* was well away, and then he landed on a little unoccupied island. On the beach he overturned his boat and smashed it. He damaged some of his less precious possessions so that the "shipwreck" would look real.

It was odd and fortunate that his first contact was with the Ainu, with Kurilean fishermen on Hokkaido whose appearance and culture is so like that of the early North Coast Indians. MacDonald felt at home with them, these half savage people in their grass clothing and their conical hats, and they in turn were drawn to him. But they knew the rule of the land, and they had to send word to the military.

MacDonald was taken to Fukuyama to tell his story to the governor viceroy. When he was on ship he was kept below decks. Traveling on land, his sedan chair was boxed up so that he could see nothing. And when he walked he was blindfolded. In the residence of the governor viceroy he was submitted to endless questioning, and careful sketches were made of all his possessions. His sea chest was sealed, and he was not allowed access to it except by permission and in the presence of others.

All this he had expected. He stayed with his story—that he was shipwrecked, but now that he was here he would like to be of service. At last he made them believe that he had learned their

language from shipwrecked sailors on the coast of his own country. Nevertheless, he must be sent to Nagasaki. That was the end of the route for all foreigners. People backed away from him on the street, crying: "No, no! Nagasaki! Nagasaki!" It was death to have anything to do with a foreigner.

But at Nagasaki he was treated well—and he was given fourteen pupils, bright and inquisitive. He was visited by learned men from all parts of Japan. Perhaps he would have stayed there until his death, except for the fact that Nagasaki held a foreign crew which had been really shipwrecked, and the American *Preble* was sent to liberate them. The fourteen pupils had learned their English, and taken all that Ranald MacDonald could offer, so he was released with the others to the *Preble*. He was shocked by the appearance of the other white men. They had not been treated as well as he.

Yet in his lifetime, the grandson of Chief Comcomly never had reason to regret the fulfilment of his boyhood dream, and they tell that when he died up in the Kettle River country he had on his lips the Japanese word for "Farewell!"

We need not merely speculate on the growth of the little nucleus of New World knowledge imparted to those fourteen pupils by Ranald MacDonald. There is in existence a letter written by a Japanese to a Canadian friend in 1888. It says that MacDonald's teaching was "needed very badly" and that the fourteen scholars made themselves valuable when Japan became more involved with the world. They helped the Japanese people, the letter says, "to better prepare ourselves to formulate the future plan of our national course."

Chapter Eighteen

ON HIGHER PLANE

ON the wet flats of the Duwamish an old settler had cleared his land and built a shelter for himself just after the last of the Indian wars. A visiting neighbor noted with awe that the settler had not only built himself a privy, but that it was furnished with two copies of a mail-order catalogue.

"The other one's for readin' purposes," the homesteader explained testily. "Got the Injuns killed out, got the trees down, got the spuds in, got a cabin built—and I reckon now I got some leisure for a little god-damned culture, ain't I?"

We of the Evergreen Commonwealth even now approach culture with some of that old homesteader's determined impatience. Sometimes it is as if, like him, we have suddenly realized that the trees are down and the potatoes in, and that it's high time indeed that we did something to improve ourselves.

Our adoration of the monologists from far away is more than a simple outgrowth of the early days when the "traveling professor" offered almost the only entertainment in logging camps and settlers' villages. We are young, we want to learn a great deal about everything, and as quickly as possible. It is not surprising that Harold Laski, for example, found audiences much to his liking on Puget Sound. His popularity had little to do with his political views, despite the fact that we have become known as a stronghold of the leftist movement. Laski was a soothsayer, a soothsayer not only

from out of town, but from out of the country entirely—and, some might say, from out of the world.

One thinks of southern California as the area most hospitable to mystics, but when J. Manly Hall, the celebrated Hollywood astrologer, ventured into the timber of the Pacific Northwest he found to his amazement (and doubtless to his relief as well) that his collections averaged considerably higher than in Los Angeles!

But the public and legitimate practitioners of culture in its various forms are not the only ones who fare well in Washington State. There is a lengthy history of fancy fakirs who have made themselves comfortable and audible at the best tables and in the most meticulous salons. There have been spurious dukes, foreign officers, Continental industrialists, translators of Hindustani, and God only knows what else. Most of them have gone scot free even when exposed, for nobody likes to admit he has been duped, and usually they have borrowed only a little money. But until recent years the majority of them were never exposed or caught up at all. The radio, the airplane, the newsreels, the picture magazines, have brought us all so cozily together that it is no longer safe to blow into a far western State and let it be known that you wish to be regarded as the nephew of the Duchess of Kent or the brother of James Branch Cabell.

Perhaps we are gullible because the professions of the Evergreen Land are not glamorous. We are lumbermen, bankers, lawyers, insurance brokers—why, if there is a single capitalist in the State he has been too fearful to so list himself in *Who's Who*. And in the list of Washington State men and women in that volume you find not one of the glorified professions which are scattered through the list from California. We have no pomologist, no oil producer, no clinician, no dental educator, and no sanitarian. Even of writers, certainly no longer either an uncommon nor a glamorous lot, we list only a dozen or so. And even if a Washingtonian felt deeply that he was an actor, he could not very well so list himself in *Who's Who*, for an actor has to be either in Hollywood or New

York. If he lists his address elsewhere he is advertising his vagrancy.

So we do bend our ears to the traveling wits and sages, even while we keep our sense of humor about it and fall back frequently on the old saying: "An expert is a fellow from out of town."

We were not alone, of course, in the terrific spurt of culture-seeking that went on in the years before the second World War. But, being one of the newer States and closer to the frontier days, we sweated a little more over it. There may be other cities the size of Seattle which have more women's organizations, but a great deal of research and inquiry has failed to find them. In the city on Elliott Bay they divide and multiply like the amoeba. At least half the clubs and circles and groups and leagues in Seattle are the results of bitter schisms. There is a great deal of jealousy as to which are fitted to carry the flame and uplift the city and care for the underprivileged.

Tacoma, the second metropolis of the State and with a slightly older civilization, does not suffer so greatly from an overproduction of culture societies. There are other communities within the State boundaries, much older than Seattle, which look askance at all the cultural club activity and the publicity which inevitably attends it.

All this is not to say that there has not been genuine and sincere cultural development in the State. In the realm of drama the University of Washington's Penthouse Theatre and Show Boat, and its newer Tryout Theatre for fledgling playwrights, are recognized nationally as genuine contributions to the theatre. For years Seattle has had a successful Repertory Theatre, and Spokane and Walla Walla, among others, have their little theatre movements.

Washington has always been hungry for the theatre. One of the favorite tales of Alexander Woollcott was of how Seattle ticket-holders waited up until two in the morning when bad weather delayed the arrival of Katherine Cornell and her "Barretts of Wimpole Street." An earlier example of the tenacity of Washington State audiences was in the Nineties when a monkey escaped from

an animal act and died under the floor of the Casino Theatre in Spokane. It was not discovered until a year later when some repairs were being made, but meanwhile the box-office had not suffered.

As for music, there are several symphony orchestras in the State and the Tacoma and Seattle Symphony organizations, at least, manage to attract and sometimes to hold for a considerable time internationally famous conductors. Sir Thomas Beecham, however, was unhappy in the Evergreen Land, and it can be said that the folks were unhappy with Sir Thomas. He was willing to take our money, but all the while he insisted most volubly that both he and his music were much too good for us. He displayed a considerable amount of bad manners and ham acting along with his genius; and the fact that he held an audience beyond the opening night is proof enough of our determination toward culture. It is also an example of our ability to "take it" from talented strangers.

Art has hard going in the farthest reach. It is a land which has baffled the great painters of landscapes and seascapes, just as it has baffled the better visiting novelists. As Jim Marshall has so aptly said, the State is a schizophrenic, and the artist has the devil's own time getting it on canvas. The competent artists of national reputation always find themselves west of the Cascades when they visit, and they usually find themselves bored by the mores of the coast cities. They look at the great forests and the giant mountains and hardly know what to do with them, and they find us unstimulating as people. They might do better if they stayed in the eastern half of the State where they could paint the desert and the scablands. But it is always the great Southwest which attracts that kind of painter.

So the local artists have to go it alone, and the majority of these have difficulties over and above the natural problems of their medium. They are less fortunate than the Washington writers, who can strike out and find a New York publisher and thus a market. An artist must have his work seen, and most of the art lovers are still in the wealthy East. And when representatives of wealthy col-

lectors do come to Washington the potential work they might see is funneled and strained through a relatively small clique of regional artists who, oddly enough, have somehow managed to set themselves up as arbiters of what is good and bad in Washington State painting. But this situation is changing, and for two reasons. No artist with talent, and therefore fire and independence, will long submit to such tyranny. And the national galleries have waked up gradually to the fact that some good painting comes occasionally from an out-of-the-way cranny of the State, and from artists not heretofore bearing the approval of the charmed circle.

However, it is of interest to observe, these members of the charmed circle were themselves once excluded—excluded from the Neo-impressionists and landscape painters of the region. They rebelled, and as one of them admits, they “mulled over such questions as the interrelation of man and nature, the infinite, Picasso and cubism, and Oriental and Christian philosophies . . . the problems of humanity and its fate under political misdirection.” Here, tardy but truly, are the Left Bank and Greenwich Village! And there are those who believe that “the movement” in the Pacific Northwest is quite as significant as anything hatched in Paris or New York in the Twenties.

Unquestionably the most notable contribution to the State in the realm of art came in 1933 when Dr. Richard E. Fuller and his mother, Mrs. Eugene Fuller, donated the Seattle Art Museum. It has not always enjoyed the support that one might expect from a young State anxious for better things. With some exceptions, the entire permanent collection, with notable yearly additions, has come from Dr. Fuller and Mrs. Fuller. Also, they bear more than half of the Museum’s operating expenses at the time of this writing. Except for the assistance of Mrs. Thomas D. Stimson, widow of a lumber tycoon, there have been almost no funds for accessions. And yet more than 200,000 visit the Museum every year, and every year it shows about one hundred complete gallery changes and perhaps twenty-five regional and local exhibitions.

An entertaining independent flyer into the realm of art took

place in the bellicose person of Charley Frye, whose name is written large and fearfully in the history of Seattle. Charles Frye never hesitated to make an enemy, and those who did not like him always said that he operated a slaughter-house. His friends referred to it as the Frye Packing Company. Whatever it was, it grossed ten million dollars a year in one phase of its career, and that is no small business in the Evergreen Land. In his middle and later years, Charley Frye went in for art and acquired a great many French, Belgian and German canvases—some say indiscriminately. When some of his pictures were refused as acquisitions to municipal collections Charley Frye said to hell with the critics, and hung his paintings in a Museum of his own in the front of his packing house. And when he was particularly incensed at this and other matters he would grind out grand opera laboriously on his pipe organ at home; or spend a vigorous evening doing the rumba in a night club. At the age of eighty he was letting off steam through both these avenues.

It is passing strange that there is nowhere in the State a museum which reflects the whole State in the realms of science, history and natural history, maritime development, and the early culture of the North Coast natives. True, there are scattered regional attempts at historical museums, and while these are growing in scope and importance, they are often incomplete and unsatisfactory for the visitor to the Evergreen Land. Although the Pacific Northwest has always had a lively interest in its past, a past too recent for perfect evaluation, it has in recent years been examining itself painstakingly and with an eye to posterity. But as far back as 1914 there was organized a historical society whose purpose was to discover and perpetuate Washington historical papers and relics. The Pacific Northwest section of the University of Washington Library is doing excellent work toward making the Library the chief and official repository of valuable material. In the past, too much material has been lost, or destroyed, or scattered among college and university libraries throughout the country.

There will be, in time, a Washington State Museum. Seattle, a city of half a million population now, will surely one day soon erect a music hall or opera house, build an open-air theatre, neither of which it has now. It is too bad that in a blush of self-consciousness, many of the old bandstands were razed.

Washington cities are not unaware of these matters. They now begin to recognize the need of coordination and control of their physical development. They know that a city plan need not be exclusively a cultural object, but that it certainly does help if it is. Most Washington cities of any size once had a long-range plan (like the famous Bogue plan for Seattle, which would have made it one of the most beautiful and convenient cities in the world) but such plans naturally were scuttled in the rough and tumble of frontier development. After all, it is not very long ago—1888, in point of fact—that the very first tea for a visiting lecturer was given in Seattle. Certainly a tea for a visiting lecturer is the initial milestone on the road to culture! The honored lady was one Kate Field, and the historic event took place in the ornate home of Morgan Carkeek. Miss Field appears to have been a correspondent for the New York *Herald-Tribune*, which leads us to believe that the newspaper had softened its opinion of Seattle since the day of the Mercer expeditions. Miss Field, the record says, was a friend of the Brownings, George Eliot, and Trollope. And she was a triple-threat girl on the platform, for she could discuss Mormon polygamy, temperance, or the Hawaiian annexation!

That historic tea was less than sixty years ago, and while some of us in the State of Washington may be a little sorry that some of our city planning and cultural programming got lost in hustle and bustle, we can think of no other people who have done so much in such a little time. Certainly Philadelphia or Boston or New York would have felt considerably rushed if they had been called upon to get from forests to cities in the length of time given to Seattle or Tacoma or Spokane. And, as long as we are wound up, something seems to have gone amiss with *their* long-range planning, too. Father Knickerbocker is studying his postwar

Bernard De Voto has said about the Midwest, and it applies beautifully to the Pacific Northwest: "Praise is not enough. You have got to keep your mouth shut about the water works." He refers, of course, to the O. Henry story wherein a cosmopolite got into a disastrous fight when someone slurred the water works in his home town in Kansas.

Not all Washington writers have kept their mouths shut about the water works, and have suffered for their indiscretion. But let us be fair, Washingtonians do read what is written about Washington—and where is the author who expects more than that? Indeed, there even have been sporadic moves to capture and isolate the muse in Washington. Doctor George Savage of the University of Washington has said, "Book stores and book dealers need to support more enthusiastically the local writer. While the community should not develop local author idolatry, it can create a more favorable environment for native expression. The psychology of waiting for the Eastern Seaboard to praise or blame is a tenacious and well-established critical reflex. A self-confident attitude toward our own creative products is essential for cultural growth and intellectual independence. There has been a healthy, natural growth. This growth should be fostered, encouraged, and made a part of our personal and civic pride."

As an author, I think those are kind words. But I doubt that a program of "civic pride" will add to the literary laurels of Washington State. It seems to me that Doctor Savage's statement ought to be tempered with one from Lord Dunsany: "Neither in any country, nor in any class, nor in any age, shall you predict the footfall of Pegasus, who touches the earth where he pleaseth, and is bridled by whom he will."

Perhaps we in the Evergreen Land, so recently with leisure, approach culture on too practical a basis. Not long ago the Mayor of Seattle received a report from his "Civic Arts Committee" and in that report were these words: "It seems to us that cultural growth and expansion in the future, along present lines, is predicated on national and international economic prosperity. Because it must be

admitted that culture and the arts, to many more of our people here than in other parts of the country, are still considered luxuries, and when retrenchment is necessary, these are the first to be dropped." We still believe that all culture costs money, and that therefore it has to be bought.

Paradoxically, the early natives—the Indians—who lived on the narrow strip of seacoast that stretches from the Columbia up into British Columbia had a definite and vigorous culture all their own. It was a strange culture, and not to be recommended (although we moderns have a definite vocabulary with which to describe it) and it was different from that of any other Indian tribe. Vancouver Island was the home of the most vigorous of them, the apogee of the area's culture.

These natives were wealthy; their civilization was built upon a great supply of goods. This supply was hardly exhaustible, and the goods could be obtained with very little labor. The basis of their wealth was fish—salmon, cod, halibut, sometimes whales. But they were adventurous, far more adventurous than we Washingtonians today. They covered amazing distances in great seagoing canoes. Marriages of state were arranged with other tribes, far to the north, and these marriages were the signals for fantastic pot-latches.

Their native art was woodworking, a fact instantly visible to the tourist in the totem poles which have become almost the symbol of the region. But they also fashioned exquisite boxes with carvings and inlays, and they built furniture and household utensils of Vancouver and British Columbia's redolent western red cedar. They were shipbuilders, too, making their big canoes of wood, and they were construction workers, building their houses of wood which had been hand milled into planks.

They possessed neither metal nor the wheel, yet they felled trees, made the lumber into planks, transported it by water, and built multi-family dwellings of wood large enough to shelter forty families. Their ships (they can scarcely be called canoes in the modern sense) could carry sixty men in the open sea.

Dr. Ruth Benedict, to whom I am indebted for a description of the ante-pioneer North Coast Indians and their way of life, says in her *Patterns of Culture* that their stage of advancement was "bold and exotic, and as competent as any that a primitive people has achieved." It was a culture which fell into ruin some time in the last century. Because it existed on Vancouver Island, across the Strait of Juan de Fuca, it was not too apparent to the early pioneers of Washington.

It seems strange that in a climate so damp and gray their religion should have been Dionysian, but it was so nevertheless. There is little ecstasy in the modern native of Washington, not even coupled with religious fervor. The Washingtonian is likely to be pleasant, evenly humored, and friendly, but certainly not ecstatic.

These earlier natives did not go in for agriculture, but there were groups that owned hunting grounds and wild berry areas. There were privately owned fishing territories, and strips of beach out of which clams could be dug by the owning families. Property extended into the deep sea areas, and there was no trespassing.

Of even more value than property, however, was prerogative. But there was a monetary system (possessions were the currency) and one hundred percent was not unusual on a loan. These people were literally obsessed by wealth and prerogative, by the urgency to shame those who did not possess as much as they did. A chieftain did not attain glory and power by battle, but by shaming his rival through making him a gift of more property than the rival could ever return with interest!

A chief could also attain glory by destruction of property—his own. He would stage a great potlatch feast to which his rivals were invited. There he would feed them candlefish oil in huge quantities and he would also burn the oil lavishly. Sometimes the oil fire would consume the house, but this was of no concern to the host. It merely demonstrated his wealth and his contempt.

Blankets would be burned, canoes destroyed, and sometimes slaves killed—all a part of the destruction of property to demon-

strate wealth and shame the rival, the guest. And if the guest had never equaled the potlatch he could only sneak away and prepare, in the deepest shame, a return match.

This tremendous *will to superiority* was the basis of this culture. It did not stop with the supernatural. These vigorous and overbearing people did not merely *ask* things of their gods. To kill a god and thus obtain the powers of that supernatural being was a favorite means toward further privilege and power.

There could be, in such a civilization, only two states: triumph or shame. It is not astonishing to find that sulking was a pastime, and suicide not at all uncommon. But to those who could triumph, who could really throw themselves into the passion of deluded grandeur, this culture of the North Coast gave everything its society had to offer.

There are threads in that early North Coast culture which one observes with a strange discomfort. Perhaps it is fortunate that it had fallen into ruin before the first settlers came to the Evergreen Land. Our pioneers were hardly aware of its existence; and if they had been, they could have seen its lesson in the strangely burned-out tribes which were left.

AS things stand now, we are, like the people of all new lands, a hodge-podge of the culture of many places: of the Scandinavian countries, of middle Europe, and of the hodge-podge which came in turn from the Midwest and New England and the South. We have not yet been affected greatly by the cultures of the Far East, or by Russia. That, perhaps, is yet to come, yet to be mixed with what we are now.

It has not been so long since we got the trees down and the cabin built and the spuds in, and if occasionally we find ourselves in an imitative mood, that is no disgrace in a State so young. We have been delayed by the false Prosperity of the Twenties, by the Great Depression (in 1929, Washington as a State was only forty years old!) and by the second World War. Whether, beneath all these deadening years, we were hatching a cultural pattern pecu-

liar to the Evergreen Land remains to be seen.

We have done a great deal, and we have come a long way. I have said it once, and I say it again: no other people have come so far in so short a time. And now perhaps we are so close to our sister States, to Canada, and Alaska, and the Far East, that we will not develop, ever, a pattern as distinctive as may be found in the States of the east and south.

But this very lack of pattern can well be our pattern. We can borrow and adapt from anywhere on earth, and we show signs of doing just that. In the borrowing it might do us no harm to take two things from the ancient nation which lived before us on the seacoast strip: their confidence and their boldness.

Chapter Nineteen

SEEING RED

THERE is one persistent rumor about Washington that needs to be scotched, so let us be at it now.

Washington is not a radical State.

It is not as conservative, perhaps, as Maine or Massachusetts, but on the other hand it would not for one moment stand unprotesting against some of the political notions and nostrums put forth in the Commonwealth of California or the five boroughs of New York. You can find more radicals in the desert areas of Idaho or the swamps of Florida in one day than you can find on the shores of Puget Sound or in the wheat fields of the Big Bend in a year.

The canard that Washington is a hotbed of radicalism, that labor is difficult to get along with in the Evergreen Land, and that the State is a good place to keep away from if you want to build a factory has done us a great deal of undeserved harm.

The rumor began, it seems to me, on a Sunday in November back in 1916. On that drizzling Sunday some three hundred working men embarked at Seattle on two small steamers, the *Verona* and the *Callista*. They sailed out to join a free speech demonstration in Everett where there was a shingle weavers' strike in progress and where an employers' organization called the Commercial Club had had the bad judgment to break up street meetings and jail forty working men suspected of membership in the Industrial Workers of the World. Some heads were broken in the process,

and feeling was running high in the little lumber town. When Everett learned that there were demonstrators coming from Seattle special deputies went down to the docks to meet the two steamers.

The *Verona* arrived first, but she never made the pier. Gunfire broke out from shore. Five men dropped dead to the deck, and at least fifty were wounded ashore and on the ship. Two of the deputies were killed. Panic took the passengers of the *Verona* and, listing heavily as they all rushed to the port rail, she reversed her engine and set a course back to Seattle.

Today in Everett you can find dozens of old-timers who say that the gunfire came first from the *Verona*. And you can find equal dozens who insist that the deputies fired first. Both sides are telling what they saw with their own eyes and both are telling the truth as they believe it. It would not be surprising if the Everett people let go the first volley, and it might have been in a temper that had little or nothing to do with their opinions about the shingle weavers' or the employers. No town—most certainly no western town—likes to be given a hand in its troubles by a mob of outsiders, especially outsiders from a big city.

Besides, in those days the very mention of the dread initials "I.W.W." was enough to strike both terror and anger in the breast of a law-abiding citizen. The leaders of the Industrial Workers of the World knew this and they played upon it. It appeared first in 1905 and was bitterly attacked by Sam Gompers of the A.F. of L. With candor it adopted the Socialist concept of the class struggle, and looked forward to a great general strike which would have for its purpose the overthrow of the capitalistic system and the establishment of "a free society."

It found good pickings in the Evergreen Land in the early years of the century. Working men were in the main migrants, many without families. They worked in gangs in the forests, the fields, the mines, and on the seas and rivers. What shelter they had was portable, to be dismissed like the men when the season was over and the work was done. They were often silent, sullen men, and bitter. They adopted a technique in strange contrast to the squawk-

ing radicals of the Forties. Indeed, a passive, angry silence was one of their weapons, and with it they helped kill Woodrow Wilson.

The President had come to Seattle, touring the nation for the League, and as he rode up Second Avenue the ovation was deafening. Then the cavalcade reached Union Street and a dead silence. The sidewalks were packed with men, and a few women, but there was not a whisper of sound. Pine Street, Pike, University, and finally Virginia Street—for five long blocks there was only silence. The men at the curb stood shoulder to shoulder with their arms folded high, their faces bitter and blank, their lips motionless. Wilson turned from this concentration of stares and himself looked stonily ahead, his gaunt face alternately pale and blushing. When he debarked from his car he was visibly shaken by what was one of the strangest and most effective demonstrations in the history of politics.

Then, early in 1919, came "The Seattle Revolution." That was its name throughout the nation. Actually it was a one-day general strike, merely an aftermath of a big war. More than fifty thousand workers in almost all types of labor walked out to support the demands of shipyard workers. The *Union Record*, a radical labor sheet now defunct, advised business men to keep their places of business closed, and the general public to stay at home. That was a mistake. Business men and the general public "went down town," and they went in bad humor and with rifles and revolvers. Fortunately not a shot was fired, and by three o'clock in the afternoon the business district was normal. Mayor Ole Hanson, who had been a gunman on the side of law and order in old Montana, got most of the credit for breaking up the "revolution." Actually he did nothing but hire some special police and deputize a couple of thousand citizens, a precaution which the threats of the rabid *Union Record* certainly called for. But it was the rank and file of Seattle folks who bent back what the *Record* called "The Iron March of Labor."

But nerves were stretching taut, and suddenly on Armistice Day of the same year there was a test of power at Centralia. The I.W.W.

had succeeded in doing some organizing there among lumber workers in the area and had established headquarters in the town. The move was not popular with the local American Legion, and during the Armistice Day Parade of the Legion all hell broke loose. Whether or not the Legion parade was marching toward the "Wobbly" hall is still a bone of contention in Centralia, but certainly the workers were convinced that it was. Sure that the Legionnaires meant trouble, the I.W.W. crowd opened fire and killed four marchers in the procession.

Revenge was certain. It centered on Wesley Everest, who was both an I.W.W. and a veteran. He was dragged to a small wooden highway bridge by an insane mob, and there he was castrated and hanged. And even after this outburst the fever ran so high that more than a thousand suspected radicals were arrested, nine charged with murder. The trial brought out at least three hundred witnesses, about equally divided as to whether the Internationals or the Legionnaires had begun the tragic day's business. Then church groups intervened, and gradually the trial and the bitterness petered out. But it is still a day remembered in Centralia, and a day recalled too sharply in other places as well.

The outbursts in Everett and Seattle and Centralia, long past now yet not forgotten, have little real significance in a consideration of the history of labor in the State of Washington. The labor pattern in Washington, like that in other States, follows closely the labor pattern of the nation. The outbursts at Everett and Centralia were more phenomena of the frontier than anything else. The action of the mob, on either side, was as quick and angry and pointless as the action of a band of vigilantes. Even in those days immediately after the first World War the feeling between worker and employer was not deeper than in other sections of the country. This was still the frontier and a man spoke out, with his voice or with his gun. And, if he had succumbed to the mob spirit, with a length of hemp.

It must be borne in mind that until recent years the great majority of jobs in Washington State were not the kind that foster

warmth in the heart of the employee. They were not always jobs in a modern factory, year around, with a home and a family in the background. They were back-breaking toil in the great woods or on the docks. They were heaving sacks in the dusty fields in summer, and walking the streets of a city in winter. It was not only that wages were low. Almost as important were the facts that working conditions were poor and the work itself was sporadic.

This began to change long before the second big war. Logging camps today are as speckless as resort hotels, and there is modern equipment to work with. There is year long work in the pulp and paper mills and the furniture factories, and a man can raise a family in one place. A halibut fisherman is more likely than not to be getting a share of the catch.

And for years there have been dozens of communities in Washington where small industries are supported by local workingmen proud to consider themselves part of management, and which have never been the setting for even a mild, legitimately staged strike. It is not labor itself that has given Washington State a bad name. The bad name is simply a hangover from a frontier binge that is still too recent to be forgotten by outsiders. And our undeserved reputation is continued by the publicity attending an occasional waggle-mouthed congressman, or eccentric State official, or a plainly stupid councilman from Seattle. True, other States than Washington have borne, and do bear, such political crosses. But they can better afford them.

A man named Dave Beck is the living proof that the Evergreen Land has adjusted itself to organized labor, and that organized labor has adjusted itself to the Evergreen Land. Mr. Beck is an international vice president of the Teamsters' Union. As such, he has become one of the best-known citizens of the State, and you will hear it said that he controls all labor in the State and holds business and industry in the palms of his chubby hands. There are men and women in the United States who profess to believe that he runs the entire State, but the truth is that there are hundreds of cattle men and loggers and farmers and fishermen within the Commonwealth

of Washington who have never heard of him at all. Business men who do know him have overcome their fear of him. He is a member of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce and was voted a first citizen by that conservative body. What is more, Mr. Beck is a regent of the University of Washington—and so, for that matter, is Capt. John M. Fox, business manager of the Masters Mates and Pilots Local No. 6 and president of the Inland Boatmen's Union of the Pacific. Other members of the board of regents of the State University include a vice president of Great Northern and a retired attorney-capitalist who is second generation Yale. Thus far there has been no shooting.

Washington has indeed come a long way from the days of the International Workers of the World and mobs of deputized employers.

Chapter Twenty

SERVANTS OF THE PEOPLE

YES, without doubt, it is politics in the State of Washington, and not labor, which has given us our reputation for radicalism and irresponsibility. There have been times when we vied with California in building fires beneath crackpots filled with panaceas. An unkind wit once called Oregon "a bridge between two insane asylums."

Staunch Republicans in the State like to point to the first Franklin Roosevelt landslide as the beginning of disintegration in the Evergreen Land. In that November we elected an advertising dental parlor barker as a commissioner of King County. A county jail prisoner, charged with the rape of a twelve-year-old girl, was elevated to the eminence of State representative. And a jazz band leader turned up as lieutenant governor of the State. That was the year when many a newly elected member of the State legislature found himself chosen, but without funds with which to get to Olympia. Some of these hitch-hiked, and others borrowed the fare to travel by motorbus. In the year 1932 it was no disgrace to be without funds. But most of the neophyte lawmakers who rode in on Roosevelt's coat-tails were unprepared in other ways as well.

The band leader, Vic Meyers, was by all odds the most interesting of the new statesmen—a bubbling and rather likable fellow who looked and acted like nothing more or less than he was: the leader of a far western jazz band. In this profession he had been

somewhat successful, although usually broke, and his band had even made some Columbia records in the roaring Twenties, competing against the big name bands of the East and Midwest. But, either by design or circumstances, Vic and his boys stayed fairly close to the Pacific Northwest.

In summers he was sometimes engaged to play at the Seaside Hotel at Oregon's famous beach resort. In winters he played at the old Butler Hotel in Seattle and became popular with the University crowd in the era of bottles under the table and gin in the teacups. In the later Twenties he played in a stuffy converted garage which bore his name in lights and was the first of the "modern" night clubs in the State. Sometimes he played one-night stands in the towns along the Sound and across the Cascades in the farm belt. Politics were far from Vic's uncomplex thoughts, but he possessed one of the more important ingredients of the politician: he liked people, and he wanted people to like him. He went in for loud suits, a black mustache and vaselined hair, and if he had gone to college in the period of his greatest popularity as a band leader he would have been called, in the campus idiom of the time, "a snake."

In January, 1932 Seattle went into the throes of another mayoralty campaign. The candidates were worse than usual—and that is something. They were so bad that the Seattle *Times* could not find it in its heart to support any one of them. It decided to make sport of the whole campaign, and to enter its own candidate, a man so obviously unqualified that the joke could not be missed. Their man was Victor Aloysius Meyers. They paid his filing fee and promised him thirty days of front-page publicity.

To handle their candidate, write his speeches and his by-line pieces for the paper, the *Times* picked Doug Welch, now with the *Post Intelligencer* and a short story writer of national note. Mr. Welch looks like a large man calmly pleased with life and his small family. That is only part of what he is; he is also sardonic and bitter, and the Meyers assignment was definitely up his street. Every day for thirty days he studied the campaign promises of

the candidates and parodied them without mercy under the by-line of Victor Aloysius Meyers, "the harmony candidate."

Meyers' suggestions for the improvement of Seattle delighted the populace of Washington and soon were attracting readers all over the country. The campaign was waged in the desert of Prohibition and Meyers was made to suggest tentatively that "a small saloon might operate profitably in Seattle and help to defray some of the municipal expenses. There should also be cracked ice on the midnight street car runs, and I think that the street cars should have hostesses." The harmony candidate also deplored the more unbeautiful aspects of the city and thumped for flower boxes on all the water hydrants.

Under the hand of the mild and persuasive Welch, the candidate was ready for anything. He appeared at a business club lunch dressed as Mahatma Gandhi, complete with goat. In a street parade he rode in a brewery truck drawn by percherons. Addressing a picnic of workingmen he transported them with the candor of his remarks. "I don't know as I have any qualifications to be mayor—but I just would like to be. I think it would be a lot of fun and I could use the money," he said.

At just what point in the fantastic proceedings Mr. Meyers began to take his candidacy seriously is not known. But it is certain that he did begin to have hopes, and that he was disappointed in his defeat. That is not to say that he was discouraged. His name had been widely publicized, and the following fall he filed that name for lieutenant governor against Democrats who were little known. In the primaries he won by a comfortable plurality, and in November he was sent to Olympia on the flood. The *Times* was embarrassed, but to this day Mr. Welch is secretly delighted with his work. It is claimed that when a well-wisher advised Vic Meyers that he would have to preside over the State senate and had better study parliamentary law, he replied: "What's wrong with American laws? They're good enough for me, and they're good enough for Washington."

But Vic Meyers took his new job seriously. He found out about

parliamentary law and studied it. He took up public speaking. To the astonishment and relief of his State he presided over the Senate with sobriety and dignity.

In 1946 he made another try at the job of mayor of Seattle and was again turned down. And this time the *Seattle Times* took the election very seriously indeed. Enough, the *Times* felt, was enough. But in Washington State an ex-band leader need not lose hope after one or two elections. The Governor's mansion at Olympia, even, need not seem an impossible residence. There is the United States Senate—why not?—and the House of Representatives is never as far from Puget Sound as the map appears to prove. Vic Meyers is popular outside of Seattle, and when Seattle turns a man down he is likely to find his stock rising throughout the rest of the State. The little towns have not forgotten how the big city made Vic the butt of a joke, and how he went on and got to be lieutenant governor and did a pretty good job of it. They like that sort of thing in the logging camps and the fish canneries and the farm towns. The "cow counties" have power, too. Most of the population may be west of the Cascades, but the farm counties still rule when they get together. Their power in the State legislature has always been painful to the larger communities on the water side of Washington.

Of course Washington has had strong governors and Seattle has had strong mayors, but once they are elected they are never very popular. Washingtonians really do not care much for an office-holder who lacks color (a reflection of the old pioneer spirit) and an official who is both strong and honest is just as likely to be colorless. Another thing, a Westerner may mistake quiet confidence for pomposity, and if there is one thing a Far Westerner cannot abide it is a stuffed shirt. So it is the wild and colorful ones who are best liked, at least for a time. Washingtonians are inclined to regard their politics as a show, and by the same token they like a change in the billing regularly.

A case in point was Hiram Gill, one-time mayor of Seattle. Hi Gill was a gaunt, well meaning Midwesterner with an Adam's

apple as obvious as his thinking. He ran for mayor on a "wide open town" campaign. He announced that if a man wanted to drink and gamble, that was the man's business. He even went further. He believed that if a man liked the ladies but had no close friendships among that sex he should have available to him a segregated district in which he could find female associations without too much trouble. Seattle elected him.

But once the town was thrown wide open, a number of citizens—a majority, in fact—began to experience pangs of conscience. They cringed under magazine articles which referred to Seattle as a wild frontier metropolis where fun could be taken as you found it, and where you could find it anywhere. The city by Elliott Bay has long suffered from this split personality. When it is good it would like to be bad, and when it is bad it worries like hell about it. Seattle regularly sins, and as regularly scourges itself. Today it loves horse racing; tomorrow it believes that nothing could be as evil as the sport of kings. Today it believes that dog racing is harmless; tomorrow a hound caught running at more than a lope is as likely to find itself in the city jail as in the city pound.

This phenomenon may be due to the large influx of New England and Midwest blood in earlier days, or to the large segment of Scandinavian population, phlegmatic and sensible. Or it could be the climate. Whatever the reason, Mr. Gill found himself caught. My own father, who had unblushingly operated gambling houses in Seattle's earlier days and was an earnest devotee at the tracks, was in the forefront of the movement to recall Mr. Gill. What changed his conscience, as well as the consciences of thousands of other Seattleites, will never be known for certain. The historic fact is that Hi Gill was recalled—he was thrown out in disgrace for running the kind of a city which the voters had chosen of their own free wills.

Hi Gill bided his time. At the next election he filed his name again. He went to the people and in effect he said, "Once you elected me because you thought you wanted a wide open town. Then you changed your mind. I, too, have a right to change my

mind. If you elect me again, I promise you a city government that will be approved by the clergy."

Hi Gill's campaign appealed to Seattle's sense of fair play. They elected him for the second time. And the moment he got into office he kept his campaign promises with a vigor that left the whole State breathless. He banished games, and he sent fancy ladies packing, and he all but closed the movies on Sundays. He did not merely padlock speakeasies. He formed "axe squads" which destroyed thousands of dollars worth of speakeasy fixtures and poured hundreds of gallons of illicit liquor into the drains. Hi walked around police headquarters in a modified Stetson and smoking a corn cob pipe and dared the forces of evil to stop him. Seattle loved it. Hi Gill's reform program was twice as exciting as his wide open town.

Once, when Seattle was particularly bored and pious, it elected a woman mayor named Bertha Landis, the wife of a political science professor at the University of Washington. She functioned much more competently than many of her successors and predecessors, but the city never felt quite comfortable with her. No sooner was she in office than they began to look back on Hi Gill and Ole Hanson, mayors around whom a man could cuss and spit.

The best way to describe the mayoralty situation in the State's key city is to compare John Dore and Arthur Langlie. Langlie, a native of Seattle and of Scandinavian extraction, is a nice young man of considerable ability and of unimpeachable honesty. By and large, he was undoubtedly the best mayor in Seattle's history, considering the problems current during his term. His worth was proven when he went on to the governorship, earned national respect, and put the State well into the black.

John Dore was a hard-bitten criminal lawyer evolved from a police reporter down at the old city hall. His bouts with politics began early in his career, and his lawyering was often one step ahead of disbarment proceedings. He made sport of the mayor's office as flippantly as he had made sport of the legal profession,

and his political deals were legendary. He did possess an honesty of a peculiar sort: he never pretended to be anything more than he was. He knew that the people could be fooled, that often they did not give a damn, and he told them so on many occasions.

And of these two men it was Johnny Dore rather than Art Langlie who was somehow most beloved by the rank and file of Seattle. But then Seattle is not the first city, nor the last, to approve of sharpness rather than honest ability. There is a skeleton in all our closets, and we cannot abide our leaders too pure. It is the tragedy of Seattle, but has been likewise the tragedy of the nation.

In its earlier days the State had men of some stature who engaged in politics. In those days good men, like the famous Judge Burke, for example, did a bit of everything and among their daily tasks was politics. But not since the polite and elegant pink-whiskered Hamilton Lewis shattered Seattle ladies and later the United States Senate has a Washingtonian achieved a degree of political spontaneity that has attracted the nation at large.

In recent years it is Eric Johnston who has come nearest, but he approached the limelight in what is these days a rather unpopular vehicle, the presidency of the United States Chamber of Commerce. In that office he made a great deal of sense for both liberals and conservatives, and if Washington State had had more electoral votes and been more mature, the talk of Johnston for a presidential nominee might have been much stronger. Even as it was, he had a number of old-line Republicans worried. He looked like another Willkie, more slender, but just as handsome and a better speaker!

The man from Spokane is a curious combination. He looks a little like an actor and he responds to an audience in somewhat the same way. But there is a great deal more to him than that. He is one of few Americans whom Joseph Stalin seems to have liked, and it is readily apparent that Mr. Johnston understands the Russian and respects him. In the United States Chamber, the Spokaneite showed considerable hard courage and did not hesitate to make recommendations which he knew would be unpopular

with the majority of members. The Evergreen Land has never seemed to quite know what to make of Eric Johnston, but perhaps it will make up its mind. And Mr. Johnston is young enough to be able to wait a while.

It is too bad, but it is a fact, that the Washington State politicians—Johnston excepted—who receive the most national publicity are usually bad medicine for the State. The rest of the country knows all about men like C. C. Dill, not the most selfless person to come out of the Big Bend, and forgets a governor like Art Langlie or a mayor like Bill Devin. The national press focuses on a congressman like Hugh DeLacy, a mixed-up Communist, who campaigned Seattle's skid-road with "sweater girls" each bearing on her bosom a letter of his name, and it neglects good journeyman jobs in Congress on the part of both Democrats and Republicans from the Evergreen Land.

People of Washington and elsewhere have long since forgotten men like the late Senator Wesley L. Jones. Yet today, more than two decades after his election, they inquire about Marion Zioncheck, one of the more bizarre political characters from the State of Washington.

Zioncheck, the son of middle European immigrants, began his political career on the University of Washington campus where he was regularly thrown into the lake by reactionaries. His record seems to indicate that he did not forget this treatment, and I am led into speculating as to how many radicals are thus manufactured on the campus. Howard Costigan, a wide-mouthed Washington liberal who has on occasion attracted the support of Publisher John Boettiger and his wife, Anna, daughter of Franklin Roosevelt, is an interesting case in point. When he was a student at Whitman College he suffered special and unwarranted treatment at the hands of the Kangaroo Court.

When Zioncheck was sent to Congress his antics in the nation's capital and in New York delighted the reporters and shamed his constituency. People still believe that he was drunk whenever he was not asleep, but those who knew him best describe a man in

whom the characteristics of a manic-depressive appeared early in life. Zioncheck alternated between periods of bleak depression and exalted hilarity. It was in the latter periods, perhaps aided by a highball or two, that he leaped into the nation's press.

In the capital he was arrested for driving his car on the sidewalks of Pennsylvania Avenue, scattering frightened pedestrians. In New York he waded in the pool at Rockefeller Plaza at high noon, and in that fabulous city he might have waded without attracting attention had he not been attired in white tie and tails. But when Marion Zioncheck was low in spirits he appeared nowhere, least of all in the House of Representatives, and could not be reached by his closest friends. It was in one of these lone fits that he plunged from a hotel window to his death. Washington State was both ashamed and relieved, and New York and the nation's capital had lost "a character" of the kind which holds a particular fascination for them.

The pitiful Zioncheck had no business in Congress, of course, and we were thoughtless in sending him there. The time may be coming soon when we realize fully that the ghosts of the Marion Zionchecks and the Johnny Dores walk a long, long time in the thoughts of our sister States. Or it may be years before we rid ourselves of a sneaking admiration for color and even a little charlatanism at the polls. But that is not, praise the Lord, a fault peculiar to Washington State alone among the forty-eight.

Our specific fault politically is a vestige of the frontier: to us an election and the candidates are something in the nature of a public entertainment, and we have a hankering for the show to be good and lively! And of late, some of our eastern critics have mentioned a matter which is wholly apart from the theatrical aspect of our politics. They suggest that we may have grown accustomed to a prosperity based considerably on government spending and that we may be wistfully hoping it can go on forever if we elect a Populist—and nowadays a Populist might be either a Democrat or a Republican! The charge is a serious one, but we have to accept it for examination in our consciences. Farm subsidies are a

great thing in the State of Washington and we have come off better than well in great public projects. The time is nearing when we will be on our own again, as sure as shooting.

But I refuse to believe that we are wholly taken in by these zebras at the public horse-trough, even though occasionally we elect them. I think in our hearts we feel about them just as Henry Broderick, a hearty old pioneer in the Evergreen Land, felt about his friend John Reed. "He was," said Henry charitably, "a great Bolshevik, but a hell of an American!"

I like that. I think it shoots the piece for Washington State at the whole revived school of romantic political medicine dancing.

Chapter Twenty-one

PIONEER PICNIC

NOBODY can understand the State of Washington who has not attended a Pioneer Picnic. Perhaps it is better to say "participated in"—for it is difficult, if not impossible, to view one of these gatherings merely as a spectator.

The one in the little town where I lived was styled the "Annual Reunion of the Pioneers" and popularly known as "the Pioneer Picnic," but they have different names in different towns. The basic characteristics are identical, whether they come as strawberry festivals or pow-wows, potlatches or rodeos. There is a simple program involving both white men and Indians, and somewhere in the program honor is paid to the pioneers. Usually such pioneers as are left merely sit on the platform behind the speakers. It has been proven unwise to allow them to speak for themselves, for they become garrulous and play hob with the schedule which, more often than not, is fitted for a local radio station. When the radio came, the old pioneer lost forever his chance to tell his tales, and I am sure that this has hastened the demise of the race. Surely more than one old gentleman, in the sickness of an evil winter, has simply thought it not worth while to stay on for one more Pioneer Picnic if he was not to be allowed to talk.

But some still sit quietly on the platform, wearing their badges, and in these latter days they are often so deaf that they cannot hear the compliments being paid to them. Around this simple frame-

work of celebration are garlanded other activities which have little to do with pioneers and pioneering. There is usually a small traveling carnival complete with pitchmen. There is, weather permitting, a picnic lunch in the town park. There is a dance at night for the young folks and those who still feel young enough to dance.

But most of all there is incessant "visiting." There is visiting on the curbs, in the middle of the street that holds the carnival, in the stores, and on the benches of the park. Small children yammer and smear their faces happily with ice cream and all-day suckers while their parents visit—which is to say, while they trade news.

For there was, and is, a savor in the gossip traded at a pioneer picnic, a savor that is not in the printed pages of the town's weekly newspaper, not in the wall telephone at home, and certainly not in the newsreels and the radio and the dailies of near-by cities. The newsreels, the radio, and the city dailies speak of folks beyond the county line and they are of small interest in a visiting bee.

And you cannot visit by telephone and by reading the weekly. Somehow you cannot visit by paying calls, for there is something about a "call" paid in a small western town that freezes the tongue and curiosity a little. Women, and men, too, for that matter, visit best at a pioneer gathering.

Visiting means giving and getting the specific news you want, about the specific people you like or love, or envy or despise. Visiting means how did Mary Nichols come out with her fifth child, for Heaven's sake; and how many bushels did Ed Graham get off his north forty, and is the cannery paying high enough for peas, do you think, to make it worth while to change over from alfalfa or hops; and do you think the lumber mill is going to start up again, or is that just talk, and would you want Joe to go back there to work again if it did? Visiting is do you think there is anything to what they say about Virgie Denson's girl running around wild in Tacoma, and is it true that Ben Lomond isn't drinking like he used to and isn't it a godsend to Betty if he's really not?

For a pioneer picnic is, after all, the quilting bee and the corn husking. It goes beyond those—it is the old "rondyvoo" of the

mountain men. And it goes still beyond that. It is the potlatch of the Indians of the North Coast, too.

In fact, Seattle in the simple teens of the century, had a pioneer gathering which it called the Potlatch. These were the days when people spoke unashamedly of "the Seattle Spirit" which was a heritage from a "Great Fire"—one of those conflagrations which seem to be a necessary part of the early history of all frontier cities. The moving spirits of the Potlatch were "Tilikums" which is the Chinook word for friends. The Potlatch was a gay business, with the whole town turning out and everybody wearing "the Potlatch bug" on their lapels and shirtwaists, and fine parades by the "Tilikums" who dressed all in white for the occasion. I was young in those days and perhaps I idealize it too much, but to me the magic word "Potlatch" brings the same thrill to the breast as Mardi Gras does to a man from New Orleans. But the Potlatch died out during the first World War and it has never come back except once, for something had changed. Seattle had become too self-conscious, perhaps.

But the rest of Washington State does not hesitate to celebrate the Indians and the pioneers, and the Pioneer Picnic which I remember goes on today much as it did in the middle Twenties when I took part in it with Gail Williams. It seemed to Gail and me then that we were the leaders in the whole affair, and that we had staged it for the particular benefit of the two of us. As we look back on it now, it does not seem that this was an error.

Between Gail Williams today and that town and its Pioneer Picnic there are four years at Whitman College, almost as many at Harvard, and several years in the East before he returned to the Evergreen Land, as all of us do sooner or later. There are a wife and a young son, and a considerable pattern of toil at the bar. Yet I find that the pioneer picnic is as clear and real to him today as it is to me, which is to say as clear as if it had happened day before yesterday.

"You remember," he says, "how you got sick in the barber's chair when Frenchy Reynaud put lemon cream on your face, and you

had to run for the back room?"

I remember. The first thing you did, on the first morning of the Pioneer Picnic, was to go to Frenchy's shop and get a haircut and a shave, although you did not need the latter very much. Then, because it was picnic time, you got a Boncilla facial. There was nothing dudish about getting a Boncilla facial. Harvest hands and mill hands got them because soap and water did not take the dust out of the pores (Frenchy said) and when the Boncilla "mud" got to drying you could just feel the stuff drawing dirt out of your pores. Your nose felt as if it was drawing up to a peak. Besides, a Boncilla facial cost a dollar and it was important to Gail and me to establish ourselves among the younger bloods of the town.

After the Boncilla would come some lemon cream and it was this that had made me ill. The reason was a dark one which Gail still likes to recall.

A part of every Pioneer Picnic is a little drinking, simply because it is a time of celebration. We were very young and no self-respecting bootlegger or Finn moonshiner from the Blue hills would have sold us anything even if we could have afforded it, which we could not. However, we had taken steps to prepare ourselves, months before the picnic that year.

I had stolen an earthen crock from my father's hardware store and this we smuggled into the old barn behind our house. The barn was not used any more and it seemed safe. Into the crock we put the juice of wild raspberries and considerable sugar together with, I think, three quarts of water and a cake of yeast. Our directions indicated that this concoction would, if stirred each day, turn into a wine which would be at least potent enough for our inexperienced heads.

It was of course a great secret, and so we had to do some talking about it. A couple of older young men heard our veiled bragging about "some stuff coming up for the Picnic" and they must have seen us sneaking into the barn regularly for the stirring. Also, they must have been familiar with our recipe, for with Machiavellian cunning they stole the crock on the very day before the wine was

to have been strained into something potable!

With the Picnic only a few days away we were faced with an emergency. We met it, too. We had observed that the reservation Indians often got drunk on vanilla extract and that this sometimes happened also to white men of low standing. We knew that vanilla extract, while strong enough to do the business, was harmful as well. But we reasoned that if the extract were watered down and sugared up it would become harmless and perhaps even palatable. Certainly it would intoxicate us, and that was what we were after. The fact that only Indians and itinerant harvest bums drank extract did not concern us. After all, we did not intend to drink the stuff publicly.

It was somehow decided that Gail was to purchase the vanilla extract, but when he went to the store and asked for it Mr. Pope said, "You sure that's what you want, Gail? Your ma just bought a bottle of it yesterday." Mr. Williams displayed that quick thinking which has made him a boon to the legal profession of Washington State. "Gosh," he said, "I guess it was *lemon* extract she told me."

That was how we came to water down and sugar up lemon instead of vanilla extract. Now that we had got it we figured that lemon would be better anyhow. But it did not taste very good, and it burned our lips some. For a few minutes we thought we were intoxicated, but I doubt this now. All I know is that when Frenchy daubed lemon cream on my face I got very sick and had to run for the back room.

It was probably fortunate that the lemon extract did not work out, for Gail and I were on the program. He had two spots on the program because he was an elocutionist—one of the very last of the tribe, I suppose. He had taken lessons in Portland and could recite whole pieces of prose and poetry by heart, and on the Picnic program he recited parts of Walt Whitman's *O Pioneers!* At the suggestion of Mr. Robe, the high school principal and program chairman, Gail would leave out the verse that begins "Raise the mighty mother mistress." Gail and I could never see anything in it

to be left out, but I think that Mr. Robe figured that when Walt got to raising his voice ecstatically and confusedly about a mighty mistress it was time to be cautious. Gail himself left out "Lo! the darting bowling orb!" which was just as well. I think the old pioneers were a little puzzled by the whole thing, but they liked it. At the end of each verse when Gail would bear down hard on *Pioneers! O pioneers!* they would beam and look proud behind their whiskers.

What Gail and I did together was a blackface act stolen from an old minstrel show. As I recall it, this puzzled the pioneers even more than Whitman's praise, but we would get a reasonable reaction out of the audience which sat on wooden benches under a tent. This still surprises us, when we think about it, but in that decade there were movies only once a week (with hard benches, too) and of course they were silent movies. Even so, at the Pioneer Picnic today you could never get folks to sit under a tent to hear a joke like one I remember. I hope that the setting down of it may erase the shame I have felt all these years:

"Did you hear what happened to Farmer Brown's bull?"
"No, I didn't. What all happened to Farmer Brown's bull?"
"He got run over by the train. Had a big lawsuit."
"You don't say!"

"They sure did. At the trial—at the trial the engineer said he stuck his head out of the cab and saw the bull comin' out of the alfalfa."

"Yeah. Then what happened?"
"Then he say he saw the alfalfa comin' out of the bull!"

But our consciences were light in those days, and being on the program gave us a standing which we could not otherwise achieve. We were not large of frame, or perhaps of courage either, and we could not accept the challenge of the carnival wrestlers like the Rayburn boys from up on the mountain. The Rayburn boys always challenged the wrestlers and they won so often that after a while the wrestlers would just not set up their show in our town.

Sometimes, though, we could enter a street race and this would bring us from three to five dollars and the sweet sound of encouragement and applause. Gail ruined the first suit of long trousers he ever had that way. He got across the finish line first but then he sprawled and he ripped the trousers right through both knees. It was the first day of the picnic and it meant that for the rest of the celebration he had to get back into knickerbockers and it was all very humiliating for him and satisfactory for me. I did not win a race that year but I preserved my trousers.

Perhaps we should have given a little more thought to the old pioneers and what the celebration was for. But I guess it was enough for them to wear red, white and blue ribbons on their coats and sit on the platform. It was enough, probably, to walk through the crowds and be smiled at and treated with deference. At least they seemed to be enjoying themselves, and they were bound to have a good time at the picnic lunch in the park. For there the women would ply them with fried chicken and potato salad and soft warm cake that did not need much chewing. It would be not just the women to whose lunch they "belonged" but it would be women from other picnic parties all around the park. I can hear Mrs. Herman Goodwin now, with her bright smile and her happy voice, saying: "Oh, there's old Mr. Newcomb. I'm going to take him some of this tomato aspic. He liked it so much last year." I am filled with dismay nowadays when I see the diets on which doctors put old men who are not quite old enough to have been pioneers. I never heard of a Washington pioneer going on a diet until he was on his death bed. And I never knew any of them to be ill after a Pioneer Picnic.

The high spot of the picnic lunch would be Joe Payant's band, playing in the band stand, and Clark Wood's solo *Asleep in the Deep*. Dark, smiling Joe Payant was—and, I hope, still is—proud of his Indian blood, as he should have been. He was a wheat farmer in those days, but he had a band that played for dances and special events like the pioneer reunion. He got money for those, but not very much, and he would play all night long at a farm

house dance, at a "shivaree" or a housewarming, for nothing. When the big canneries came to Washington and some of the farmers changed from wheat to peas, Joe changed over, too. He had never made a complete success of wheat somehow, but he took to peas, as they say in the county, and peas took to Joe. Last I heard of him he was making a lot of money, and he had an interest in a cannery of his own, and when he came into town of a Saturday he was greeted with, "Here comes the Pea King." I hope he has as much fun now as he did in the Twenties when he had the band. It was a small orchestra really—but it became a band when it played out of doors. At least that is the way Joe explained it to me once.

CLARK WOOD, the soloist, was publisher and editor of the weekly newspaper, but he liked better being called a soloist or the best horseshoe pitcher in the State, or the best fungo batter.

The Pioneer Picnic in that town seems to go on without Gail Williams and me, but I don't see how it could go on without Clark Wood. He and men like him are an important part of every pioneer gathering, and I suppose that now they are by way of being pioneers themselves although they do not remember crossing the plains. So I ought to tell a little about Clark.

Clark set the type on the paper, and ran the flat-bed press, and washed down the forms with gasoline afterward. He got the news and he carried the paper in little bundles to the post office for mailing. I guess he was about the laziest man that ever lived, too, and he would not deny that. He rather gloried in it. He said he could make a thousand dollars a month if he had the gumption to get on the bus and travel to Walla Walla or Pendleton to get the advertising, but he couldn't see spending so much energy. So he just traded local advertising for groceries and wood and maybe a suit of clothes once a year, and free hair cuts at Frenchy Reynaud's barber shop. He took in enough cash on subscriptions to get to Walla Walla to a ball game or a show once in a while, which was all he wanted. Years ago he tried working on a big city paper, and

he made quite a name for himself—but it wasn't long before he came back to the country weekly. When folks asked him why, he said, "Too damned much work on a big paper."

"What I need for the good of my soul," he used to say in the singing bass he used when he was orating, "is to use some big black headline type with words like TERRIFIC CATASTROPHE in them. TERRIFIC CATASTROPHE ENGULFS TOWN. Then there's *debacle*. There's a lovely word! I've been getting out this rag for more than forty years and never had an opportunity to use the word *debacle*."

I think that goes to show that Clark is a great newspaper man of a kind much needed now when they are no longer numerous. Most fellows feeling as he did would have gone ahead and used the word somehow—even if they had to write an editorial to get it in. But not Clark. He would never set up the word *debacle* until we had one, even if we never did have one, and that was that.

Then one day of an unusual spring we had a flood in the town. It drowned some people in the Blue hills and it tore into the town and did considerable damage and left mud two feet deep. I met Clark after the paper had come out the following Friday and he was cussing and kicking himself all around the horse trough at the intersection of Main and Water streets. "I'll be a double-barreled nickel-plated vacillating varlet with a giraffe for a grandfather!" he said. "I'll be damned if we didn't have a *debacle* and I forgot to use the word in the goddamned story!"

I don't know whether Clark was a good bass singer or not, because I am no judge of those things, but he was always satisfactory. You could hear him in church, and at the Pioneer Picnic his voice would certainly fill the park. As a matter of fact, you could stand over in Main street, behind the carnival tents, and hear him doing *Asleep in the Deep* way above Joe Payant's band.

In the interests of absolute truth it ought to be said that the particular pioneer gathering I have been describing was just a little bit south of the Washington State line, but at least half the folks taking part were from the Washington side, and the pioneer

gatherings are all pretty much the same in the Pacific Northwest whether they take part in Washington or Oregon or Idaho. There is a story I have been hearing recently which is attached to New Hampshire and Vermont, referring to the terrific winters, and perhaps the yarn did originate there. But when I heard it first some twenty years ago in the town of Ephrata it went like this:

It seems that John Barnes's farm had been right close to the Washington State line for years on end and he had always thought of himself as an Oregonian. Then one day they made another survey of John's farm and it turned out that it was in Washington instead of Oregon. "Well, I'm mighty damned glad to hear that," John Barnes said, "because I don't think I and the old lady could have stood another one of those damned rainy Oregon winters."

I suppose you could divide the pioneer gatherings into three classifications. There are those which take place in the water towns or on the rivers, and with these there is usually an Indian canoe race and maybe a log rolling contest. Then there are those which take place in the inland farm counties, and with them there may be pony races. Sometimes the men wear cowboy hats and begin to raise beards for weeks before the celebration. Finally, there are those which take place in the mountain lumber towns, and in these there may be a parade with a team of oxen such as were used in the pioneer logging days before horses and tractors were introduced into the big woods. I have been unable to discover what is done with a team of oxen the remainder of the year, for they have no duties now and are more extinct than the bison—if there are degrees of extinction. But at pioneer gatherings they still reappear, these great slow-moving anachronisms of the old skid-road.

So do stage coaches, in some of the celebrations, and so do ancient hotel hacks, and sagging buckboards, and elegant fringed-topped buggies. And there is almost always on these days, a lovely little old lady riding in one of the buggies, holding a parasol and decked out in some finery of the Eighties that is obviously her own and not rented from a theatrical costumer's. Where the little old

lady comes from is a mystery, too, and nobody seems to know where she spends the other three hundred and sixty-four days of the year. Once, along the crowded curbs, there were hundreds of people who knew her. Then scores, then perhaps a dozen. And now—no one at all. That is the sad thing about pioneer picnics. There must always come the gathering day when there is the last old lady or the last old man who crossed the plains in a covered wagon.

Of course, there will always be pioneers of one kind or another, and so I suspect that the pioneer celebrations will not wash out. "Things were mighty bad in Kansas, so your mother and I put your brother and sister—you wasn't born yet—into the old jalopy and we started out for the coast. We were going to Seattle, but first I stopped at Ephrata and I worked on the old Grand Coulee dam. Then the second war started and we went to Seattle and I worked in the old Seattle-Todd shipyards. The town didn't have more than maybe four hundred thousand people, then, but it was sure exciting. And we built the new destroyers. I remember one day . . ."

Sure there'll always be pioneers, and they need not be more than thirty-five or so. "I can remember when we got the first air line direct from Seattle to New York. Leave in the evening and get in before the middle of the next morning. They had those old DC-4s—those old four-motor Douglas clunks. Everybody had to grunt to get 'em off the ground. I remember one day . . ."

But they won't be covered-wagon pioneers, and therefore they won't be quite the same. That is why Gail Williams and I do not go back any more to the particular Pioneer Picnic in which we took part. We have attended them elsewhere in the State, assisted perhaps by Scotch rather than diluted lemon extract. We have gone to Walla Walla and Okanogan and Yakima, over the rim of the Cascades. We have returned to the annual Clambake and Pioneer Day at Port Townsend, and the pioneer gathering at Conconully, and the Makah Indian Festival at Neah Bay. Once we went to the Old Settlers' Picnic at Ferndale where, I remember,

Gail won a kewpie doll at ring-toss and gave it to a middle-aged squaw who turned out to be intoxicated and followed him for the rest of the evening.

We have even tried celebrations, with and without Scotch, which do not have for their purpose the honoring of the pioneer but which worship the bounties of the lush land of Washington. The Apple Festival at Wenatchee, and the Strawberry Festival at Bellevue. We have watched the Salmon Derbies without number, although neither of us is lucky with fish.

But not in recent years have we ever returned to the Pioneer Picnic in the little town where Joe Payant fiddled and Clark Wood sang *Asleep in the Deep*. It would be rather bad if we went back, and found that all the pioneers had gone.

Chapter Twenty-two

THE TOWNS AND THE CITIES

IN other parts of the Union there are settlements which proudly and publicly call themselves villages.

But not in Washington State.

And neither are there hamlets. Every settlement is a town or a city. When a town is talking about itself, as in a proclamation, it is always a "city" regardless of the size of the population.

Tacoma and Seattle used to have slogans which typified the spirit of the average town or city in the Evergreen Land. Tacoma's was "WATCH TACOMA GROW." It was emblazoned in electric lights over the old ferry dock and hard by the old Tacoma Hotel which advertised the genius of Stanford White to the western world. The sign and the slogan it spelled out were the targets for many a jibe from Seattle citizens, for in those days there was a rivalry a little too sharp to be called friendly. This rivalry was the aftermath of a bitter fight over which of the two was to be the terminus of the Northern Pacific. Relations were not improved after "the big mountain" was officially named Rainier when as a matter of fact (to rake the coals of an old fire) it should have remained "Takhoma" as even the most casual reader of Theodore Winthrop's *The Canoe and the Saddle* might have ascertained. As things stand now, Easterners frequently and understandably accent it on the first syllable, believing it to be a comparative of the intransitive verb *to rain*. Actually it is the name of an Englishman

whose monument ought not to be so heroic and who was never within half a world of Puget Sound. "This mountain," writes Captain Vancouver with galling superiority in his Journals, "*I distinguished* with the name of my friend Rear Admiral Regnier." That the peak might already have been named by the natives occurred to Vancouver no more than did the possibility that it was the Rear Admiral who was thereby distinguished, and not the mountain.

Seattle's slogan was invented, fittingly enough, by Henry Brod-erick, one of its more prominent realtors. It was "WHEN SE-ATTLE HAS A MILLION—WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?" "Bud-weiser beer," the Tacoma wags used to reply. And while the retort was obvious, it was nonetheless double-edged, because Budweiser competed with a malt beverage made in Seattle under the hated name of "Rainier."

The fight is gone now, more's the pity. Tacoma and Seattle are dignified, and feeling their middle years. But those slogans are still good. Tacoma has kept on growing, solidly and steadily. Seattle is at least beyond the halfway mark toward its million. Other towns in the State push and shove and vie with one another, but except for Spokane they do not change a great deal—at least not in character. Spokane and some of the smaller towns in the Grand Coulee area have shown sharp population gains, due to war projects and the reclamation program. There are other towns which maintain the growth to be expected as a reflection of the growth of the State as a whole. A few towns have lost population, and a few are now only names in the memories of old folks. But men who study cities have been able to classify Washington's pretty neatly into three groups according to the occupations of the inhabitants. There are farm towns, lumber towns, and transportation towns.

Tacoma and Seattle are lumber and transportation—plus other things. Spokane is transportation plus a market and supply center. Olympia is the State capital, something by itself. Bremerton is a Navy Yard town. But the rest fall very nicely into their grooves: farming, lumbering, or transportation. Nowhere except in the South and the Midwest are rural settlements so important. Even

during the second World War there were few communities which owed their existence entirely to the military, although it was reasonably hard for citizens to convince the Army and Navy of this at times. There are extremely few towns in the State based on governmental organization, and it is doubtful if even some of the new Grand Coulee towns can be legitimately classified as such. No community depends entirely on a State institution although for years the weaker wits have tried to make "Walla Walla" synonymous with the penitentiary, and "Steilacoom" with the asylum for the mentally afflicted. But both these communities have histories which go far beyond the housing of these institutions. Steilacoom was a busy little seaport town long years before Washington decided to separate the queer ones from thee and me. Walla Walla is by no means dependent on its institution and the citizens are hardly aware of its existence except when the alarm whistle blasts a warning that a convict is outside the walls.

While the designing of some of the larger centers went awry, the planning of smaller communities is often evident in their present forms. That is natural in a youthful region. Anacortes knew that it was going to be a transportation center when it was planned in 1876. Kelso, in 1884, was aware of its future in lumbering and agriculture. Longview in 1922 knew that it was going to produce lumber and other wood products. Occasionally a town has guessed partly wrong; Everett was planned for lumber and ironworking, but the iron works did not survive. Everett, however, put all its focus on wood-using industries and came on in healthy fashion.

There seems little likelihood that the farm and lumber towns will change in character and purpose. People must eat, and the land is good. People must use wood, and the forests of Washington are now self-sustaining. What may happen to communities which in the past have prospered on transportation alone no one can now guess. True, the sea is constant, and the rails are still down. But the peacetime battle for supremacy in the air is on with a vengeance. Will planes go from Tokyo to Chicago by way of Fairbanks and Adak, by-passing Seattle? Will shifts in population, changes

in industry, and the forced modernization of rail travel make Spokane less important as a rail center in the future?

As they say on the radio, tune in next week at the same time. Nobody could say now; the changes really come week by week, just as in the radio serials. Fortunately for transportation centers like Tacoma and Spokane and Seattle, they have aces in the hole. Spokane has mining and agriculture, and all the big development of the Big Bend because of the Grand Coulee project. Tacoma has wood products manufacturing, and Seattle has progressed to matters beyond lumber and fish, although those are plenty important in themselves. The rails and the ships and the planes are not going to ignore such cities, no matter what fantastic things may happen in the realm of air transportation. At least sixty percent of the people of the Evergreen Land earn their living in the forests or the forest products industries. Another sizable percentage earn their living on the farms, and a smaller percentage from the products of the sea.

Lumber products, food, canned fish, they all need to be shipped, and for some years to come they are most likely to be shipped by rail or water. It may not make too much difference whether a politician from Washington, or a United Nations official from New York, flies around Seattle on his way to Moscow. There is wonderful talk from the lips of visionaries who see the whole world through the blur of propeller blades. But some of it is, as we used to say in Clallam County, the sheer gossamer by-product of the pedigreed bull.

However, we are not going to be caught napping. Old-timers blink unbelievingly at a great modern airport popularly called "The Tacoma-Seattle Airport" and built by agreement just halfway between the two rival cities. The fight between Tacoma and Seattle began with an argument about a railroad; the treaty of peace was signed when work started on a ten million dollar terminal for airplanes. And now that the air terminal is built, the State of Washington wants air lines to use it. We are making a good deal of fuss about it, as usual. "God forbid," said Daniel Webster, "that the

time should ever come when a State on the shores of the Pacific, with interests and tendencies of trade all looking toward the Asiatic nations of the East, shall add its jarring claims to our distracted and overburdened confederacy!"

THE characteristics of the towns change very little. They merely progress or decline—and sometimes they decline to the vanishing point, like Branham, Buckeye, Cedarville, Day City, or Clipper.

Or they progress, like Spokane. It sits secure now and wealthy as the capital of a great uneven plateau that we call the Inland Empire—an empire within a State. This empire stretches south from the Canadian line, and east beyond the Coeur d'Alene, and it rolls through the Palouse Hills and circles the Big Bend country to the Columbia on the West. In this empire are bunchgrass ranges, wheat fields, even deserts of sage and scab rock. In it now is the Grand Coulee Dam and the great Columbia Reclamation project.

It is a picturesque city, bunching its greatest activity around the falls of the lively Spokane River and spreading eastward over a level valley floor. As it has grown it has climbed up beyond a rock rim of pine-clad hills. It has sawmills, foundries, electric plants, woodworking factories, a paper mill. It is the center of labor for the mines, the wheat fields and the pine woods. Along Trent Avenue you see the cooks, the whistle punks, the buckers and fallers, the log truck drivers. On Cannon Hill or Manitou Park or along Cliff Drive you see millionaires who made it in lumber or metal.

A representative of John Jacob Astor started Spokane by building a fort. Its people were fighting Indians while Mrs. William Astor was holding lawn parties at Newport. But civilization gradually tempered the spirit of the Indians. Alexander Ross wrote in his Journals that there were no more attractive females in the land than "the brown nymphs" of the Spokane tribes who gathered to dance with the traders and mountain men.

Then the missionaries came, to give the savages Christianity and, unwittingly, to deprive them of their land. For the missionaries were always followed by settlers, and that was always the end.

Chief Garry, who became a staunch Presbyterian, gave some whites permission to enter his domain. Others came without permission. A man named Plante built a ferry to operate above the falls. Cattlemen, driven from Montana country by Blackfeet, brought herds to graze in the protection of Chief Garry's Presbyterianism. Dick Benjamin built a sawmill powered by a water wheel. Two men came from Salem, Oregon, to set up a store in the middle of a field of bunchgrass and sunflowers. Things were taking shape quickly—and by the time the savages woke up to make another fight it was too late. There was a school by now, and men had played a baseball game in celebration of the centennial of the Fourth of July. If that did not convince the Indians they were through, then two companies of bluecoats from Dalles City did.

Emma Abbott came in 1883 to put on *The Bohemian Girl* in a warehouse, and Spokane paid two dollars for reserved perches on gang plows and other farm implements. Nail keg seats were cheaper. There was an opera house, but it wasn't big enough for the Abbott production. So, having thus learned, the town built the Falls City Theatre and the Concordia. The Northern Pacific was on its way, and there were a thousand square people in the single square mile of the town's limits! Advertising dodgers flew eastward:

THE MANUFACTURING CENTER OF THE NORTHWEST
OFFERS YOU THE LUXURIES OF
LIMITLESS WEALTH!

New dwellings, new stores, and new manufacturing establishments are springing up—and the end is not yet!

The end is not yet! It could be the motto of any ambitious town in the Evergreen Land today. Spokane is still saying it, and apparently with reasonableness. It was not wrong then, and it may not be wrong now.

But it is no wonder that Chief Garry lost his Presbyterianism at last. Things were moving too fast for him. He set up his tepee at

the mouth of Indian Creek, and whenever he was sober enough he rode into town on his white horse to seek alms for himself and his blind squaw. He died in poverty, but not without shock to the busy citizens of Spokane. They held a service for him in the Presbyterian Church and buried him in a corner of Greenwood Cemetery. In the very middle of the roaring Twenties they gently moved his bones to a more prominent place and erected a granite shaft. There is a lot to be said for folks who would remember to do that at the height of American prosperity. It meant that in the year 1925 the town was making its peace with the past. It was coming to the altar rail, like many another western city before and after it. Spokane was about to become dignified and respectable.

To every visitor and to most of the natives, it is the Davenport Hotel that is the center and heart of modern Spokane. It is a great hostelry—one of the greatest in the country and certainly the greatest in the State. It has something that is distinctly a part of its region. Reaching it, entering it, is somehow an event like reaching a fort or a fur post in the old days of long travel. There is the same feeling of attainment, and inside is the same glow and movement, and the excitement of good food and warmth and companionship.

But only the spirit is western. The design by Kirtland Cutter is unaffected by the rugged lines of a Nor'wester post, or the sweep of the rock rims above town. Few hotels in the State carry out in their design the simple, rugged themes of pioneering, lumbering, fishing, farming. The Davenport is no different in this respect. Cutter marched quickly past his American western history and went clear back to the Spanish Renaissance for inspiration. It is, indeed, a hotel in the grand manner—and yet it is somehow attuned to its place and time. A modest farmer from Marlin is made comfortably at home without a hint of patronage; the biggest tycoon of eastern industry is given accustomed service but without fawning ostentation. The food in any of its dining rooms is excellent enough to delight the eastern industrialist but never so dramatic as to alarm the rancher from Marlin. Both the farmer and

the tycoon will receive their silver change (including heavy dollars to startle the Easterner) scrubbed to mint-new brightness.

Today in the lobby of the Davenport you hear the big talk about the Columbia Reclamation, the new agricultural land, the thousands of new people. "No reason why we can't develop a good local market, as southern California is doing!" You hear about the plans of General Electric which has taken over the "old" war plutonium plant at Hanford. Where once you heard only talk of cattle and metals and wheat, you hear now talk of steel and aluminum and kilowatt hours.

The end is not yet!

WALLA WALLA was a thriving "city"—the largest in the State—before Seattle was founded. Today it has the look and feel and dignity of an old community. In many ways it is, out of all the cities and towns in Washington, the most "Eastern" in its viewpoint.

How it has maintained its dignity with that name, only Walla Wallans know. If you are a native of the Pacific Northwest, with an ear attuned to local Indian derivations, it is a pleasant name for a town or a river or a valley—and "Walla Walla" has been given to all three. It is certainly a pleasant name to Walla Walla citizens who quietly ignore the fact that it was the delight of vaudeville performers for years. Walla Walla has survived vaudeville, but it is still impossible to place a long distance call to the community without sending some giddy metropolitan operator into paroxysms.

Walla Wallans display little sensitiveness to these phenomena. On some of its literature, the Chamber of Commerce does not mind remarking that it is the town "they liked so well they named it twice." The community has not hesitated to give the name to peas and asparagus and other vegetables canned in the valley.

In Walla Walla everything is tributary to the main avenue and that avenue was once part of the great trail of the Nez Percés. It was part of a trail that stretched north and east across the Touchet and the Tucannon, along the Pataha and Alpoa to the Snake and the

Clearwater. The town really *was* named twice, for "Steptoeville" was its original designation. But the Colonel Steptoe it momentarily honored used some bad judgment and lost a battle to the Indians. The settlers promptly changed the name to Walla Walla—many waters. The name seemed right and good, and it tripped on the tongue in the way the early ones liked a name to come into sound.

There was a time when it was a hell-roaring town, when Ferd Plummer, the outlaw, ran a shebang just outside the limits and was about all the law there was. Then it formed its Vigilantes, and there is a tree still standing where the hangings were done. It had its infamous women, too. The one most remembered now is Starbuck Nell. She was said to have measured three axe-handles and a cut of Star chewing plug across her bottom, but surely this is a borrowing from the Paul Bunyan legend. Nevertheless, Nell must have been constructed, as they say in the valley, for I have talked with old men who saw her throw her breasts over her shoulders on a bet.

There were killings on the main street in those days, too. A town wasn't important if it did not have a good-sized graveyard. Saloons were very important, just as important as the stores that sold flour and bacon, cloth and boots, and apothecary's supplies. The rude barracks that were called "the fort" were important, too. Jonathan Wainwright was stationed there at one time, and that is where "Skinny" was born. The General went back there, too, when he could—and they gave him more than worship and a degree at Whitman College. The Walla Wallans, a practical people, gave him a Lincoln automobile.

In the old days it was a town that smelled sharply of horses and freshly dressed lumber, and of hay and grain for feeding animals. But on summer nights, when the air was dead and warm, there was also the odor of stale beer and whiskey wafting out from a dozen saloons along the main street. Then there were times when the breeze along the valley brought the sweet aroma of the rye grass or the cool redolence of ferns and rushes along Mill Creek. The odors varied with the weather—but the noises of Walla Walla

in those days were forever the same. It was made up of the exciting strain and creak of leather and harness fittings, the deep rumble of Studebaker wagons, and the clattering of hoofs in the dust or their sucking clop-clop in the mud. It was partly the sound of boots on wooden sidewalks that were literally sounding boards because they were built up on four-by-fours and were hollow underneath. It was shouts, too, for men did not converse in those days; they raised their voices to be heard in the open spaces. If they did not yell at one another they sometimes yelled to hear the sound of their own voices.

It was not a pretty town then, although if a man wanted he could raise his eyes to the blue hills, or walk out into the broad grasslands where there were purple bellflowers and Indian paintbrush and mountain daisies. It is a pretty town now, with its streets lined with alders and maples, and its spacious houses set far back behind great lawns. It is a quiet town now—the automobiles roll more softly than the old buckboards and wagons did. Men no longer shout at one another, and whoever may be taking over for old Starbuck Nell in a rooming house on lower main street is of a quieter breed than was Nell. There are no longer so many itinerant harvest hands in the hot summers, for the modern combines and tractors have made the harvest quicker and simpler so that fewer outsiders are needed.

Out from the main street, like branches from the trunk of a tree, are the other streets at orderly right angles. Along these are the residences, huddled rather close to trade and yet isolated too under locust, alder and maple. Right in the town, as well as in the field beyond, there is almost always the feel and smell of green things growing, of leaves and sticky buds under the feet, and in the summer evenings the sound of crickets and frogs and the hum of voices on porches.

In order to understand the kind of a town that Walla Walla is now, you have to know about its college, Whitman College, the oldest institution of higher learning in the State. The college itself is a paradox in that broad valley of wheat and rye grass and row

on row of vegetables for the canneries that are the newest development in the region. It is a small college, and it likes to call itself "The Williams of the West"—but, strangely enough, few graduates of Williams have ever heard of it. Its best known president, a graduate of Williams, called it that. His name—he is still president emeritus—is Doctor Stephen B. L. Penrose, and he is himself by way of being a paradox, I suppose, since his brother was Boise Penrose who became much better known for much less commendable reasons.

The effect of the college on the town is so subtle that few citizens recognize it. The wealth of the town is in wheat and canneries and agricultural trade; it is not a "college town" because Whitman's five hundred students are incidental to the population of between fifteen and twenty thousand. But the college has put its mark on Walla Walla. Some of the wealthier families may send their boys and girls to the big State University or to Stanford, or even to an eastern school. But for all their traveling and the glamor and tradition of their schools they seem to return with no more importance attached to them than adheres to the graduates of Whitman, right in the town.

If you walk down any of the shaded streets, where the alders and maples were planted first of all, and you stop before any of the nicer houses you may be reasonably sure that somewhere inside (probably on the wall of the best room upstairs) is a diploma from Whitman College. If not that, then you may be sure that the occupants have been present often at the President's "Sunday Afternoons" or attended the dramatic club plays or listened to the glee clubs. You can be sure that they have joined the greater part of the town in the natural amphitheatre on the banks of the campus creek to witness the Commencement exercises.

The college is a bridge across the continent, a connection with something that Walla Walla people, almost all of them, have left behind somewhere in the East and might have forgotten except for Whitman. I think it is the only town in the whole State which has quite such a bridge.

AMONG the little towns, for example, there are Pateros, and Shelton and Bellevue. They are as different as they can be, but they are distinctly of the State of Washington.

Pateros is an oasis—an oasis where some five hundred people live under the shade of planted trees. When they excavated for the hotel they uncovered the bones of savages and shoveled up hundreds of arrowheads. The white man was not the first to consider Pateros a likely site for a settlement.

There is a Pateros in the Philippines and, oddly enough, it is that town for which Washington's Pateros is named. This happened because an old campaigner recalled his part in the Spanish-American war. Yet except for its odd name, Pateros is like scores of towns in the eastern half of the State—like Brewster, or Malott, or Methow, which are not very far distant from Pateros—towns of a few hundred, or of fifty, anchored close to a meandering stream and cooled by planted shade trees, for, as we know, the Evergreen Land is not green everywhere.

The distinction of Pateros is that it is the gateway to the Methow Valley. Owen Wister lived in the Methow for a time, and it is in the Methow that "the Virginian" and the villain Trampas walk, seemingly forever. There has been little change in the valley since Wister lived there. It is a narrow gorge, hardly big enough to hold its river, much less the scattering of settlers. The latter cling to the tiny flats wherever the hills flinch back from the stream. They raise apples with famous names—Delicious, Winesap, Jonathan, and Rome Beauties—and some maintain small dairy herds. But there are also those who live in ways that are older, by bounty hunting and trapping, and some are loggers. These hunters and loggers and cattlemen come into Pateros when they feel in need of a town—but they feel that need only to vote or trade or to see what goes on during a holiday. A few find Pateros too congested, and prefer to go to Carlton, population one hundred, or Methow, fifty-five to sixty.

Here in the Methow is the nearest thing left to the old West in the State of Washington, and perhaps in the whole Pacific

Northwest. On the Fourth of July you will find saddle cayuses tied to the hitching posts, and you are as likely to see a buckboard as an automobile. The men are tanned and lean. They walk on high heels and sometimes wear rowel spurs and their legs look hard in their tight jeans. The Methow is a part of the larger Okanogan country, and Frederick Remington found inspiration along the Okanogan River. Wister wrote some lines for one of the Remington pictures, the one showing Indians letting their horses drink in the Okanogan and staring moodily at the fences of the white settlers.

Gone is the arrow, and instead
The message of the white man's lead,
The poison of the white man's drink—
These lessons by the river-brink
Are learned where Okanogan ran,
Good medicine for horse and man.

One thinks of Pateros as isolated within the larger isolation of the Methow Valley, but it is never safe to predict what ideas may come from such a town. It is, for instance, a citizen of Pateros who first proposed a great highway to run diagonally across the continent from Miami to Fairbanks! Doctor Frank Kreager, round and pleasant of visage, has had the idea for years. Lately he has been talking about it, in the Pacific Northwest, and down in the deep South. "The fact that there are no direct rail connections between the two key regions of the Northwest and the South make this project the most needed in the country," he will tell you enthusiastically. "Most of our great highways run north and south or east and west, but the main axis of the North American continent is northwest to southeast. The road I'm talking about can be maintained as an all-year, all-weather route." Of course the road would extend through the Okanogan Valley—but that is not the big picture. "Refrigerator trucks on such a super-highway could carry fresh and quick-frozen sea foods, citrus fruits, figs, yams, strawberries and winter vegetables to the Pacific Northwest and intermediate points; and they could return south with

tree-ripened apples, apricots, peaches, prunes, cherries, peas and berries."

The road that Doctor Kreager advocates from his office in little Pateros would stretch from Florida through Fort Worth, across the Rockies in New Mexico, up through the Great Salt Lake area to Puget Sound and then on to Prince George in Canada and north to Fairbanks. Fantastic? Not to Doctor Kreager, who goes right on assembling facts and figures and displaying them in a dozen western and southern States. Not to Pateros, and not to the State of Washington. Anything can happen in the Evergreen Land, and frequently does.

SHELTON is to the west, across the mountains from the Methow, and so it is a lumber town. More to the point, it is the "new" lumber town, an example for the whole State. Yet as late as 1941 we find the *Washington State Guide* giving it what appears to be more of an obituary than a description: "Shelton, the seat of Mason County, spreads in neat squares over the flats bordering the bay. From here highways radiate to all parts of the peninsula. In 1853 David Shelton settled on a donation claim; then other settlers began to arrive, at first slowly and then more rapidly as the demand for cut timber and logs grew. In 1884 the town was platted and named for its first settler. For a number of years it grew and prospered as a sawmill town and center of logging operations which ate their way inland steadily, consuming in less than a generation forests that had taken hundreds of years to produce."

Well, that *could* have been the story of Shelton; and to the able and discouraged writers of the *Guide*, working under the bias of WPA in the middle of a great depression, it must have seemed that way. But Shelton today is only beginning. And behind it is a great tradition filled with names that have written lumber history in Washington, names like Dave Shelton, and Sol Simpson, and Alf Anderson, and Mark Reed. We have Stewart Holbrook's word for it that the modern Shelton began when Mark Reed built his home

there, and when new buildings went up and old ones "went down in the fire."

That was in 1910. Normally it might have been figured that Shelton would be a ghost town in another thirty years, for the big logging began around 1880—and sixty years has seen the finish of many a lumber town in Maine or Pennsylvania or Wisconsin. Mark Reed never figured it to be that way in Mason County. His company did not make a practice of selling its cut-over lands, and it tried to take care that fire did not get into them, so that the seed would be preserved. Here in the Shelton area there had been logging for almost seventy years when, a while ago, Grant Angle turned over his famous *Mason County Journal* to Wilford Jessup. Angle had started the paper as a green youth, and faithfully recorded the history of Mason County logging and lumbering and community progress, line by line, from the days of the skid-road oxen to the end of the second World War.

"Whiff" Jessup, whose father and mother had published the *Bremerton Searchlight* for more than a quarter of a century, and who had just finished his second try at making the world safe for democracy, took over no moribund sheet in the *Journal*. On the carefully protected cut-over lands of The Simpson Logging Company young seedlings had been growing. In that lush black soil they were soon saplings, then trees much taller than a man. At Matlock, on the day "Whiff" Jessup first sat himself down at the editor's desk, there was a new forest over eighty feet tall!

But the inheritors of the Simpson and Reed tradition—men like Bill Reed, Mark's son, and Chris Kreienbaum, George Drake and Ed Hillier, have not stopped with letting nature take its course. With other timberland owners in the region they have been operating tree farms for many years now. And now—wonder of all wonders!—the government has agreed to a cooperative plan whereby Simpson may log both federal and company lands, according to a program which would insure the full production of Mason County wood-using plants for the next hundred years.

Pledging 150,000 acres of their own lands, much of it second

growth, against 110,000 acres of Forest Service timber, the company hopes to go out on a business enterprise with the government as a partner. That definitely makes new history in the Pacific Northwest, for this is the first "cooperative sustained yield unit" in the whole United States. This sustained yield agreement—a definite contract between Simpson and the United States Forest Service—was made possible by an act passed by Congress in 1944. This act conferred upon the Forest Service authority to make such cooperative agreements whenever such action could be judged as "in the public interest." That means, in the new logger language, whenever such an agreement would tend to stabilize communities, forest industries, employment, and the whole taxable forest wealth; whenever it would seem to foster a continuous supply of forest products, and secure benefits in the way of water supply, soil protection, and preservation of wild life.

When we found "Whiff" Jessup in his new newspaper property he was calmly darning his fishing-boot socks for a try at the Dosewallips River. But he knew that soon he might be too busy to fish the Dosewallips. It looked as if he was going to be busier than old Grant Angle had even been. "It's like this," Jessup said, "with the new plan, Simpson is going to utilize a hundred million board feet of logs a year. That will keep over five hundred men busy in Shelton, and maybe almost that many in McCleary. That's besides four hundred men in the woods. And the Rayonier pulp mill employs about four hundred. You know, Shelton could have been a ghost town by now. But there were forty-seven hundred people last time I counted them personally!"

Then "Whiff" went on to explain what had happened at McCleary. How the company of which Shelton is understandably so proud saved another lumber town from being a "ghost" is one of the heartwarming stories of Washington lumber. And it is entirely accurate to say that the people of Shelton saved the people of McCleary, for the future of Shelton citizens is to a great extent wrapped in the future of the Simpson Logging Company. Therefore, in purchasing the McCleary interests in 1941, the Simpson

organization did complicate its problem.

I remember the little town of McCleary in the late Twenties, and I talked to Henry McCleary there in his littered, old-fashioned office. He was still a handsome man, with his shock of white hair and heavy white mustache, and his air of optimism which was not then a reflection of either his "company" town or the country at large. He was a great lumber pioneer, Henry McCleary, and the town of McCleary had once been a wild and prosperous place centered around a sawmill and a remanufacturing plant. But when I was there the sawmill was down, and the sash and door plant was running only half the time. The stores were unpainted, the stocks meager and dust-covered. Some of the McCleary workers had been trying to raise berries and truck gardens on the grassy flats beyond the town. So that Henry McCleary's optimism—perhaps it was only friendliness—seemed strange and out of place. He was an old man then, and not to be judged, least of all by me, but I think it is honest to say that he was one of the old-timers who could not quite make the transition, who did not quite see the vision. For I felt sure then that he believed it was really finished, for him, and for the town, and the people in it.

There had always been an association between Mark Reed and his crowd and Henry McCleary, and perhaps it was this sentiment rather than a real obligation that prompted the modern Simpson organization to buy the whole McCleary shebang. There were, of course, compensating factors; it would have made no sense to scuttle Shelton to save McCleary town.

Simpson Logging bought the whole thing, including the town itself. They put a hundred thousand acres of cut-over land into a tree farm. They modernized the plants, making the expenditure on the basis of a sustained yield timber program. They tore down the unsightly buildings and painted the ones that were usable. Public utilities were improved. Houses were put into the hands of a real-estate company for resale to the workers under a contract that prevents profiteering. Simpson assisted the McCleary citizens in the incorporation of their town, and in a start toward the handling

of their own affairs.

When I saw McCleary again I could hardly believe that it was the same town or the same people. Shelton has a right to be proud, not only of itself, but of its little ward a few miles to the south.

But then, Shelton has several reasons for pride and for confidence in the future. The Simpson loggers have a research laboratory and who ever, in the name of God and the shade of Paul Bunyan, ever heard of loggers interested in wood research before! And there is a modern "board mill," making a valuable product from what was once considered sawmill waste and fit only for burning.

Moreover, it has the big modern pulp mill operated by Rayonier, and this is a very important part indeed of its integrated hundred-year program for the future. Shelton helps to make Washington State the biggest producer of wood pulp in the nation.

You could say that the future of Shelton and McCleary are not as certain as that of Pateros across the mountains—but they would be a better gamble. Unless Doctor Kreager gets his road built, Pateros is not likely to change. But anything can happen from now on at Shelton, for the trees still grow in Washington on the wet side of the Cascades.

BELLEVUE, Washington, never worried about lumber. Or about cattle—or, as a matter of fact, about much of anything. Bellevue has been destiny's child almost from the start.

The general boom across Lake Washington began when John McGraw ran for governor with the slogan "Build the Lake Washington Canal and Build it 1893!" Promoters (as sincere as Jim Moore in his later iron venture at Port Townsend) organized a steel company and platted the townsite of Kirkland, claiming they would employ five thousand in a steel mill. And the area south of Kirkland, where Bellevue stands now, came in for the town-lot-plotting and the blueprint speculation.

For dozens of years, Bellevue was a hatful of business houses two-tenths of a mile from an unimportant highway junction on the

eastern side of Lake Washington near Seattle. Many of its town lots were first bought by Easterners, sight unseen, when the railroad was struggling toward Puget Sound. Some of the Easterners eventually came west to see their private chunk of Paradise, but the majority of the initial owners never set eyes on their distant timber lots. A few who could not make the journey wrote to friends or relatives in Seattle and begged them to investigate the lake property and render an opinion. The resulting descriptions, even when written by enthusiastic Puget Sounders, were appalling to the city-bred cousin in New York or Philadelphia. One such letter reads:

Dearest Belle:

Henry has just asked me if I have written a Report on what he found to be the situation with regard to your Property, and I have had to reply that No, I have not. But I hasten to do so now.

We made the Trip on Wednesday last, taking a hack from Seattle to the landing at Leschi, and Henry rowing a Hired boat from there. On the other side of the lake we were not able to find your property at once, but by staying the night with the Chesters, who have built a cabin on that side, we were able to find it from your description in the next Forenoon.

It is very lovely, and completely forested, as is all the land thereabouts which has not been Cleared. The dense underbrush prevented a thorough examination, but it is Situated about Four hundred yards back from the lake shore and the slope is toward the lake. There were evidences that the Indians had been berrying there . . .

Small wonder that the property changed hands, sight unseen, many times!

But gradually Bellevue evolved into a little trading center for vineyardists and berry farmers. A few of the wealthier citizens of Seattle built summer homes on the eastern shore of the big lake, and so Bellevue stood for perhaps three decades. It was not more than fourteen miles from Seattle as the crow flies, but men are not crows and it might as well have been a hundred miles away. It

was in reality as isolated as Vashon or Bainbridge islands on the Sound, both summer colony properties. Pacific Northwesterners have not been immunized to commuting until recent years, and so neither the Sound islands or the east shore of the lake appealed to the average citizen as an all-year-round residential area.

In order to reach Bellevue, it was necessary for a business man to ride the cable car to the edge of the lake, and there transfer to a ferry boat. On the other side of the lake he had to be met by a dutiful wife and driven to his home. The whole business consumed from forty-five minutes to an hour. An eastern cosmopolite could do it without taking his nose out of the afternoon paper. But a Washingtonian cannot see the sense in going forty-five minutes and fourteen miles into the country. When he goes into the country he wants to go at least a *hundred* miles or more and he doesn't care how long it takes him. Bellevue was neither fish nor fowl; it was just far enough away from the city to make getting to it a nuisance, and after you got there—consuming almost an hour—you weren't as far into the woods as you might be.

Bellevue, like many another community before it, became an area held tight in the grip of a transportation system. It was not held by an octopus with far-reaching tentacles, like an evil railroad, but by a little independent ferry boat company. This ferry boat company did not need to be very strong in order to maintain its position. You could either cross the lake, or drive around it. If you wished to cross the lake, you took the ferry boat.

Things might have stayed right there for fifty years or so had not somebody got the idea of a more direct highway from Seattle to the eastern part of the State. The most direct route would lead across the lake, roughly bisecting Mercer Island near its eastern shore. That meant a bridge—but the bottom of Lake Washington is not suited to the erection of an ordinary type of bridge in the length required. Miller Freeman, acting for the King County Commissioners, laid a foot-ruler down on the map from Yesler Way to the foot of the Cascade Mountains—a bee-line from Seattle to North Bend, and right across the big lake. "Let's make a survey to

see if it can be done," he said. They get crazy ideas in the Evergreen Land.

Lacey Murrow, then State Highway Engineer, got to speculating about a *floating* bridge. He consulted the best bridge engineers in the country and they told him that it was practical. Concrete pontoons, transmitting no motion from the lake movement, could bear successfully a four-lane highway right across Lake Washington. The governor, Clarence Martin, liked the idea; he was from east of the mountains and saw the need for an express highway. Moreover, it meant an attractive eastern entrance to the city of Seattle, something it did not then boast.

So the plan was thrown to the public for discussion.

There are a great number of us in the Evergreen Land who prefer the status quo. Immediately there were several major explosions. One of them, naturally, was set off by the owner of the lake ferry system. The other came from the vicinity of the Seattle *Times* building, for the late General Clarance Blethen decided that he did not like the idea of a floating bridge. Although a very prominent resident of the eastern shore of the lake, he most assuredly did not want to cross that lake on a floating bridge. He said so, personally and in his newspaper, every day including Sundays.

Folks began to choose sides. It began to look like more fun than a Seattle mayoralty campaign. At first the folks in Seattle were a bit lethargic, but gradually General Blethen got them stirred up. Presently it was known that the bridge would spoil the natural beauty of the lake, that it would break apart in the first storm, and that it would never pay out as a toll bridge.

The people of Bellevue, most of them, wanted the bridge. They had the support of John Boettiger, Franklin Roosevelt's son-in-law, who was publisher of the *Post-Intelligencer*; but they feared that the tall Easterner was no real match for the son of Alden J. Blethen when he got going. Besides, the *Times* and the *Post-Intelligencer* were keeping squarely to the issue, and that is not the spirit of your old-time western journalism. What the Bellevue folks wanted

was a blast at the General, who seemed to be wrecking their hopes.

So the folks on the eastern shore of the lake bought an entire edition of the *Bellevue American*, the little weekly. In it they set off their blast under the General, and then in a more judicial vein set forth their reasons for wanting the new bridge and highway. Men, women and children stayed up all through several nights mailing the paper to a carefully picked list of Washington State citizens.

There were many other factors, of course, in the eventual victory for the country folks "across the lake"—but that special edition of the *Bellevue American* was at least the turning point in the "Battle of the Bridge." Now the Lake Washington Bridge, a ribbon of concrete which actually floats on the lake as motionless as a land highway, is a great success. It is more than a delight for tourists and commuters. It is an important and speedy link for motor and truck traffic between the two unlike halves of the State. It was a fortunate addition to the State's facilities for war, and—due to postwar traffic—it will soon be toll-free.

The bridge brought Bellevue within a few minutes of Seattle, and the war had crowded Seattle badly. The time had come for Bellevue, and forward-looking citizens recognized the signs. They began to design and build an entirely new business community on a well defined theory. The theory was that the automobile had come to stay, and that city planners and builders had been blithely ignoring the fact for twenty years. So, in this new little city, there are two square feet of parking space for every square foot of store space.

The new Bellevue includes in its square a supermarket, a super hardware store and lumber yard, a motion picture theatre, a restaurant, a barber shop, a photographer's shop—and of course, a beauty salon. There is an ice cream parlor, and a bookshop. Moreover, there is in Bellevue's square a sizable branch of Frederick & Nelson's, which is Seattle's Marshall Field store. Room has been left for other enterprises, and the new square has been built so close to the old "main street" that the original merchants are not left out of

things. Bliss Moore, the young Washington architect who designed the whole shebang, has heard of Frank Lloyd Wright and then forgotten him. The result is a little city that belongs to the Evergreen Land as purely and simply as the Douglas firs.

Al Whitney's *Bellevue American* is no longer a bucolic four pages. It runs now to sixteen sometimes, and its front page breathes the excitement that used to rise with the ink smell on the old frontier weeklies when things were booming. Bellevue, once a direct-by-mail promotion scheme built on the promise of a railroad, and later an uninspired trading center for vineyard keepers, has become to Seattle what Pelham or Bronxville is to Manhattan. Older residents of Mercer Island, of Bainbridge and Vashon, those barnacled riders of the ferry boats, might object to the designation of Bellevue as the first commuter's town in the State of Washington. But in the modern sense of the term "commuting" that is, in part, what Bellevue has become.

But only in part. It is an entity, a community with a heart and body of its own. It is one of the most recent proofs that the thing which Washington produces most is change.

THOSE are a few of our towns and cities. It was difficult to know which to choose—but there you have a transportation center, an agricultural center, a desert town, and a lumber town with a "ward." And you have another community which is something different from any of them, and something new for Washington State.

None of them are "typical" of the Evergreen Land, God knows; but mixed together they are somehow Washington and no place else. Perhaps it would be better to choose five or six other towns instead of Spokane, Walla Walla, Pateros, Shelton, McCleary, and Bellevue. There are certainly worthy ones. Anacortes, for example, and Everett or Bellingham. Port Townsend, that great springboard for so much Washington history, would be a nice choice. But when you come right down to it, no other five or six towns would add up to Washington State any more accurately than do Spokane,

Walla Walla, Pateros, Shelton, and Bellevue. Shelton may not be Washington entirely, but then neither is Longview, a big and successful lumber town for years. Walla Walla may not be Washington entirely, but neither is Dixie, a tiny and expiring farm town. Tacoma is not Washington, and Seattle is not Washington.

It takes them all, and each one must speak for itself; and, make no mistake about it, each one does. If there is any common denominator about Washington towns and cities it is that they have voices, and—no matter how small the town—they are courageous voices, throwing out challenges to every other community in the whole wide world.

As a Washingtonian I like the story that Stewart Holbrook tells about Union City, Washington, a town that has disappeared altogether from the map. "The founding fathers wrote, published, and distributed pamphlets by the thousands," Stewart says. "In so many words they announced that Union City was to be the greatest on Puget Sound. It was going to have three railroads, and it was going to be 'The Venice of the Pacific.'"

In addition, Union City promised to be "another Clyde" when it came to shipbuilding. Now it does not matter to either Stewart or me that during all this hullabaloo Union City had only one industry, a logging outfit with ten miles of track. It does not matter that Union City vanished altogether. It seems to me, and to Stewart Holbrook (who has been a long time away from New Hampshire) that Union City had the "right idea." Of course, this is just the thing that Easterners cannot quite understand. Perhaps, as we grow older, the time will come when we cannot understand it, either.

DID I say that all the towns have voices? Not quite all. There are the mute villages. They have names like Queets or Lapush or Taholah, and there is one called Jamestown. They have been all but forgotten by native Washingtonians and so our visitors rarely see them.

These are the villages which "belong" to the Indians because

they are on or near a reservation. The business district of these voiceless hamlets is usually a single unpromising edifice which combines the services of a general store and a post office. The decrepit shacks of the reservation are not inspiring, and those mortals who have clung to the reservations are listless if they are old, rebellious and anxious to get away if they are young.

Such villages are the heritages from the Great Councils and the Peace Treaties. "It matters little where we spend the remnants of our days . . . tribe follows tribe like the waves of the sea," Chief Seattle said. It was a beautiful thought, expressed in beauty; and these are his people in the mute villages which can boast of nothing now.

"Goods and the earth are not equal," said the rebel Peo-peo-mox-mox at the Council in Walla Walla. "Goods are for using on the earth. I do not know where it is that people have given lands for goods."

It is in Washington, although not alone in Washington, as the descendants of Peo-peo-mox-mox know.

Chapter Twenty-three

MOSQUITO FLEET

I WENT away from Seattle as a boy of thirteen, moving from Puget Sound to the other side of the Cascades, which is like moving to another world.

I returned to my native city as what I fondly believed was a man. At least I had graduated from college and had my first full-time job. My first assignment in that job was to interview a gentleman in Tacoma. It took me all day, and when the boss asked me where I had been I said I had been in Tacoma, interviewing a man, as he had told me to do. He was very much astonished when he learned that I had taken the slow steamer to Tacoma and back. I should have taken the electric interurban or the motor bus.

It simply did not occur to me to take the bus or the interurban. They did not yet exist for me. I had gone down to Colman Dock, out of old habit, and got on board the *Indianapolis*. As a boy, that was the way I had gone to Tacoma, and I did not realize how things had changed. It was in 1927, and now, apparently, only tourists took the Tacoma boats, so that they could see the Sound—most of them believing firmly that it was the Pacific Ocean.

I had been away only ten years, but it was no longer the thing to take the steamer to Tacoma on business. And the ferry boats to West Seattle, across Elliott Bay, were gone altogether. You drove around Harbor Island, or took a street car.

This was upsetting, for there is nobody more conservative than

a young man just out of college. If you did not take the *Indianapolis* or the *Flyer* to Tacoma, or the ferry boats to West Seattle, then the Seattle I had known (and been dreaming about in the Walla Walla valley) was gone. For that certainly had been a Seattle in which the waterfront played a very important part. In the arid lands east of the Cascades I had thought often of my friend John Buckles, and of the circuitous route we used to take to the public market where he shopped daily for his mother, after school.

We liked the smell of fish and creosoted piles, and the proximity of a sewer did not deter us from wading in a backwash pool that the ebbing tide left under a pier. I suppose that in those trips to the market we often crossed and re-crossed Railroad Avenue (it's Alaskan Way now) at least fifty times. We were torn between the loading of freight cars and the loading of ships at the docks, and so our route was a zig-zag affair that would not have been approved by our parents.

It might be hours before we climbed the wooden stairs of the Pike Street trestle that led over Railroad Avenue to the market stalls. From that height we would see how many boats we could recognize in the Sound, calling them out by name. Then, tiring of a view we knew from memory, we hung over the trestle rail until we were enveloped in the damply warm smoke of a freight engine passing beneath. After such rituals, we finally got to the public market which, in those days, was one of the first things a Seattle visitor would ask to see.

John and I had our favorites. There was the blind "horseradish man" astride a stationary bicycle frame, pumping like a racer to grind out the sharply odorous product he sold. There was the old lady with the Queen Mary hat who knitted shopping bags of dead-black mesh. There were the white-coated young men in front of Manning's who, by pouring brown beans into grinders, played a sort of mad tune all day long. There was the fish cubicle with the man who kept suggesting that you send an Alaska salmon packed in ice "to your frien's in the East who never ate them." But the little rented stalls presented the most exciting scene.

Here the truck farmers—Japs, Chinese, Italians, Swedes, Norwegians, seemingly all nations-rented the slanting tables to display and sell the produce they had grown on the fertile flats beyond the city. In the morning, the vegetables were fresh and the prices high, but both produce and prices wilted as the day wore on. You could haggle in those days, and Johnny Buckles was a haggler, and a good one, for he liked to take home a bargain to his wonderful mother. It was this haggling of all nations against the lively suspicion of the American housewife which made the stall alleys as noisy and interesting as any market place in the world. On the days we went to market I rarely got home before six o'clock, just in time for dinner.

Those days were gone, I knew for a certainty, when the boss told me that a man on Tacoma business did not take a sightseeing trip on the *Indianapolis*. I did not know it then, but I was witnessing the beginning of the demise of the mosquito fleet.

Clarence Bagley, among the more observant of the pioneer historians, discusses the relationship of the stage coach to "the Great West" and points out that on Puget Sound it was the mosquito fleet, and not the stage coach, which developed the area in its earlier days. The canoe, the small sailing vessel, the Sound steamer, and later the gasoline and diesel-powered packets, were the mosquito fleet, the key to progress on the western shore of Washington State.

It is significant that the founders of Seattle did not reach their destination by covered wagon, but in a small sailing ship. True, the members of the Arthur Denny party crossed the continent in covered wagons, but the four wagons were abandoned at Portland, and the famous Denny landing on November 13, 1851 was made in a boat from the schooner *Exact*. On Puget Sound, only Olympia and Steilacoom were accessible by road. The new settlement of Alki could be gained only by the water trails, and this was true of Port Gamble, too, and Port Townsend, and other settlements.

Seattle's first bride and groom—David Denny and Louisa

Boren—paddled their own canoe literally, from the moment of the ceremony in Arthur Denny's cabin. It is set down that when the wedding was over, they walked down to the beach, got into Dave Denny's dugout canoe and made for their own new cabin up the beach. The first horses were not to arrive for two more years, and they were so important that their names are preserved. This team was Tib and Charley, and their owner, Tom Mercer, was mighty proud of them. He had a right to be; their arrival meant that roads would be built. Without horses, there had been no reason to build roads.

A "dugout" in the Puget Sound country meant, and still means, a canoe. They were shaped in one piece from a cedar log, and they are still made that way today, both by Indians and white men. They may not have the grace and lightness of Hiawatha's birch bark, but they are for rugged sea work. And the lines of the best of them are not at all unsightly. It was common for the high schooner-like prow to be carved and painted in the likeness of an animal.

According to Senator Robert McDonald, these early dugouts were literally "water taxis" for the settlers. They were used to travel from one settlement to another—there was no other way—and apparently the Indians learned in a hurry what the traffic would bear in the way of rates. In later years, Arthur Denny speaks of a fare of ten dollars on a steamer from Seattle to Olympia, and says that when the fare was reduced to six dollars it was considered very reasonable "because the Indians charged more by canoe."

Those who fear the modern taxi can take comfort from the plight of these settlers who were at the mercy of the dugout fleet. The canoe always smelled badly of stale clams and dried salmon and, just possibly, of the owner. If the destination was not reached by nightfall there was nothing to do but sleep on the beach. And there was sometimes danger. Once Arthur Denny's canoe was overtaken by another filled with natives and a lively argument ensued between his Indian and the leader of the other craft. He dis-

covered later that the bellicose Indians had wanted him handed over to them. One of their tribe had been killed, and to avenge this they needed to murder a "hyas tyee"—a great man. Arthur Denny was complimented but not comforted by this news. Not every early settler was so fortunate in a similar situation, and one can imagine that thereafter Denny took care to hire not only a good paddler but a man of persuasive tongue as well.

Religion reached Puget Sound by dugout canoe. Father Demers came first, stopping on his way to Victoria, and preached a sermon in the cook house of Yesler's mill. Soon afterward, David Blaine, the first Protestant minister, beached his dugout on the mud flats of Seattle. Doctors and judges traveled the same way.

It was not long after the settlers came that there were larger vessels than dugouts plying the Sound and its inlets. There had to be. Seattle and her sister settlements were cut off from the world across the mountains. There were trees, the Sound, and the axes of the settlers. These were enough for a start. The brig *Leonesa* took out a cargo of piles in the winter of 1851-52, hard on the heels of the Denny landing. And in that same year the *G. W. Kendall* came up from San Francisco for ice! That must have been California's first insult to Washington State, for ice is a commodity not found in a Washington harbor at any season of the year. However, we forgave the skipper of the *Kendall*, and sent him south with a cargo of piles. It is to be hoped that his owners were not too disappointed.

The lumber trade boomed quickly. Bagley mentions the names of over thirty vessels which in the early days of the Sound had their cargoes prepared for them by the axes of the settlers. There must have been many more, for no history was written of Seattle during the first twenty years of its life, and detailed diaries were few—and that is understandable. When a man has been cutting piling and spars from sunrise to dark, he has little inclination for writing a diary by candlelight.

Soon the Evergreen Land began to build ships of its own. Sailing vessels in all rigs were launched from Port Madison, and Port

Blakely, and Port Orchard—near where the big Puget Sound Navy Yard stands today. Many of these were in the early mosquito fleet, the local craft that kept commerce stirring all around the Sound.

Once a week landing was a good schedule for a settlement in the first days. Everybody was at the pier on the day the ship tied up, waiting for mail and papers from Olympia, and perhaps for juicier news from the captain and crew. For the early day newspapers had more eastern and foreign news in them, stale as it was, than local gossip. You could learn more from a neighbor who had been "down the Sound," or from a captain who had put in at all the ports.

These captains came to be great figures on the Sound. They could be sure of their welcome, for they brought all manner of goods and the latest jokes, the backwoods gossip and the trend of politics. Their usefulness was without end. A man could take a mosquito fleet captain off to one side, and say: "The old woman has been ailing bad. Pains in her back all the time, and the Doc' don't seem to do her any good." The captain would remember that, and on his next trip he would be sure to bring information as to what the local Doc' told Mrs. Fulton, down at Olympia, who had back pains bad, and got over them slick as a whistle.

The medical profession would not like assistance from the maritime these days, but the early doctors did not mind too much. They had plenty to do, and little enough to do it with, and doubtless some of these absentee consultations were helpful.

The captains were good for a little legal advice, too, in an indirect sort of way. At least they could relate what the judge had told Fred McCarthy, over at Blakely, and the puzzled settler could compare his own case with Fred's and figure out about where he stood before the law. There is no record, however, of a mosquito captain momentarily stepping into a preacher's shoes, and it is pretty safe to say that the boat captains were stingy with religious and moral advice. Piloting a vessel on the long tides and rips and races of Puget Sound is not likely to give a man the kind of vocabu-

lary he needs for amateur preaching.

Tangible goods were more scarce than gossip and advice in those days, and a captain would not always have in his ship what a family wanted. But if they could describe it, he would make every attempt to find it and bring it along on the next trip. These captains were, in reality, the managers of floating mail-order houses. There are still many such in southeastern Alaska today, for dozens of northern settlements cannot be reached by road and are off the big steamer routes.

The early mosquito fleet was, of course, a fleet of sails. But steam was on the way to Puget Sound, and when you mention early steam vessels in Washington State you speak first of all of the *Beaver*, and reverently. I know men who own a piece of the old *Beaver*, a part of her stem plank, a piece of a hatch cover, even a nail from her transom, and they would as soon part with their right hand as with this memento. For years I myself have carried around from place to place a little chunk of her teak rail, heavy as a stone, and it would take a good deal to get it away from me. This is somewhat strange, for I never saw her; I was born too late. But I have seen the look in the eyes of Puget Sounders who did know her, and I know that she was a ship with a great spirit.

She was an old lady by the time she reached the North Coast of America, for she had been launched in 1835 at Blackwell on the Thames. It must have been quite an event, for King William was there, and a lot of the nobility, to say nothing of a hundred and fifty thousand people of no title. Not much was known of steam navigation and still less of the Northwest Coast of the New World where the *Beaver* was going. But they took her side wheels off, stowed them on board, and rigged her as a brig for the long voyage. She made it from the Thames to the Columbia in a hundred and sixty-three days, the first steam vessel on the Pacific Ocean.

She was for the Hudson's Bay Company, of course, and she ranged along the north coast and through the Inside Passage as far north as Sitka, in Russian America, a cross-roads of the world. She was for trade with the Indians, and so she boasted four six-

pounders as well as small arms, and a part of her gear was a rail net so that anxious or hostile savages couldn't board her in the night.

The gray-black plume that poured from her tall stack came from wood flames, and so she had a crew of choppers on shore—ten of them—as well as her crew of thirty on board. And she was a stout ship, maybe the stoutest wooden ship ever built for the Pacific Coast. Once she ran onto Race Rocks and a generation later they found a huge stone imbedded in her stout oak, a stone that would have sunk any other ship that was then afloat on the Sound.

Hudson's Bay, losing its grip, finally sold her. She was sold and resold time without number, sometimes on the Canadian side of the boundary, sometimes on the American. Once she was burned almost to the water's edge, but she lived to sail again.

Then finally, on a hot clear day in the July of 1888, fifty-three years after she was launched on the other side of the world, she ran aground once more. Plans were quickly made for refloating her so that she could be sold again. But she had too many admirers, and she had run aground too close to civilization. She was literally pulled to pieces by souvenir hunters, stripped to the waterline, sunk by men who loved her too much. There was never another ship so beloved by Washington State, and her only rival, if she had one at all, was the old aircraft carrier *Lexington*.

But after the *Beaver* there were other steamboats which came quickly, one after the other. The old *Fairy*, the *Major Tompkins*, the *Water Lily*. The *Eliza Anderson* came later, and so did the *New World*, up from the Columbia's fleet. In the same year that the *Beaver* was sunk, the first ferry boat began to run to West Seattle. The tugs had begun to come onto the Sound now, some of them famous—like the *Goliah* which had been built in New York for Vanderbilt and Webb and was brought to Washington in 1871 by Pope and Talbot. They were the high-stacked tugs, the old steam tugs such as you still see in New York harbor. But the tugs of Puget Sound long ago went in for modern diesel power.

The *Bailey Gatzert* was the fine old-timer which most men now living on the Sound remember best. She was a stern-wheeler of two hundred and eight feet, built at Salmon Bay in Seattle. The important thing was that she was built by John Holland, master of them all. He had already built the great steamboats of the Columbia when he came to Puget Sound, a man from New Brunswick, with coal black hair and glorious mustaches and unswerving eyes that could spot a bad plank at a quarter of a mile. The keel, the stem, the knees, the ribs, the planking—every nail, every snakelike strip of oakum, every rivet in every boiler, had to pass those eyes of Holland's. He had been good enough for Captain Ainsworth, down on the Big River, and so he was good enough for John Leary and Jacob Furth and their associates when they formed the Seattle Steam Navigation and Transportation Company in 1890 with the *Bailey Gatzert*.

Lumber and coal and wheat were going out of the harbor now in ever increasing cargoes. The gold strikes on the Fraser River, on the Stikine, and then the Cassiar, and the Klondike rush—they all helped to fill the harbor. A man could stand on one of Seattle's seven hills—since Rome, the hills of a mountainous city have numbered seven—and see such activity as he would not see again until the second World War, if he lived that long. And even in the bad years there were always the Alaska ships.

The ferries to West Seattle are gone, but there are still ferries to Vashon and Bainbridge and Bremerton and Mukilteo. There are still the freight boats, and the squat tugs, and the fishing vessels; and now the Navy has overflowed from Bremerton into Seattle's Smith Cove. In recent times the most famous of the mosquito fleet has been the ferry *Kalakala* on the Bremerton run. She was the first streamlined ferry in the world, and her gleaming bullet shape won hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of free publicity for her owners and, I suppose, for Puget Sound, too. Few Puget Sounders realized that she was the old *Peralta*, which had traveled doggedly for years between San Francisco and Sausalito. Severely damaged by fire, she was not rebuilt by her owners be-

cause the Bay Bridge was going into service. So she was bought for the Puget Sound run and towed up the coast as an ignominious and helpless hulk. They were going to renovate her to look like any ordinary ferry boat; and then an unsung genius in the Black Ball Line thought of giving her a shape like a giant streamlined locomotive. She became an astonishing sight among her conventional sister ships, and tourists rushed to get their automobiles aboard her, until the war came and she went into sober utility service, transporting thousands of workers every day to and from the Navy Yard.

But now, again, and with a gleaming new coat of silver paint, she is the queen of the modern mosquito fleet. *Kalakala*, the "Flying Bird"—the most skookum dugout on the Sound.

Chapter Twenty-four

TRIUMPH OF PEA HOLLER

THE time was in the southeastern part of Washington when they didn't think much of a fellow who would raise peas. In fact, this feeling was so strong that no fellow did raise peas. He might let the old woman raise a few in her back garden, for the table. But that would be the end of it.

The thing to raise was grain—thousands upon thousands of acres of it, on the rolling hills and the flat valleys. I can remember, in the little wheat town where I went to high school, that if anybody got too pompous, which is to say too big for his britches, they would begin to call him The Mayor of Pea Holler.

"Well," they would say, meeting him on Main Street, "how in the hell is the Mayor of Pea Holler?" That would generally do the business, and also it shows what they thought of peas.

Naturally, if nobody raised peas there could be no pea canneries. And fourteen or fifteen years ago, that was exactly the case. Today there are at least a dozen of the nation's biggest pea canneries operating just below the curve of the Snake, and more coming. They process one-sixth of all the canned peas in the United States.

You might not believe this unless Al McVay told it to you; and you might not believe it then if you found that Al is manager of the Walla Walla Chamber of Commerce. But I have known Al McVay for twenty years, and he tells the truth. Even if I hadn't known him for twenty years I would believe him, because his

mother and father are Alaskans, and that is enough for me. Besides, I saw the beginning of this pea business when Joe Payant stopped raising wheat and quit playing in the Pioneer Picnic band, and began to take peas seriously.

Not long ago I heard Al McVay tell the whole story. It was in a private dining room in the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York. That is not such a strange place to be telling the story of Washington canned peas as you might think, because Arthur Douglas, the president of all Statler hotels, is a Yakima boy and went to college in Walla Walla. In the room were two men from *Time* magazine, and a man from the *New York Times*, and a lady from *Life* magazine, and Wally Sprague of *Parade* but not very long away from the Navy and Salem, Oregon. The men from *Time* were Paul O'Neil and Dick Williams, two Washingtonians, so you can see that Al did not have to get too far away from home.

He was not trying to get anybody to print stories about pea canning in southeastern Washington, because the truth is that the canners figure things are all right just as they are. They don't necessarily want many people to get the idea that it is a rousing good idea to come to Washington and process peas. Neither was Al trying to sell any Walla Walla valley peas, although each of us walked out of the Pennsylvania Hotel with a shopping bag loaded with canned peas. These were just to thank us for listening to Al's story, a story that he likes to tell. And it seems to me, too, that it is quite a little story, because it is an example of how there are still big new surprises in the Evergreen Land.

It starts with the depression, the deep trough of the depression in 1931 when things were not at all good in Walla Walla or anywhere else. The wheat farmers were in debt and buying as little as they could in town. Even fruit and vegetables from the truck gardens were drugs on the market. But it seemed wasteful to let them rot—the economy of destruction has never been fully understood in that valley—so a committee was formed to promote a little cannery to put up the surplus produce. But peas were not included on the list, because only a few seed peas were grown on

the near-by Blue hills.

The three men who formed that committee were John Kelly, publisher of the *Union-Bulletin*, F. Lowden ("Walla Walla") Jones, a wheat broker, and Jim Crawford, a lumber retailer. They talked fifty reluctant Walla Walla citizens into subscribing a hundred dollars each in stock for an experimental fruit and vegetable cannery.

So far, so good. They had five thousand dollars, and some skeptical stockholders none of whom knew anything about operating a cannery. But Sam Miller, general agent for the Northern Pacific, said he knew a P. J. Burk in Yakima who knew all about canneries. Presently word came from Burk that he thought things couldn't be any worse in Walla Walla than they were in Yakima and he would come down.

That first plant was a sight. A part of its important equipment were two old threshing machine straw-burners. But they managed to can over thirty-two thousand cases of asparagus, tomato juice, tomatoes, prunes, spinach, strawberries, raspberries, beans, and cherries. Somebody thought they ought to try pork and beans, but the idea was discarded—a lucky thing for Heinz. But, as an after-thought, they canned two dozen cases of green peas.

A man named F. C. Sloan had been growing seed peas for sale to the Midwest for many years. In 1929, not knowing what was going to happen in October of that awful year, he planted some fifty acres of seed peas in the foothills of the Blues, and these were the first seed peas to be grown south of the Snake River. Three years later he had stepped up his acreage to over five thousand, and one day he said to Burk, "You ought to try peas on a real quantity basis—no reason why we can't have an industry here like they have in Minnesota."

"No reason," Burk admitted, "except that right now this little town can't finance the kind of equipment we'd have to put in."

But they decided to give it a whirl. For a starter they chose a field of peas owned by Barney Foster, a reformed wheat rancher who is now a canner in his own right. A few youngsters were

hired to pick the peas, and some girls to shell and grade them by hand. That first pack of twenty-four cans was split into packages of six and sent to four leading food brokers. The response was favorable, but not deafening.

Nevertheless, with that strange cool passion which drives some men in the farthest reach, they kept at the idea. And Frank Sloan had a basic theory. When he had first seen the lower slopes of the Blue Mountains they were a vast checkerboard of wheat fields and summer fallow. On a field the farmers grew a wheat crop every two years, and during the alternate years let the field lie fallow, accumulating moisture—there is not sufficient rainfall to support a crop every year.

Sloan began arguing with the wheat men, and it was a tough argument at first. "It's too costly to you to let fields lie fallow. You can grow peas on that fallow ground. They won't use nearly as much moisture as the wheat, and they'll put nitrogen back into the soil."

While Sloan was preaching to the farmers, John Kelly was going after the town folks for more money. Crawford and Jones and Burk made literally hundreds of speeches before small groups. By dint of sheer physical and vocal exercise they raised \$80,000 and the first unit of what is today the Walla Walla Canning Company was under way. And Al McVay, never slow with a slogan, whipped out one that advised everybody to "Do your part and get that whistle tooting!"

It was Joe Payant and Barney Foster, aided by Hal Barnett, who furnished the biggest bulk of the peas, but Frank Sloan's seed company was in there, too. Altogether they got up almost a million and a half pounds, and the pack came to 88,781 cases of peas. It was a good pack, too. They had a flavor which the experienced Burk instantly recognized as exceptional. There was a good reason for the consistent quality. The pea-growing land is on high elevations, fourteen hundred to thirty-four hundred feet. Walla Walla is a little less than a thousand feet above sea level. The two thousand foot variation, broken into "steps" down to the

valley, meant a long planting season, a long growing season, and a long harvesting season. It was a country made to order for the raising and canning of peas.

There were wheat farmers who scoffed, and who still scoff, for that matter. Despite the new development in frozen packs, they say that "the fad" won't last long. They argue that the peas may put nitrogen back into the soil, but that they take other things out. But more and more farmers are raising peas—over a hundred at the last count, and in Washington State a hundred farmers cover a lot of acreage, for the farms are big ones. One convert has planted as high as eight thousand acres of peas!

Yet even with a fine quality pack that first year would have been a harder one but for the fact that there seemed to be an under-supply of canned peas. So Walla Walla peas leaped into the gap of the demand, and soon the brokers were asking for the valley brand.

This encouragement was enough to start the Walla Walla men to thinking about a second line of machinery in the new plant. It was at this point that they ran into bureaucracy. The AAA proposed to allot each pea cannery in the nation an acreage equal to its average acreage for a ten-year period. That would mean, of course, that pea growing in the Walla Walla valley would have to stop, and Al McVay's whistle would quickly cease to toot.

John Kelly is a tight-lipped man, but when he got on the train for Chicago where the pea marketing agreement hearings were being held, his mouth was a thinner line than usual. Like all publishers, he has his detractors, but few newspaper owners have put as much back into their communities as Kelly, and the folks at home knew they were sending a fighter to the big city.

With his facts marshalled like steel toy soldiers on the rostrum, John Kelly spoke for more than an hour on behalf of his town's infant industry. When he had finished, the chairman inquired: "Mr. Kelly, how many pea canneries are there in Walla Walla?"

"One," said Mr. Kelly.

Despite the roar of laughter that went up, his argument won the

day. Also, it doubled the number of canneries. For in the audience was a man who listened to John Kelly with rapt attention. He was A. D. Radebaugh, a research man for the American Can Company. He went out of that meeting to resign from American Can, and to persuade the Minnesota Valley Canning Company that they ought to build in Washington under his management.

After that came Libby, McNeill & Libby, and then a couple of Utah firms. A Montana concern came next, and meanwhile other local companies were forming, too. The new industry so fascinated the management of Continental Can Company that they built a half million dollar can factory in Walla Walla. Whistles were beginning to toot for fair, all through the once quiet valley. Now five million cases of canned peas will go out of the Blue slopes in a good growing year; and the quick-freeze plants are on the way, too, following the lead of the ubiquitous Mr. Birdseye.

Harvesting the peas is no longer a small boy's job. The pea harvest has become as industrialized, in a few short years, as the wheat harvesting. Up in Garfield, in the Palouse country, they make a pea harvester that picks up the vines and cuts them away and drops them in neat windrows in the field. They make a loader which scoops up the windrows and loads a four-ton truck in three minutes. And the big "viners" work by day, and also by night under portable searchlights, and move as far as eighty miles in a season. Speed is essential to the quality of the pack, so the vined peas are whipped along in trucks with insulated air-cooled bodies. The average haul is thirty miles, and it has to be made in forty minutes!

Today, in that little town where I went to high school, if they call a man The Mayor of Pea Holler he ought to swell up real proud.

Chapter Twenty-five

FISH BUSINESS

THERE has been a great deal written about the sport fishing in Washington—and much photographing of it,—and no doubt individual fishermen have lied about it, too, although it would be difficult to stretch things much longer than the truth in our sport fisherman's Paradise.

But what visitors to the Evergreen Land sometimes fail to recognize is that our commercial fishermen are citizens of consequence. They are not, as a few misguided inlanders appear to believe, merely hardy and simple men who fish because they can do nothing else.

Your Washington fisherman will invest all the way from \$15,000 to \$500,000 in his fishing vessel. That certainly qualifies him as a business man, just as surely as the owner of a store or factory is qualified. In some instances, a fisherman's boat will be worth more in cold cash than the packing plant where he sells his fish! Yet even the buyer of fish is much more than the ordinary fishmonger the inlander is likely to picture. The plants where the catch is canned or frozen are food factories, after all, with huge investments in machinery and equipment and very important payrolls. The fish business is the second largest industry in Washington, just as it was in the beginning.

First in dollars is the salmon fishery—canned salmon in the Northwest and Alaska can be worth \$63,000,000 in a single year.

And the pilchard, or sardine, stands first in volume of fish—say a billion pounds a year. But somehow it is the halibut fleet which most captures the fancy of visitors and natives alike. Almost all of America's halibut comes from the North Pacific, out of the waters that extend south from the Aleutians to the California line.

Washingtonians are more likely to think of "halibutters," too, because they are mostly Scandinavians and so represent a vital and visible stratum of the population around Puget Sound. Many of the halibut vessels are small and so appeal to the imagination. To range three thousand miles in a fifty-footer in search of halibut seems to the uninitiated to be a romantic pursuit—and so it seems, as matter of fact, to not a few of those who do it. The thing is in the blood of most of them, and the older ones were born in the old country three hundred miles or so above the Arctic Circle where fishing is all there is in their world. Their sons, too, usually follow the sea. What else would you want to do if your name was Eng, or Petersen, or Ulvang, or Skutvik?

A while back a reporter, fittingly named Berne Jacobsen, took an interesting idea to the publisher of his newspaper, the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*. He would go to Sweden and Norway and Finland and send back stories of what life was like there since the end of the second World War. He thought that a lot of Seattle citizens would be interested. To understand that this was a masterpiece of understatement you need only to pick up a Seattle telephone directory and glance through the names.

Berne Jacobsen went on his mission, but finding and writing stories was only half his job. On the way over he carried several notebooks filled with names and addresses—folks in the old country to "look up" for relatives in Seattle. On the way back to the United States he carried several other notebooks filled with messages to the kinfolk in the new world. He was a busy man for several months, but it was very satisfying work—especially for a man named Berne Jacobsen.

Of course not all the fishermen of the State are "old northern."

Many are Austrians whose fishing descends from the Dalmatian coast of the Adriatic. Most of these are well into the second and third generations now, and were born in places like Port Angeles and Port Townsend and Anacortes. They are naturally a worldly and traveled people. For twenty years some of them have been fishing from Cape St. Elias, in the far North Pacific, to the warm waters off Mexico. They talk by radiotelephone to fishermen all around the vast Pacific rim. They are, moreover, not always too mindful of the sensitiveness of the Federal Communications Commission or of the fact that anybody can listen in on a short-wave radiotelephone conversation from ship to shore. It took a deal of doing to convince some of them that in describing bad fishing luck over the radiotelephone they should watch their language as carefully as if they were in a drawing room instead of their own pilot house. There was the excitable Austrian fisherman who radio-telephoned his wife that he would be in port tomorrow, with a lot of dirty laundry and an insatiable desire to get to bed with her. He was vastly insulted when the FCC hauled him up and threatened to extract his radiotelephone license. "You fellahs crazy like hell!" he told them. "What I got to say to my old lady is my own God damn business, like you say in America."

But they have learned the limits of the radiotelephone, and also they have learned to operate modern direction-finders, and to allow their vessels to be steered by an automatic electric pilot. There remain, however, the unreconstructed among the fishermen. Famous along the waterfront is the story of the Norwegian fisherman who was being pressured on the witness stand by an admiralty lawyer.

"You say that your compass was broken?"

"Yah."

"You had no navigational aids whatsoever, and you made no attempt to determine your position?"

"Yah."

"Yet you reached this fishing bank, two thousand miles from Seattle, on the very day and hour on which you said you would?"

"Yah."

The lawyer put a well-shod foot on the witness's platform and leaned forward. "Just how could you do that, Captain Nesland?"

The light blue eyes widened with astonishment and contempt. "Why, because I ban there before!"

There were superstitions brought over from the old country, inevitably. For example, the first diesel engine on the west coast sold widely to fishermen happened to be painted green. Other manufacturers could not compete with that old diesel, no matter what arguments they brought to bear or what their demonstrations proved. The fishermen would listen, saying nothing much, and then go out and buy another one of the same model.

Then a competing engine builder got an inspiration. He did not change the name or design of his engine, but he painted it green. That was the secret. A green engine had proved dependable, and so the fishermen wanted a green engine.

That, of course, was many years ago. Today the fishing fleet buys engines of any color in the rainbow. The fishermen know all there is to know about diesels, and can discuss piston displacement, needle valves, and high speed versus low speed diesels, with the smartest engine salesman who ever took a bottle of rye aboard a fish boat. Once they make a decision on a new power plant they will stake their reputations and a wad of fishing money on it, hence the fish boat races in Ketchikan every Fourth of July. They also engage in tugs-of-war in which two vessels will tie themselves together stern to stern and start full speed ahead. One of the vessels gets dragged stern foremost—or a transom comes out of a boat!

But the men who fish the seas of Washington and the north country have a deep and serious side, too. Every year at the Annual Fisherman's Festival the season is begun with a benediction:

O Lord, be with us when we sail,
Upon the lonely deep,

Our guard when on the silent deck
The midnight watch we keep . . .

And the Norwegian male chorus sings *Naar Fjordene Blaaner* and *Den Store Hvide Flok* and *Beautiful Saviour*. More than a thousand fishermen and their families attend the service which was originated by the Reverend O. L. Haavik almost two decades ago in the Ballard First Lutheran Church.

Landlubbers have a notion that there has not been much change in commercial fishing over the years. But the fleet changes as do the men. And the fleet has grown immeasurably. Years ago the fishing banks were uncrowded, but nowadays there may be scores of vessels in a fishing area. Of course, there are wider markets and higher prices, but old-timers look back on the simpler days with the nostalgia of old seafarers. A few years ago the vitamin makers began demanding shark livers and dogfish, and brought new wealth and complications to the fisheries.

The modern fishermen are as careful of their resource as the modern lumbermen in Washington. There is no danger of fishing out the salmon or the pilchards or the halibut. The latter are protected by an international treaty with Canada, one of the greatest examples of a conservation measure in the history of two countries. Entered into voluntarily by the fishermen themselves, the operation of the treaty insures the perpetuation of a fishery once in danger of disappearing altogether. Salmon are protected, too, by the closing of areas in alternate seasons, and by the control of traps. There is never quite enough control of commercial salmon fishing, however, to please sport fishermen—and this is a matter of continual annoyance to both the "sports" and the men who fish for a living. To believe that the two points of view will ever be reconciled would require the wide-eyed optimism of a U. S. delegate to the United Nations Organization. Nevertheless, the Evergreen Land has come to the realization that fish are one of its basic natural resources, and fish are treated as such these days.

Modern equipment has made the life of the logger a little

easier in the Evergreen State, but a modern vessel has not lessened the hard lot of the fisherman. The sea does not change, whether you own a radiotelephone or a new diesel or have just installed a set of bunks that are just like the beds at home. You still have to find yourself somewhere west of Kodiak and east of Yokohama. And even if you do not get that far away from home your little vessel may be cut in two by a steamer in the Strait of Juan de Fuca. You can still lose the whole damned pilot house and half the crew by hitting a wave a little off center around Scotch Cap in the Aleutians.

There are compensations, and of course they have to be money. No fisherman goes out for the fresh air. One man's share of the catch on a hundred thousand pounds of halibut can be fifteen hundred dollars. But if you have bad luck you can fish three months for thirty dollars.

Your Washington fisherman takes considerable pride in the fact that his vessels do not resemble the Gloucester schooners of the East Coast. The latter are a grand sight under full canvas, and they always make the best movies. But your Washington fisherman was never one to follow tradition too closely, even in such a traditional calling as the sea. He has developed his own type of ship for what he wants to do—the squat-sterned purse seiner, the trim tuna clipper, the stocky halibut schooner, and the little gill-netter. He was using an internal combustion engine while the eastern fisherman was still in sail, and he was first to try the diesel instead of a gasoline engine.

Perhaps this is because the fisheries of Washington are hooked up with the intricate business of *packaged* food, whereas the east coast fisheries are largely engaged in supplying a fresh fish market. Your Washington fisherman must go out and get his fish and hurry them back to the food plant for canning and freezing at the highest point of flavor, and he will accept any idea that will help him do that more quickly or more cheaply.

Yet some of the departure from tradition has been for the sheer western hell of it. A second generation fisherman of Puget Sound

has never understood the necessity for building a vessel exactly like his father before him; and, so far as is known, no fisherman father ever tried to insist that he should.

They are secretly delighted when they see the larger Atlantic fishing companies adopting methods and vessels thought up first in Washington State by the fishermen themselves. Of course it is not altogether pleasant to see Massachusetts lose any of the accoutrements of its homely rugged charm. But, in this instance, it is highly complimentary.

Chapter Twenty-six

MAN FROM WASHINGTON

YOU have observed by now that Washington is nothing if not protean. As to geology and climate it assumes many shapes; and certainly its industry and commerce are ever changing.

This is a characteristic, too, of the more active of its inhabitants. For that reason, and not because he was my paternal grandfather, Robert Vinton Jones always has seemed to me to be definitely a Washingtonian. He is not remembered now in Washington, except by me, and I would not say that he was famous in his time, even locally. But that makes him all the more a proper subject, for his anonymity is shared by so many. And yet, like them, he attempted a very great deal, and he accomplished a small part of it.

Like so many Washingtonians, he was not a native. He was born in Ohio, of Welsh extraction, one of several children on a farm that was much too small to support such a family. I know that he did not own a pair of shoes until he was fourteen; and I know this because he mentioned it to me at least once a month from the moment I could understand its implications until the day he died. He was on his own very early in life, and as a boy he must have had an impediment in his speech, for he loved to tell about selling pigs, farm house to farm house, and what a devil of a time he had because he could say only "pids" or—much worse—"hawds." This and any other impedimenta of speech he outgrew, for by the time I realized him as a person he could talk volubly.

long, and nervously, and with the volume of a man who has lived a great deal out of doors and who, in addition, is a little deaf.

He married Kate Hawk, the red-haired daughter of a strict German farmer near Canton, Ohio. Eventually—I do not know just how—they got away to Chicago where Robert became a house painter. Soon he was a painting contractor, with men working for him. I am sure that those men worked very hard. I know that they did as long as they stayed with my grandfather. He believed in working from dawn until dark, with no stops except maybe fifteen or twenty minutes for lunch. That was the way he worked, the way he had always worked, and he could not understand people who did not operate in the same way. Robert carried this to what nowadays might be thought extreme. He believed, for example, that a man's bowels and kidneys should have been trained to function either before or after working hours. But if by chance an employee was called by nature within the working day he was expected to be buttoned up and painting within five minutes, certainly no longer. If he was not, my grandfather would go to the door and yell, "Tom? . . . Tom, my God, how do you expect to get this job finished?"

Yet he was the most gentle of men, reasonable in every other way, and generous with his family. Except to call on the Deity in moments of impatience or anxiety, I never heard him swear or tell an off-color joke, and he did not smoke or drink—at least not in the years that I knew him. His favorite reading, and perhaps his only reading except for the newspapers, was the old *Scientific American*. You could learn a great deal from it, too. I am sure that Robert could not have gone beyond the second or third grade in school. Looking back, I am always amazed at the things he knew, and worked with, that escaped me completely in sixteen years of schooling. I know a great many contemporaries of mine who are amazed by the same thing in relation to their parents and grandparents. But we still do nothing much about the school systems, except to study them and then write books about what is wrong with them.

When the news of the Alaska gold discovery reached Chicago my grandfather had branched out from the contract painting business. He was manufacturing plaster-of-Paris busts and statuettes. They were cast in white and dipped in brown dye to give them depth and shadow. He had dozens of "numbers"—*Bust of Napoleon, The Shepherdess, No Use Crying Over Spilled Milk*, and so on—and he shipped them by the hundreds all over the country, and especially to the west coast. It was the preponderance of orders from strange names like Seattle and Anacortes and Enumclaw that first interested Robert in that far off country. When news came that there was gold in Alaska there was no holding him.

"But what will you *do* in Alaska?" my grandmother wanted to know.

Not grub for gold, he said. There would be too many doing that. "I might start a machine shop. Been wanting to get out of this business, anyhow."

"What do you know about a machine shop?" demanded my grandmother.

"Well, what does *anybody* know about a machine shop?"

There was no answer to that; at least none that Kate Hawk Jones knew. Within five weeks they were in Seattle, and a month after that they were in Dawson, and Rob was erecting a building to house the Klondike Thawing Machine Company. He had had the idea for the name, and the chief product, ever since he left Chicago. Since, in fact, he had read the first news account of the rush. *The chief drawback (said the newspaper) aside from the difficulty of getting into the country, is mining the frozen ground.* Robert's thawing machine was a simple idea—just pointed and perforated steam pipes that could be driven into the frozen ground gradually. But it worked, and after that he developed an overhead carrier for mining operations, and he retailed ordinary mining equipment brought up from Seattle and San Francisco.

It was a prosperous business, and my grandmother got so that she liked the Yukon. Those were in truth a wonderful people in

the early Yukon and Alaska, and she made friends there, I remember, that she kept all her life in Seattle. The bond of the north country is a strong one; and I remember how fondly she talked of mushing her own dogs and of her first sealskin coat and hood.

But along about 1906, Robert began to get restless. "Kit, I think we ought to get out of here and go down to Seattle."

"What for?"

"There's a lot of money being made down there in real estate," he said.

"What do you know about real estate?"

"Well, what does *anybody* know about real estate?"

So they came down to Seattle, and my father joined them there. But when Rob got to Seattle he began hearing about things in San Francisco. We were there—Rob and Kit, and my parents and I—on that April night when San Francisco got shaken to pieces and burned to the ground. When the quake came my grandfather, a practical man, went out into the street to buy a horse and wagon and take our belongings to Golden Gate Park, out of the path of the fire. He found a frightened Greek fruit peddler who was on the point of abandoning his rig anyhow, but when Robert reached into his pants pocket to get a hundred dollars to pay for the horse and wagon he discovered he had neglected to put on his trousers. The delay did not turn out to be serious, and eventually we were encamped in Golden Gate Park.

Of course Robert was too impatient to take part in the rebuilding of a city, so we returned to Seattle. It was sizzling with excitement. The Union Pacific and the Milwaukee had purchased about twelve million dollars worth of property, and this in turn had created a real estate boom. Tide lots sold for fantastic prices, and property changed hands perhaps two or three times in a single day. Options for a few hours, instead of for thirty or sixty days, were not unusual. Some of the smartest promoters in the country were in Seattle—but, not impressed, Robert plunged in.

He had a theory, and it was a good one, that the town would move northward. Therefore the thing to do was buy to the north

and hang on. But he was too optimistic. He saw what was going to happen, but he badly misjudged the speed with which it would happen. The first thing he knew, he found himself saddled with non-income properties eating themselves up with taxes. One by one, he had to give them up, and see them change hands many times more before they became really valuable.

It had never been his intention to rest idly while the properties gained in value, so meanwhile he had been busy and happy. He had built what were, as nearly as I have been able to determine, the first two airplanes in the Pacific Northwest. The engines he imported from France, and he had to import something else from France, too—an aviator. For Kitty Hawk, despite the coincidence of her name, would not allow Robert to go up in the things, and of course I cannot be sure at this distance that he really *wanted* to go up in them.

Why he built those planes I never knew; and my father, who had not liked the idea, professed not to know, either. But I do know that Robert had built a stabilizer to install in one of them, and I suspect that they were for the purpose of testing out this apparatus.

He built the planes in an open-ended hangar down near The Meadows, the old race track. Every morning he would ride down to them on the rear seat of the Frenchman's motorcycle, a feat then considered about as dangerous as flying. The planes were completed at about the same time, and the Frenchman took up the biplane first. My grandfather said he was not a very good flyer, although on what he based his comparison I do not know. At any rate, he failed to clear a fence at the end of The Meadows and crashed the plane from a height of eighteen or twenty feet. Impatient as always, my grandfather urged him to try the monoplane at once; but the Frenchman demurred until he had taken a week to nurse his lacerations and regain his confidence. The monoplane was quite a success; the Frenchman kept it in the air for twenty minutes, and landed safely.

That is all I can recall about those planes, and I wish mightily

that I could remember more. The next thing I remember was my grandfather building a portable tractor to be attached to the rear wheels of an early model Ford. This venture did not prevent him from going into the hotel business with my father, because as partners they built a hundred-room brick and steel structure which still operates as a hotel near the corner of Second and Virginia in Seattle.

He had such a leaning toward mechanics that my father was always afraid he was going to turn out to be a bitter and disappointed inventor. "Dad," my father would say, "you know damned well there's no use monkeying around with those things. Somebody else always makes the money."

The fact that somebody else always made the money did not, however, embitter my grandfather. He was pleased as long as he was trying out something new. Besides, he had made some money in Chicago, and the Yukon, and if he had lost most of it in Seattle that did not mean he could not make some more.

And if my father thought that my grandfather was going to wind up as an inventor he was badly mistaken. Before Robert was finished he had operated a three-thousand-acre cattle ranch in Lincoln County, and he had quite willingly gone into a general store business with my father after that. Father lured him into it with the promise that he could completely rebuild the store.

It was a block-long establishment in a little town called Weston, just over the Oregon-Washington line. Naturally my grandfather had to employ local labor in his rebuilding. The folks of Umatilla County do not have a reputation as loafers, but they had never had a boss like Robert Vinton Jones. "For God's sake, Dad," my father said, "slow down a little. We'll lose every customer in the county before we ever get opened up!"

When the store opened, father hired a big French-Canadian to do repair work on farm implements and to sell implement parts. About a month after he had been hired he came to my father and said, "Nels, I got to quit."

"What's wrong, Frenchy?"

"It's the old man."

"What's wrong between you and the old man?"

"Nothing's wrong between us, Nels. I like the little bastard; but I *can't* keep in motion all the time, because sometimes there ain't anything to *do!*"

The little man kept in motion, though, even when there was nothing to do. He had not been in Umatilla County very long when he got the idea that he would start a farm colony in Bolivia. Kate decided that she would sit this one out, for it involved traveling hundreds of miles on muleback to investigate the property Robert had heard about.

Months later he came back, thinner, but glowing with tan and enthusiasm. He opened up an office in Portland, Oregon, right in the chamber of commerce building and called it the Bolivia Colonization Association. As a starter—just as a starter—he was going to get together a colony of a hundred or so farmers and their families and take them back to Bolivia. The moment my father heard about it he took the night train for Portland. The moment he saw Robert, which was next morning, he asked him if he was crazy—and my grandfather said, "What makes you ask that, Nels?"

"Have you actually got your land down there yet, Dad?"

"I haven't got final possession. The Bolivian Congress—"

"To hell with the Bolivian Congress! If you haven't got your land grant you'd better close this office before the Better Business Bureau gets after you."

"They've already been here," said Robert blandly. "Naturally they don't like the idea—taking farmers away to go down there."

"I should think they wouldn't. Suppose you get the land—what are the farmers going to do down there? Suppose they *can* raise crops. What are they going to do with them? You told me yourself there wasn't a railroad within a hundred miles or more, and you had to go in on muleback."

The railroads would come, my grandfather said. If you waited until the railroads came, then all the real opportunities would be gone. "You should know that from your Seattle experience. What

we're doing down there is pick up a strategic position, then we'll develop the land. The railroad will have to come eventually."

My father said that the railroad wouldn't come before my grandfather got himself in jail, and they had quite an argument, for they were both stubborn and hot tempered.

The whole thing was settled by the death of Robert, not only before the railroad came, but before the Bolivian Congress got around to making the land grant. But it was a grand idea, and I like to believe that Rob could have brought it off. Perhaps his judgment of speed and distance was bad again. He himself was impatient; he wanted things to develop quickly, and therefore he could believe that they would. I know that he believed in this dream, because he sent me in dead seriousness a deed to a business lot in the colony. It was a deed to a lot that never existed, in a town that was never built. Yet it was very real to Robert Jones. "It is worth nothing to you now," he wrote to me. "But in time it will be."

He was quite wrong in saying that it was worth nothing to me then. It was worth a great deal. And, just as he promised, its value has enhanced with the years. It is my own personal deed to the spirit of the farthest reach, to the American dream.

Chapter Twenty-seven

THE QUIET MAIN

THEY don't call it "yachting" in the Evergreen State. That is old-fashioned anyhow. Yachting is something for millionaires. And millionaires, as everybody knows, are pretty much out of date, and certainly they have been out of favor. In Washington they have *always* been a scarce article.

But thousands upon thousands of people in the Pacific Northwest do something which may be called "boating." They do it with sailing dinghies, or outboard motor powered skiffs, or shiny runabouts, or perhaps small cabin cruisers.

A great many people in Washington, some time before the second World War, began to find that boating wasn't necessarily expensive. They discovered they could afford to own and operate a small boat if they cut down on night clubs and theatres and cocktail bars. Washington State has very few night clubs, and those only in the larger centers. Even in a year prosperous for the theatre it gets few road shows. And it has no cocktail bars at all.

In recent years the Pacific Northwest has led the whole nation in the rapidity of increase in small boat ownership. Seattle has nosed out Miami for second place in the number of "registered boats," which is the way the government designates the small fry of watercraft. Of course, New York is still in first place—but by virtue of the population of fourteen Seattles.

I have seen easterners regard such statistics and refuse to believe

them. We haven't got the population and we haven't got the rich men. How, then, can we do so much cavorting on the water? Well, we do it with mirrors, those shining surfaces of our inland waterways which are so inviting to small boats. If you live on a bleak coast, with no place to go in a boat except offshore, obviously you need not only a certain courage and hardiness, but you need also a staunch and probably expensive pleasure vessel. But with thousands of miles of sheltered passages you can, with a reasonable amount of horse sense and a minimum of horsepower, take to the water in a relatively light craft.

There is another reason why boating is popular in the Washington country. Living expenses are comparatively low and, as we have suggested, entertainment distractions, or facilities, or whatever you wish to call them, are fewer. A salary which results in an existence only a few steps ahead of poverty in the metropolitan areas of the East will, in the Evergreen Land, allow a man to own a small boat and still pay his rent and grocery bill.

Boating in Washington State is not confined to Puget Sound cities and the coastal towns. There are boating enthusiasts in Yakima and Wenatchee—whose citizens use beautiful Chelan Lake; in Spokane, whose boating fans sail on Pend Oreille or Coeur d'Alene (even if they *are* over the line in Idaho).

At Coulee Dam there was the Grand Coulee Yacht Club even before the formation of Roosevelt Lake, that 150-mile new body of water that has backed up behind the giant dam. The Grand Coulee Yacht Club literally leaped into existence with more than a hundred charter members and a sizable fleet ranging from small inboard powered craft to stock model cruisers.

It is worth noting that even when a Spokane boat owner motors into Idaho for his cruising he travels no farther on the average than does the boat owner who registers in Los Angeles. A sailor in the City of the Angels may have to drive more than fifty miles from his home to his moorings, and a New Yorker is likely to be almost as far from his favorite yacht harbor. In places like Tacoma and Seattle and Bellingham the yacht moorings are only a jump

and a holler from the residential areas.

Sportfishing, of course, has stimulated interest in Washington boating. For Puget Sound's world famed saltwater salmon fishing, a boat is requisite. It's perfectly true that you may catch salmon from a pier, and that you can troll for them on the beach with an ingenious native gear and a lot of patience—but without a boat it is not, in my opinion, very much fun. Some Washingtonians rent their boats and outboard motors, and the rental of pleasure fishing boats has become a sizable industry in the State. However, a steadily growing number have invested in their own outfits.

Almost every town with a spot of water has a yacht club. They are much more democratic than the ones you find in the East and the South, or in California. The Seattle Yacht Club endeavors to be reasonably exclusive, but that is a risky and uncertain business in a frontier State and so it finds a hardy rival in the Queen City Yacht Club. The public moorings and marinas have developed at a great rate since the Thirties and some of them rival California's in size and scope and services.

Good secondhand boats are not as easily picked up in Washington as before the war—yet still in some out of the way mooring in a tiny inlet town you may find your heart's desire for what you can afford to pay. And every so often the Puget Sound Navy Yard lets go of some life boats and gigs which turn up in various and remarkable conversions under private ownership.

Not long ago I met an eleven-year-old Washingtonian who, by the classic means of selling magazine subscriptions and doing without candy, had acquired his first motorboat. It was composed of a twenty dollar plywood skiff and a thirty dollar outboard motor. But both were brand new, and he was having as much fun as Mr. Astor ever had aboard the *Nourmahal*.

That fifty dollar outfit will be his starter. He might have had more speed with a bigger motor. For something over a hundred and fifty dollars he could have chosen a second-hand cat-rigged boat complete with sail. With some help from a fond uncle he could have been the skipper of a sloop with a couple of berths in

her, and that will no doubt be his next move—unless he sticks to power.

But he has begun with sail and he may stay in it. Ted Geary started that way, sailing a cat boat on Puget Sound. He progressed to Stars and presently he was winning the Sir Thomas Lipton trophy from the Canadian R-Class sloops with monotonous regularity. A group of lumbermen yachtsmen (in the days when Washington had lumbermen yachtsmen) sent Ted away to learn design, and when he returned to Seattle he put on paper some of the sweetest racing ships seen anywhere. It is not very practical to get a racing job across the continent or around the Horn, but Ted's vessels did themselves proud from British Columbia to San Francisco Bay and across to Honolulu.

Ted developed a motor yacht type, too, that was distinctly his own. It was adapted from the lines of a cannery tender and suited for offshore Pacific cruising including southern California and Alaska. But, as I hinted at the beginning of this chapter, Washington is not a great market for expensive yachts. So in the roaring Twenties the trim and nervous Geary went to Hollywood and there he designed and built yachts for John Barrymore and Buster Keaton and others who could afford them.

Washington brought forth other great designers, too, but they always leaned a bit toward the commercial vessels along with their pleasure boat drawing. There was Leigh Coolidge, a wry and skinny Vermonter who hid his relationship to the late President behind a beard. There was—and still is—that volatile Scandinavian, Harold Hanson who can design a pleasure boat with one hand and a stocky tug with the other. But his proudest achievement is probably a beautifully rugged cruising sloop derived from the Old Country *los baat*. To demonstrate his versatility, it was Harold Hanson who designed most of the modern shallow-draft tugs for the great Columbia when that big stream became a highway of commerce for the second time in its life, in the Thirties and Forties. And there is shy and modest Ed Monk who likes to design small cruisers for the man of modest income, and who found

national fame thrust upon him when he wrote books for the fellow who wants to forget the naval architect and builder and build his own boat in his own back yard.

The Flattie, an International racing class, began modestly on Puget Sound and Lake Washington as a sailing boat for the younger yachtsmen and a more grownup substitute for the cat boat which had been popular but somewhat dangerous. A one-design class developed in the West always has stiff competition to win acceptance against the designs of the Atlantic Seaboard. But the Flattie, plugged month after month in *Pacific Motor Boat*, had amazing sailing qualities; it caught on and stuck. It is a little eighteen-foot Geary design with a center-board for a keel, and today there are chapters of the International Flattie Yacht Racing Association wherever the water is deep enough. Now that the war is over, the sectional and national and world championship Flattie regattas are being revived, too.

Certainly one cannot speak of boat design in the Evergreen Land without a salute to George Pocock, who invented, or designed, and built the famous Pocock racing shell. Now those husky feather-light cedar jobs are used by crews all over the world, but on the average they are used to best advantage by the Washington crews themselves. The Huskies use something else, too, that is a local invention—the Hiram Conibear stroke. Until the ex-trainer of the Chicago White Sox came to Washington more than forty years ago he knew nothing about rowing. But he decided quickly that there was something awfully wrong about the traditional Oxford style. He thought there ought to be a short stroke with some power in it, and that the men ought to be upright at the end of the stroke, ready to do it again. In the privacy of his kitchen he read up on physics, and practiced with a broom and a chair.

Year after year the Huskies took that stroke to Poughkeepsie to win, and gradually other coaches followed the idea. Here and there a coach rebels against the Conibear stroke, and usually loses for his lack of faith. And when the coast matches are held on Washington's home lake there will be from sixty to a hundred

thousand watching the sweeps, at least half of them on board pleasure craft moored along the course.

It was in Washington State that boating enthusiasts originated what is still the longest power cruiser race in the world—a hundred and thirty mile contest from some Washington harbor to Nanaimo, British Columbia, on the east side of Vancouver Island. Each year a different harbor is chosen as a starting point, but Nanaimo has become the traditional finish line. It is strictly a navigation race, for all types and speeds of power cruisers. An entry list of a hundred craft is not unusual. Almost every leg of the course is on an inland waterway, and although on salt water, the cruisers are never nearer than a hundred miles to the Pacific Ocean. But when a visiting crew member hits the swells of Rosario Strait and asks, "Is this the ocean now?" they usually tell him yes, because he cannot feel any worse and it makes a better story to tell back home. Weary longshoremen on Seattle's waterfront use the same technique with gentle visiting school teachers. "Are we looking at the ocean?" they will inquire, pointing to the visibly landlocked Sound. "Yes, ma'am," the dock walloper will say, "that's the old Pacific!"

It is the inland cruising that makes the Pacific Northwest so attractive to boat owners, and there are literally thousands of miles of it. The average man thinks of Seattle as a seaport on the ocean, but like its sister port cities which have their own claims to fame, it is not on the ocean at all. It is on Elliott Bay, which is a part of Puget Sound, which in turn stretches south out of the Strait of Juan de Fuca. The shortest straight line from Seattle to the Pacific is almost a hundred miles long, and by water it is about a hundred and fifty.

One cannot discount such important coastal harbors as Aberdeen and Hoquiam on Grays Harbor, or South Bend and Raymond on Willapa Bay. But they are somewhat overshadowed by deep saltwater harbors far from the sight of the ocean. There are also thousands of inlets and coves in these inland waterways that are innocent of habitation. They make the shoreline tortuous in the extreme and lengthen it beyond imagination. They also give it a

sheltered beauty and mystery—and it is that mysterious beauty which makes Washington such a boating paradise.

World travelers say that except for the fjords of Norway there is nothing quite like it in the world. When it was not a crime to be owner and master of a palatial yacht, many of the finest in the country could be seen slipping into Puget Sound, their owners intent on salmon or perhaps on the Kodiak bear farther north. In the Twenties there were yachts from Sweden and Germany and England. But of late, the wealthy of the world have preferred to come quietly by train or plane, or charter a yacht from Campbell Church or Tom Hamilton or Arne Vesoja.

Often the outfitting and departure of these parties is completed under a cloak of secrecy that is almost military. Sometimes the charter boat owner furnishes everything; not only the yacht, but the hunting and fishing gear, the photographic equipment, perhaps even special outdoor clothing. The harried tycoon or the Hollywood celebrity, and his friends—if he still has any—are whipped from the airport to the mooring and are on their way afloat. In blissful ignorance, Washington State has been host briefly to hundreds of the world famous.

Once caught, however, not all can get away again. Stewart Edward White, for example, discovered the inland waterways of Washington and British Columbia and Alaska more than twenty years ago. Year after year he would return on his diesel yacht, and once he said, “If I were to live to be a hundred I couldn’t see all I want to see from the deck of a boat in the Pacific Northwest.”

Chapter Twenty-eight

TIM-BER!

DAN PEAVEY, the old logger, is dead now by a few years.

If he were not dead he would be, in all probability, chairman of the board of a big pulp and paper company. But he just did not live quite long enough for that.

When I speak of Dan Peavey I am talking about three or four men, really. And none of those are Mark Reed, or Henry McCleary, or Sol Simpson, or Cully Stimson, or Alf Anderson, or some member of the giant Weyerhaeuser clan, all great lumbermen in the State of Washington.

Dan Peavey came from Maine or New Hampshire; I forget which, but it had to be one of them. If he had not been a New Englander he would probably have come from the Saginaw country, Paul Bunyan's country after he got over his Scandinavian birth. Dan Peavey was a mortal Paul Bunyan, not so gigantic by far, but in the same proportions. He was a boom man on the Androscoggin when he was nineteen, and a good one. He thought the spruce and pine of the northeastern woods were the biggest in the world, until the day he heard about Washington Territory and believed what he heard.

He went out to have a look, and he found it hard to describe what he saw. Few of his friends in New England believed what he wrote about the great forests of Washington. And no wonder! He said that there were firs and cedars ten and twelve feet in diameter,

and that he had seen one measuring seventeen feet through. He said that some of these forest giants grew three hundred feet or more into the sky, and that beneath them was literally another forest of hemlocks.

The shack and water-wheel mills were making small impression on this green density, Dan wrote home. Yet there was a great demand for lumber, not only in the Pacific Northwest but for the boom building on San Francisco Bay.

So Peavey went home only once more in his long life, to boom logs for the last time down the Androscoggin and to pick up a bride. Then he went west again, and because there were no river drives in the area he chose for his starting place he changed his profession in the big woods. Instead of being a boom man he became a bullwhacker.

Today in Washington State if you meet a bullwhacker you know that he is a very old man indeed. Most of the bullwhackers, like Dan Peavey, are dead. It would be difficult nowadays to find a logger who had ever seen oxen in the woods, or anywhere else. But oxen were once the most vital equipment, and naturally the men who drove them were important, too. Important enough to receive a hundred dollars a month and board—which was twenty-five dollars a month more than a skid-greaser got. Dan skipped over the job of skid-greaser and went right to work driving bulls.

There are men living who will swear that Dan Peavey was the loudest bullwhacker in the business. He could be heard for a mile in the forest, cursing and cajoling. They say that he would jump up on the back of the wheel bulls and walk on the backs of the oxen right up to the lead team, swearing all the way. He carried an oak goad with a nail at the end, but he did not use it much. He didn't have to. The bulls had respect for Dan and he had little trouble on the mile-long hauls with a six-yoke team. To hear him, though, you would have believed he was having all the troubles there were in the world.

It was a great sight to see Dan coming through the clearings with his bulls and the big log behind them. Between the bulls and

the log the skid-greaser would be daubing the skid-road with grease, and the hook-tender would be plodding along to make up the turn and watch out for hang-ups. Dan did not have to worry about the daubing and the hang-ups and the turns. His job was to furnish the motive power through the animals, and he did that well.

"There wasn't ever no more beautiful a sight," an old Puget Sounder once told me, "than to see them bulls bending into the yoke and bringing the log to the landing. Some places it would be all shadows, dark as coming night almost, and then they'd come into a place where the sun streaked down through the tops of the firs and speckled the backs of the bulls. You could hear the chains clanking and the bullwhacker mumbling all the time and once in a while letting out a yell. It wasn't the same when they began to use horses—and you needn't try to tell me that this new tractor logging is any more exciting, because it ain't."

You can still see some of the old skid-roads in the woods if you look for them—logs imbedded partially in the soft earth, parallel like the ties of a railroad, over which the beasts pulled the fallen trees. Today in Northwest towns the area below the tracks, where the bums sleep off their canned heat or their gasoline-and-milk, and where in the old days the loggers used to spend their money and raise hell, is always called "The Skid-Road." An amazing number of natives do not know the origin of the term, and some are so ignorant as to refer to it as "The Skid-Row," innocently believing that it means a neighborhood whose inhabitants are on the skids. The belief is understandable but erroneous.

Dan Peavey was not a romanticist, like the Puget Sounder, and when horses substituted for the oxen he welcomed them. If you cannot understand how horses could replace the sturdy oxen it is because you have not lately seen the kind of horses which were used. They would have been useless under a saddle and greatly overpowered for a junk wagon. Some of them weighed almost a ton.

Even so, the majority of old-time loggers did not welcome the horse. They refused to believe that it would replace the bull. Some

were so superstitious that they would not work in a camp which had forsaken oxen.

Dan Peavey was not among these mystics, and neither did he scoff at Jack Dolbeer's engine when it found its way north to the Washington woods. Dolbeer was a redwood logger from California and he, too, thought the time had come for oxen to go. But instead of buying horses, he rigged up a vertical boiler and engine with a capstan. He hooked one end of a line around the log and another around the spool and made things hum. There were plenty of breakdowns, and it was hard to teach men to be engineers and firemen and spool-tenders. But Dan Peavey kept at it, and it was not long until he had a horse farm in the middle of the big woods, and owned some Dolbeer donkeys to boot.

The bride he had brought out from New England? She was with him in the woods, and she did not come out of the woods until Dan came out. I glimpsed her not long ago at a music recital at the Sunset Club in Seattle, and although she was too old now for envy, I could recall when women envied her mightily. She had a fine house in town, and a summer house in The Highlands, and in the winters she would be in Florida or Arizona or California. There was a story by then that Dan left her pretty much alone, but the women who envied her would have been able to accept that, they thought to themselves, in return for what Dan Peavey gave her in the way of independence and opportunity and worldly goods.

One story goes that at a certain time in his life Dan Peavey got interested in other women, and they say he set one up in a nice little cottage at one of his logging camps. There was a day, the story goes, when Molly Peavey told Dan she would like to see that camp; it was a long time since she had been in the woods, and she had never seen this particular operation. "Fine enough!" Dan said. "We'll go this afternoon!" So they took the train up-country, and then changed to a Peavey logging train that would take them into the new camp. But they never got there, because a bridge had been blown up over a creek. "Too damned bad, Molly," Dan said. "God damned I.W.W. crowd!" They claim that

the logging superintendent who had sense enough to blow that bridge got a thousand dollars, but you cannot believe everything you hear in the Evergreen Land.

Molly Peavey lived so long, and kept looking handsome so long, that almost none of the women who envied her knew anything about her early life. They could not associate her with oxen and Dolbeer engines. They did not know that in her time Molly Peavey had given first-aid to injured loggers and had watched one bleed to death in her arms, and that she had nursed them in bunk houses that smelled like pig-sties and were alive with fleas and bedbugs.

¶ (It was Molly, not Dan, who was responsible for the modern bunk houses of the Great Pacific Lumber Company in later years—but Dan took the credit, naturally, because he was the man.)

Molly was with him when they came out of the woods and he built a little sawmill in a tidewater town that already boasted two or three other mills. But by now Dan had some timber of his own, and he could get his logs to the mill cheaper than the others. Within seven years he bought out the other mills, and that was when the Great Pacific Lumber Company was born.

In those days it was nothing to see a couple of big freighters at one of Dan's mill wharves loading "Jap squares." Those "squares" were a curious export. They were practically whole logs with the bark taken off and squared up, and there was a good profit in them. The Japanese preferred them to lumber, because they were cheaper and in Japan they could make more lumber and other things out of those squares than we could dream of at the time.

Although Dan Peavey was one of the greatest shippers of "Jap squares" he was among the first to protest the shipment of them. He had nothing against the Japanese—they were a fine little people—but he thought it was damned bad business to ship practically whole logs across the Pacific. One day he made a speech about it at a big lumbermen's meeting in Tacoma's Winthrop Hotel.

"The lumber business will never get on its feet again," old Dan told them, "until it can manage to get more dollars out of a tree."

Nowadays you can't get very many dollars out of a tree by sawing up ordinary lumber and selling it—and God knows it's worse to ship away 'Jap squares' not even made into lumber. It's a crying waste of our timber. It takes a long time to grow a Douglas fir big enough to please a Jap."

This was mighty strange talk for a lumberman to be making, but Dan paid no attention to the stares and he went right on. "We got to start making finished and semi-finished products out of our trees here in the State of Washington."

Somebody asked him, "What are we going to make? We can make sashes and doors, but there are already a lot of sash and door plants in the State—and the construction market isn't so good. We can't make furniture. We got enough furniture factories and it'll be a long day before we can beat Southern California and Grand Rapids on furniture. What are we going to make?"

"I know what *I'm* going to make," Dan told them. "I'm going to make plywood."

He wasn't the first to make plywood in Washington, or the last. But still it was unusual for a lumberman to talk that way. Logging was one thing, and maybe you could put logging and sawmilling together. But plywood . . .

Plywood was Washington's own industry, because Douglas fir was most adaptable to its manufacture, and the Douglas fir was native to the Evergreen Land. To make plywood you needed giant logs which could be put into a lathe and revolved against a big knife which would "unwind" the wood like paper from a roll. Then the plys or sheets would be laid one atop the other and glued together in various thicknesses to make a new kind of board of tremendous strength and with thousands of uses.

Dan Peavey had plenty of big plywood trees in his timber, and so he went back to the little tidewater sawmill town and built a plywood mill. The making of plywood is—or was then—a relatively simple operation, but the plywood mill was the wonder of the county. Nobody around there had seen anything made from logs but "Jap squares" and lumber. It was as if you had seen nothing

ever but the picking of cotton and the operation of a cotton gin, and then suddenly in the neighborhood a building was raised to make cotton cloth. The folks in the tidewater sawmill town were amazed and pleased, and their wonder and delight increased when they found that there were jobs for women in a plywood mill. There had never been a job for a woman in a sawmill or even in a planing mill.

The old lumbermen joshed Dan a good deal about going into the plywood business, but he came right back at them. "That's nothing," he said. "Know what I'm going to be doing one day? I'm going to be making pulp and maybe paper out here. And maybe I'll be making alcohol, too, as a by-product—like they do in Germany."

They told him he was crazy. You couldn't make decent pulp out of Washington trees. As for alcohol—good God Almighty, Dan! Well, it's true enough that he never made alcohol, and it's also true that he never made pulp or paper. But he lived long enough to see others do it, and if he had been given as many years as Molly he would have done those things.

Because he didn't stop with plywood. He began making sash and doors, even if the field did seem crowded—and he sold Douglas fir doors all over the world. He made shingles, and wood tanks and pipe, and he set up a wooden box factory that sold box "shook" to the great Washington and Alaska fish canning industry.

Along about the time he built the plywood mill he began to issue instructions about logging on his timber lands. These instructions showed that Dan Peavey had come a long way from the days of the oxen and the Dolbeer donkey engines when loggers never worried about tomorrow. There was to be no more "Hell-and-high-water logging" on the Great Pacific Lumber Company holdings. There was to be "selective logging"—if a tree had some growing yet to do, then it was to be given a chance to do that growing. There were to be trees left along the ridges, along what in New England the young Dan had called "the heights of land," so that a forest would have a chance to reseed itself.

For, make no mistake about it, the forests of the Evergreen Land do reproduce. This was a fact overlooked for a long time by loggers, and it is still purposely ignored by politicians or mere meddlesome bystanders who love to incite the ladies' clubs against the timber beasts. It is true enough that the forest which Dan first saw in his youth had started more than five hundred years before. But it had been ripe for cutting by 1800. And man is only now coming to realize that those great dense forests must have been razed by fire and wind and plague on countless occasions—and grown up again. Another thing, trees do not have to be gigantic for profitable wood products operation. For years the Northeast and the South have been logging and lumbering and making pulp and paper from trees which are pygmies beside those of the West. A man can see maturing in his lifetime a crop of trees sufficient as to size. It may well be that the days of the heroic trees of Washington are passing—but not the forest industries.

Dan was also one of the first to decide to give nature a little hand in the process. His company "reforested"—planting seeds by hand, and before he died he owned several "tree farms" among the State's two million acres of such farms.

"God damn it, there's got to be timber here for our sons to work on," Dan Peavey told his men, although he never had a son of his own and they say that you would find him audibly bitter about it if you caught him with too much to drink.

But, son or no son, Dan Peavey came a long way for a bull-whacker. He did not stay in the little tidewater lumber town, of course. When he was beyond fifty and feeling entitled to better things he moved to Seattle where the Great Pacific had a whole floor of an office building. He built his two homes, and a yacht we will call *Great Pacific*.

It would be too good a story to insist that Dan Peavey stayed right on top of things until the very day he died. When the depression came he sold the yacht, but then he had never really liked yachting anyhow. A Pacific Northwesterner is not conspicuous if he owns a small boat, but a Washingtonian with a big yacht is

noticeable—and therefore if things get bad, and he sells her, people gossip. They gossiped about old Dan Peavey, and they said that when he died he was not in control of himself or of the Great Pacific Lumber Company. It does not matter, for he had a considerable company with him in this predicament, and he did not leave his widow embarrassed.

What is more, he was one of those who have kept logging and lumbering the first industry in the State, just as it was on the first day the State was born, and just as it was when we were a Territory. The most unusual thing about Dan Peavey is that he was not unusual. There were a lot like him in the State; there still are a lot like him, in robust health. Some have been less enlightened than he was about forestry and labor relations, and some perhaps more.

J. H. Bloedel, for example, is a pioneer logger who must be getting near the end of his sixties. But with his son, Prentice Bloedel, he has just built a new woodpulp mill on Vancouver Island, and the company's slogan—*Here today, and here tomorrow*—tells a long and significant story about the northwest woods.

I find these men much more typical of Washington State than the bearded, irresponsible children of nature who made up the loggers in the literature of the Twenties. The old-time logger was a great man, no doubt of it, and he belongs to the vanishing race which includes the itinerant wheat hand, the tramp printer, and the roving miner of the West. But I think the ones who turned out to be Dan Peaveys, instead of disappearing into legend with the oxen and the donkey engines, are more significant by far. And the man in the woods today has a better time of it because of the Dan Peaveys. He can stay put and raise a family, if he has a mind to; and he can rest easy in the thought that there will be timber for him to cut just as long as he feels up to it.

The tree business, the wood products business, is still the leading basic industry of the State, whether you are thinking of the fir and spruce and hemlock and cedar of the western slope, or the "short log" trees east of the Cascades, the white pine and the

Ponderosa, the cottonwood and the aspen. It has seen many changes in methods since that time in the Sixties when axemen decided it would be easier to rig a platform high on the tree, and use a saw. (When visitors saw those high stumps they decided we must have snows fifteen feet deep!) The fallers and buckers now use power saws instead of "Swede fiddles," and the logging equipment is as modern as you'll find anywhere out of doors except in warfare.

The mills are different, too. With fantastic machinery they handle the forest giants like toothpicks by means of push-buttons and levers. In the big pulp mills they strip the trees naked of bark by hydraulics, and grind whole trees to bits in gigantic chippers.

The modern mills of Washington make more than lumber, more even than sash and doors and chairs. They make high grade woodpulps—more than any other State in the Union by far—and they make paper, and hundreds of cellulose by-products never heard of before in the Evergreen Land.

Soon they will be making some that are not heard of now. For there will be no end to the trees in Washington, and no end to the things that can be done with them.

Chapter Twenty-nine

THE SEATTLE SPIRIT

ON July 14, 1873, Arthur Denny of Seattle received a telegram from two of the directors of the Northern Pacific. Brusquely it said:

WE HAVE LOCATED THE TERMINUS OF OUR ROAD
ON COMMENCEMENT BAY

Commencement Bay is the site of the city of Tacoma—and it was with that telegram that the old "Seattle Spirit" was born.

For almost ten years, since the Northern Pacific had received a charter to build a railroad from Lake Superior to "a point on Puget Sound," every town in the Pacific Northwest had been on tenterhooks. There was not a community on tidewater which did not consider itself a candidate for the road's western end. Not only Tacoma and Olympia and Seattle were interested, but hamlets like Holmes Harbor and Steilacoom and Mukilteo believed they had a chance. And perhaps they did, for in the Sixties and Seventies there was not a great deal to choose between one or the other. Each knew that the crown of Northern Pacific would assure its future and make it the Queen City of the whole Pacific Northwest.

But the directors of Northern Pacific took their time about deciding. At last they visited the aspirants, skirting the rim of the

Sound on the steamer *North Pacific* with maddening reticence. Olympia, the capital, appeared to have the advantage, and excitedly Seattle offered seventy-five hundred town lots, fifty thousand dollars in cash, and two hundred thousand dollars in bonds. To these considerations (nice enough in those days) they added a stretch of waterfront for Northern Pacific facilities.

When the steamer *North Pacific* had made the rounds, word leaked out that Olympia was eliminated as too far south. Seattle citizens were jubilant, for this put the largest contestant out of the running and narrowed the field down to three: Seattle, Tacoma, and Mukilteo. With its offerings, and the fact that the Snoqualmie Pass seemed to be a natural channel through the rugged Cascades, Seattle felt almost sure enough of victory to celebrate. In fact, if the record is straight, certain natives did engage in premature festivities.

Then, in July of the following year, came the telegram which blasted all their hopes; which seemed indeed to dash the very city into oblivion. It is not difficult to picture the gloom there on the shore of Puget Sound. The dreams of men had been running high, the way they will in the farthest reach, and the blunt decision of the Northern Pacific was bitter medicine. It contained gall and wormwood, for there was already sharp rivalry between Tacoma and Seattle even though the argument about the name of a mountain had not yet got well under way.

That there was skullduggery, those old pioneers had not the slightest doubt. And they decided to make a fight of it. The delegate to Congress, Selucius Garfield of Washington Territory, suggested that they build their own road from Seattle to Walla Walla. The fact that such a road would cost between four and five million and that no assistance could be expected from the Territorial legislature, did not dampen the idea. They named it on the spot—it was to be the Seattle and Walla Walla Railroad and Transportation Company. And certainly its founders deserve mention whenever the old company is named. They are names still borne in the State, by descendants or streets or boulevards or

buildings. They were Arthur Denny, John Collins, Franklin Matthias, Angus Mackintosh, H. L. Yesler, James McNaught, J. J. McGilvra, Dexter Horton, and J. M. Colman. A more optimistic group of men never lived, and they needed their optimism.

There were pow-wows and palaver, and then somebody said: "Well, gentlemen, there's only one way to build a railroad, and that's to begin it. I mean with a pickaxe and a shovel." So every able-bodied man in town got down to his galluses and took up a pick or a shovel or an axe or peavy. They marched down to Steele's Landing and began the railroad that Northern Pacific wouldn't let them have. The women came along too, and served hot dinners at noon. By the following October there were twelve miles of grade. It was discouraging, but it was a beginning.

Of course there would have to be some money as well as work. Jim Colman offered ten thousand dollars if five others would put up a like amount—and they did. Sixty thousand dollars went further on a railroad then that it will now, and the labor was largely free.

The Northern Pacific itself was having no picnic in financing its road to the far West. But somehow it managed to find time to badger its pitiful competition. If a traveler wished to travel from Seattle to Portland, Oregon, he had to remain overnight in Tacoma. The cost of this stop-over, from a Seattleite's point of view, was as nothing when compared with the humiliation. The railroad also controlled the steamers on the Sound and it knew how to pinch the little frontier town that had refused its decision. As for the eastern personnel of Northern Pacific, except for the officers and directors they did not know of Seattle's existence. For sixteen years after Seattle had a railroad connecting it with the outside world it was impossible to buy a ticket for it in the East. It was mentioned neither in the time-tables nor in the advertising literature, and if you asked a wicket prisoner for "one way to Seattle" he had never heard of the place and could not oblige you.

But the officers and directors were beginning to know where Seattle was. When the Seattle and Walla Walla got to Renton,

and then on to Newcastle, the men in the New York office of Northern Pacific began to sit up and take notice. And when Henry Villard flashed on the scene, Seattle got a break. The new and much publicized president of the road appeared to like what Seattle was doing. Through his famed Oregon Improvement Company he bought the Seattle and Walla Walla, and extended the rails on from Black River Junction to Stuck Junction.

The trouble was, Villard did not last long enough. When he was forced to retire, Seattle's old enemies returned to the controls of the Northern Pacific. Whereupon the name of Stuck Junction began to look prophetic, for the rails went no further and the company neglected to furnish the road with rolling stock.

It was old Judge Cornelius Hanford who brought to bear on this situation a little frontier jurisprudence. Said the judge: the Northern Pacific had condemned farm lands in order to operate a railroad. If the Northern Pacific refused to operate the railroad, then the farmers could condemn the property and operate it themselves. The farmers appeared eager, and the railroad decided it would operate. But it would accept shipments only in carload lots, and those only at a prohibitive rate. It made no move to connect up with the main line.

Things looked a little bleak when there came into Seattle another Easterner. His name was Daniel Hunt Gilman. He talked the language of Wall Street and he had friends there. What is more, he liked the Seattle spirit and he agreed to see what he could do about raising some eastern capital to create the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern Railroad. A second division of pioneers came into this venture. Seattle was going to have its railroad or bust!

The Northern Pacific was not to give up easily. In those days a powerful railroad could think of all kinds of devilment for those who got in its way. Among other things, they obtained an injunction to prevent the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern Railroad from building a bridge across the Snohomish River.

Down by the railroad station Judge Tom Burke, a great figure in Seattle, spotted the man with the writ. The unsuspecting in-

dividual—obviously a stranger—was smoking a cheroot and waiting for the train to Snohomish. Judge Burke slipped onto the locomotive and told the fireman to unhook the cars from the engine. To the engineer he said, "You got time to run me over to Ballard, Ed, and I'm in a powerful hurry." The engineer allowed it could be done, but when they got to Ballard the Judge insisted on going right on to Snohomish.

"Well," said the engineer, "if you say so, Judge."

"I do say so, and I'll be entirely responsible."

In Snohomish the Judge sought out Sheriff Billy Whitfield. "Billy, there's a fellow in Seattle coming to hand you a writ saying we can't build our bridge."

"Tom, you don't say!"

"He sure is, Billy. Now aren't there a couple of outlaws in the hills that you and your deputies ought to be looking for?"

"Come to think of it," Billy Whitfield agreed, "I did get a tip where I might run into a couple of fellows we been after."

"Might take a couple or three days to find them—or give it up as a bad job?"

"Might take that much time, easy, Judge."

It took three days exactly, and by that time the bridge was built. During those three days the man with the writ reached Snohomish all right, but he couldn't find Billy Whitfield or his two deputies.

That was the kind of thing the Northern Pacific couldn't beat. It could understand and cope with the big power plays that had money behind them. But this stubborn, spotted, guerilla warfare that cropped out in unexpected places, and in unsuspected people (like Tom Burke) was what wore the Northern Pacific down.

In the Nineties it gave up altogether and bought out the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern Railroad. Seattle's railroad troubles were over, and the little community of forty thousand knew that it, and it alone, would be the Queen City of the Pacific Northwest.

It could forget that Chicago had called it "that unhealthy sore on the edge of the continent." Chicago, naturally unable to see

ahead into its roaring Twenties, had been scandalized at The Tenderloin District, at Billy the Mug's, and the Paris House. You would have believed that Chicago had never heard tell of ladies like Lou Graham or Rae McRoberts, or Lila Young—all once famous for an identical talent in old Seattle . . . "the city by the sea, where a whiskey flask and a painted mask made a great damned fool of me."

But the pioneers were not quite happy, because the railroad did not make use of the Snoqualmie Pass and they considered this an insult to their judgment. They were further piqued when the Great Northern came over the mountains and ignored the historic defile of the Cascades. Then in 1906 the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul quietly decided to come to Seattle. To cross the Cascades range its engineers chose the ancient trail of the redskins. Now the pioneers were vindicated, and happy.

Some students of the rails are of the opinion that Washington is now "over-railroaded," despite its stumbling beginnings. Certainly that seems to have been the feeling of some of the railroads themselves, for as late as 1947 there was no streamline train running into Seattle from the East. And luckless passengers were still making the dreary change of trains at Chicago, although Los Angeles and San Francisco travelers had been relieved of this unhappy, time-wasting, expensive chore.

But it is only fair to say that the railroads have given us a great deal to boast about. For example, the Great Northern built for us the longest railroad tunnel in the two Americas. The Cascade mountain crossing of the Great Northern in 1925 was a truly unusual engineering feat. Eight miles of tunnel were rammed through the range in less than two and a half years. The work went on day and night, Sundays and holidays, and was so perfectly synchronized that not a single shift was lost during the entire construction period. This is all the more amazing when it is known that at times the workers encountered a water flow at ten thousand gallons a minute. The calculations of the engineers were so accurate that when the pioneer headings met, three thousand feet

underground and four miles from the west portal, the lines carried in were only seven inches apart.

Yet even so great a railroading achievement as this, and it was a great one, could give Seattle the thrill of its first few miles of home-made grading on the old Seattle and Walla Walla Road. As this is written, the State is interested in a Cascades tunnel project of its own—a wide through-highway tunnel that will eliminate all the winding passes which separate the eastern and western halves of the State. It will be a tunnel to shame New York's under-river jobs, and the governor has appropriated the money for a survey.

Things like the highway tunnel, and the new plans for the city of Seattle, and the accomplished Lake Washington Floating Bridge—these represent examples of the occasional resurgence of the old Seattle Spirit. There were people against the bridge, and now there are people against the new city plan, and against the highway tunnel. The forces for and against these projects are visible evidences of the paradox that is Washington State. There is a considerable affection for the *status quo* among us, possibly inherited from New England. But there is another group which does not mind change, and this is the group that is more typically western, more typically frontier. It is the group that hankers to do something for the sake of doing it, and doesn't mind a fight in the process. It is the group that always says, "Hell, let's try it!" Unfortunately, its tribe is not increasing. But it is still a powerful band when it gets up steam.

Chapter Thirty

NO PLACE LIKE HOME

PEOPLE don't leave the State of Washington. The Evergreen Land is a place to which you come, not a place from which you escape. It is the farthest reach in the broad land, and when you arrive you cannot separate yourself further from the older regions of home.

Not many of the natives leave for a land of opportunity. Why should they? They were born ready to go in a land of opportunity. Certainly there are exceptions: like Ralph Cordiner who came out of the valley of the Walla Walla to his high place on Lexington Avenue in New York; or Art Douglas, running the Statler chain; or Paul Garrett of General Motors. And there are Washington folks who had to go somewhere else to do the particular thing they wanted to do—folks like General Skinny Wainwright, and Guthrie McClintic, and Bing Crosby, and the young opera star, Pat Munsell.

If you talked with any of these expatriates, or others like them, you would get the idea that their work is somehow temporary, that they are getting through with it in order to get back to Washington State. Surely there are no other people in the world quite as insistent about their root-soil as we are. The fact that I find nothing wrong with this may be because I am a Washingtonian. I know it can be a great bore sometimes. I know that we are gregarious toward our own kind, and that sometimes we talk too much about

Puget Sound and the Big Bend country when we are out in company. But I find this somehow more admirable than the trait of being practically secretive about the source of your being. And a trait sometimes found in Midwesterners off the home base I find utterly reprehensible. I mean that when you discover that someone is from, let us say, Peoria, he or she cries out in agony: "Yes, and that is a place to be *from*, let me tell you!" Once in Greenwich Village I discovered in the protective coloring of a Brooks Brothers suit a young man who was ashamed of having been born in Missouri. He seemed to me then a loathsome creature, although I am able to understand that there may have been many grains of rebellion irritating beneath his pale skin. I also realize that one of the grains of irritation may have come from my discovery that he was from Missouri, a fact which certainly was none of my affair.

But I have never encountered such shame, or false modesty, or whatever it may be, in a Washingtonian even though he may have emerged from the dullest junction in our still raw State. Southerners, of course, have the advantage of us. Their pleasant accents, a dozen clichés of speech, and their native charm mark them plainly enough. It is not necessary for them to be impolite in urging their origins on the public. But we Washingtonians have a speech that may be anything, and frequently is. We no longer wear boots and stetsons and beards. Our jokes, small thanks to the radio and the movies, have lost their regional flavor. Our habits are no better and no worse than those of citizens from other commonwealths. Thus in a strange area we have no identity unless we create one. So God forgive us for our forward manner, and God be praised for letting us be proud of Washington State!

We do differ from the Southerner in one important respect. The Southerner likes his State and he would be pleased to have you come down—but only as a visitor. He is not suggesting that you settle there. On the other hand, a Washingtonian is likely to insist that you not only visit the Evergreen Land but that you pick up your family and your business and move in to stay. In his enthusiasm and his very real friendliness he is likely, as well, to

imply that you are mildly insane for having been born in such a Hell-hole, or having chosen it as a residence through what he is certain must be an accident. "Why don't you come out to God's country, man? I wouldn't live here—I wouldn't bring up my kids here—for twice the money you must be getting. Now look . . ."

If you have not yet been so importuned, you will be, for there are more and more of us Washingtonians all the time. When it happens, just try to remember that we have only your own good in mind.

Not long ago I asked a friend of mine, a native of the Evergreen Land, what he considered the primary difference between a Seattleite or a Tacoman, and a New Yorker or a Chicagoan. I knew that in conjuring up the "average man" of any of those cities he would, very naturally, picture himself. A college graduate, age about forty, married, one child. Income varying between six and ten thousand dollars.

He thought a moment about it, and then put it this way: "Well, your Pacific Northwesterner is probably in a business of his own, or getting ready to get into a business of his own. And he has his own home, either in the country or in a pleasant suburb. The same fellow in the East is probably working for a big company, and is content with a three-room apartment. He probably makes more money than the Westerner, but he spends it all, and I don't think he gets as much out of living."

That is, of course, as dangerous as most generalizations. But it is interesting because it contains a point of view which you will find in most Washingtonians. And it does carry a germ of truth. The Easterner with the same education and background and the same ambitions is probably making more money. But unless he is making considerably more—unless he has made that terrific leap from seventy-five hundred a year to ten thousand and beyond—he probably is not living as well as his comparable number on the shore of Puget Sound. Before the snorts of derision arise to fog this page, let us just see.

A Washingtonian with five thousand a year can have a six or

seven room house in the country—really in the country, not in a commuter's town, and yet not more than twenty to thirty minutes from his office. He can have a car, it goes without saying, and he can also have a modest sailboat or cruiser. He lives in miniature the life of a man with five or six times his income. He knows about gardening, vegetables and flowers. He is a fisherman as well as a poker player, and it is likely that in season he can find birds and even deer not more than two or four hours from his front door.

Of course, thousands of men outside the State of Washington live like that but not on five thousand a year, unless they, too, live in a frontier State or have decided that they can do without a big city. Bear in mind that the Washingtonians I am talking about carry on their business daily in Seattle or Tacoma or Spokane, or one of the smaller communities of the State. I have discovered a place in New Hampshire, true enough, where (*I think*) I can live on two or three thousand a year and a lot of back-breaking work. But it is a day away from a city of any size at all; the trains depart but three times a week, and airplanes never at all. And the winters—!

Our advantages are not a matter of particular ingenuity on the part of Washingtonians, nor is the price structure more advantageous in the Evergreen Land than elsewhere. It is simply a matter of geography and population. You can live in the environs of Seattle today as it was possible to live in the environs of New York fifty years ago, or in the environs of Los Angeles twenty years ago.

You give up many things, but your true Washingtonian considers none of them as important as what he has gained. You do without the tremendous excitement, color and stimulation of the giant cities. You do without some of the cultural advantages of the great population centers of the United States. You may miss—and those who are accustomed to it miss it a great deal—the sense of being in the center of the world.

Yet tens of thousands of families migrated to Washington from 1940 to 1946 and missed none of these things. They are going to stay there. They are finished with seeking out a crowded park on

a warm Sunday. They have discovered that the whole State of Washington is their park, that there are uncrowded places in the sun or in the shade, and that all those places are accessible and available. They have discovered that in Washington only the underprivileged will live without rebellion on the top floor of a walk-up flat, and that many a man may squat his cottage in the shadow of a millionaire's country home.

I think my friend was wrong when he thought, offhand, that there is more opportunity in Washington than elsewhere. Every day in every city in every State in the Union men are finding opportunities and going into business for themselves. I doubt that men give up any more quickly in New York than they do in Seattle. Everything depends on the man, not on where he chooses to live. There are men who are crushed and discouraged by New York City, and there are men who come to the Evergreen Land and find its cities sterile and debilitating, its forests and waters and deserts uninspiring.

I was born in the State of Washington and I have lived there for almost forty years, off and on. I have regarded it from the perspective of Manhattan and Canada, the Aleutians and Mexico, Los Angeles and New Orleans. I still am not sure just what it is, in addition to being a great piece of land of almost unlimited possibilities. I do not know whether it is a way of life or a state of mind, and I think perhaps it is a little of both.

It is inevitable that the State of Washington is something a little different to every Washingtonian. In the war I read a letter from a bluejacket who came from Georgia. "There's a lot of talk about what this war is all about," he wrote. "But I know what I'm fighting for. I'm just fighting to get back and see those red hills of home." And the red hills of home would mean the State of Georgia to anyone who had ever been there.

But when you mention home to a man from Washington there is no telling what he may be thinking of. He could be thinking of a canoe in the tule rushes of Lake Washington, with the moon shining down, and a pretty girl from the University. He could be

thinking of taking that girl to dinner at the Edmond Meany, that pleasant hostelry hard by the campus, which is named for a grand old man of that campus.

Or he could be thinking of riding along on a high bluff of scab rock in the hot sun, listening to the dry wind scuttling through the sage and the tumbleweed. He could be thinking of the Horse Heaven Hills, caught snug in the sharp bend of the Columbia, and could be hearing the creak of his saddle and the light music of the bit-rings.

He could be remembering himself at the wheel of a fishing boat in waters off Point Roberts, that shred of Washington that can be reached by land only through Canada because it juts down over the International boundary. Or it could be down by Dungeness, watching the stern rise and fall in the swell that is rolling up old de Fuca from the greatest of the oceans.

Mention home to a Washingtonian and he might be thinking of Alaskan Way, that noisy, smelly, bustling street that hooks up Seattle's wharves. He could be seeing the yellow-white fir being loaded for Hawaii, and the Wenatchee apples slinging aboard a reefer bound for Norway. He might think of the bright sulfur, picked up at the Gulf of Mexico and set down at the foot of Yesler Way; and the vital steel unloading from eastern mills—that vital steel that Washington hopes one day not to ask for from the East. He would be seeing Walla Walla wheat, too, for Vladivostok, and a little coastwise carrier down to her Plimsole mark beneath a cargo of creosoted timbers. Surely he would be thinking of the freighters bound north for Alaska with every kind of merchandise for that far and wonderful place so much a part of Washington. And on the land side of the wharves he would be dreaming of the lines of motor trucks, four abreast each way, thundering north and south, paralleling the freight trains that were there before them but which have lost the name of the waterfront artery once called "Railroad Avenue."

Yet "home" need not mean the waterfront at all. A Washingtonian may never have gazed at the sea, and he may die east of the

Cascades without seeing Puget Sound or the San Juans or the Queen City whose towers are built on more than seven hills. Mention home to him, and he may think only of the rolling fields of wheat or rye grass and the Blue Mountains behind them in the haze. He may be thinking of an old house built tall and grey with narrow windows that is the only house visible around the whole horizon, and therefore the only house in the world to his young eyes.

He could be thinking of a Chinese pheasant whirring out of the bracken in the pink dawn, or of a doe leaping a fallen cedar in a forest so thick that it has never once been lighted by the sun. He might be thinking of the mountains only, the blue snows and the yawning crevasses and the trees all twisted by the kind of winds that never descend to the valleys.

He might be dreaming of great salmon leaping the waterfalls of the rivers or flashing the surface of Elliott Bay. He could be thinking of a little fishing shack on the bank of the Hoh, or of a big old-fashioned summer place in the lee of Port Blakely where folks came by cruiser or brought their cars on the ferry, to play tennis, or dig for clams, or drink highballs and talk politics in the cool shadows of the long porch.

If he is gregarious, he may remember best the pioneer gatherings, as Gail Williams and I do, or the Strawberry Festival, or the rodeo at Okanogan. He may think of watching the regattas and the crew races from the shores of Lake Washington, and of singing *Bow Down to Washington* in the night that followed. Or perhaps he thinks of the shivarees and housewarmings in the lonely gulleys of the Big Bend, or of the "open houses" along fraternity row during the University's Homecoming Week. It could be that he went to Washington State, in Pullman, and remembers week-ends in Spokane, with a drink or two at that fabulous Early Birds' bar in the basement of the Davenport.

What he dreams of Washington will depend upon his age, too. He may miss the gathering of the Monday Morning Quarterbacks at the Washington Athletic Club when football is in swing. Or it

may be only a big table reserved every luncheon for his particular generation at the Rainier Club.

It is seldom that you can find half a dozen of us together at one time to whom Washington means quite the same thing. It is a big State, and each of its parts is a bit different from the rest. Therefore, too, the sum of its parts means nothing, except that those parts are bound on the north by Canada, on the east by an imaginary line, on the south by the great Columbia, and on the west only by the vision of our people.

Even those of us who were born in Washington cannot say with precision what it is we like about the State. And those who migrated into Washington were attracted for a variety of reasons, and they brought with them the ways and habits they did not care to leave behind. We are somewhat detached, as might be expected of the farthest reach. An early historian speaks of the Civil War as a family quarrel between the North and the South, and mentions that, for the most part, we went about our own business. Our detachment has been punctured in the last decade or so, but we still possess it. Yet what of that? No man is ever alone in his feeling that there is no place quite like home. We are bound together and set apart by geography and by our natural resources on which almost all our welfare rests. We are bound together, too, by an uncomplex way of life to which, sooner or later, every one of us becomes dedicated as to a faith.

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